FOG KILLER CHAPTER 1

By 5:22 PM, the city had vanished.
Not under bombs or fire — **under fog.**
The kind that **breathes into your bones** .
The city drowned in it — thick, unmoving, swallowing streetlights and sound.
The kind that settled in your chest.
It lingered.

Ray slept in his messy room , curtains half-drawn, ash scattered across a desk cluttered with old case files.
His phone rang.
Once.
Twice.
A third time.
On the fourth ring , he groaned, picked it up, answered sharply.

"I'm on leave," he snapped.

A pause.
Rain hissed through the receiver — heavy, drumming on metal.
Then a voice — clipped, serious:

> **"Sir… we've got a body.**
> **Female. Nineteen. Found in a greenfield**
> **near the old freight tracks south of the city.**

No ID.
Tongue removed.
No prints. No blood.
The scene's staged. Arms out. Clean placement. No drag marks."

Another pause.
"It's... bad."
Beat.
Rain.
Then, lower now — quieter:

"It matches the pattern from thirteen years ago."

Ray said nothing. Just sat there, eyes now wide, fixed on nothing.

"I'll be there," he said — low and serious.

He hung up, turned off the phone, and sat on the bed in silence.
Lit a cigarette. One long drag. Eyes blank.
His hand shook once, then went still.

He walked out of his room, toward the front door.

The rain hadn't stopped.
It tapped gently against the bedroom window.

Evan sat on the floor , back against the bed, legs crossed, a blank notebook in his lap.
Meilin sat beside him , knees drawn to her chest, her long black hair draping over one shoulder — soft and still.

“I think I want to start writing,” Evan said, grazing the page as if he could feel words waiting beneath.

Meilin smiled softly. “A novel?”

He nodded. **“Yeah.”**

“What’s it about?”

He leaned back slightly, smirking.
“That’s the part I don’t know yet.”

She tilted her head.
“So… you want to write, but don’t know what to write?”

He shrugged.
“It’s more like... I can feel it. Something’s there. Just hasn’t shown itself yet.”

She tucked her hair behind her ear.
“Maybe it’s waiting for you to stop thinking. Just go for it.”

He smiled. **“Maybe.”**

“I’m not great at this deep stuff,” she said. **“You’re better at it.”**

“That’s okay,” he said. **“I like that you don’t fake it.”**

He brushed her cheek — calm, sure.
“Just be you.”

She inhaled sharply. **“Evan…”**

He leaned in.
She didn’t resist.
They kissed — gently at first. Her hands curled into his shirt.

Evan pushed the notebook aside and pulled her closer , hand finding her waist.

Meilin hesitated. **“Evan… your dad—”**

“He’s asleep,” Evan murmured, steady.
He kissed her again — deeper this time.
She whispered his name.
“Evan…”

Then—

“Dad?! What the hell?! Can’t you knock?!”

Evan froze.
Ray stood in the doorway — silent. Still.
A shadow in the hallway light, watching them like he’d been there for hours.

He didn’t say a word.
He lingered a moment too long.
Not blinking. Not breathing.
Just… watching.

Evan pulled away, pulse pounding.
“Dad… seriously. Can you not just stand there like a creep?”

Ray didn’t answer.
He stepped inside slowly, boots leaving faint, wet prints on the floor.

“I’ve been called in,” he said finally, voice gravel.

“Now? I thought you were on leave.”

Ray didn’t look at him. He stared out the window — at the fog.
“Change of plans.”
A beat.
“I’ll be out late. Lock the door.”

Evan folded his arms. **“Alright.”**
He looked at Meilin, then back at his father.

“Well… since you’re already here — this is Meilin. My girlfriend. Didn’t get a chance to mention her, what with you always being locked in your room or at work.”

Meilin gave a small wave.
“Hi, Mr. Ray. Um… sorry about the whole… weird timing.”

Ray didn’t react.
Still watching the fog, he said,
“Don’t open the door for anyone.”

“Are you serious right now?”

Ray turned slightly — just enough to show part of his face.
Expression blank. Voice low.

> **“If someone knocks and says they’re me… don’t open it.”**

And he walked out.
The door clicked shut.
Silence lingered.

Meilin let out a slow breath.
“Your dad’s... a little creepy.”

Evan turned to her — sharp. **“Hey. Don’t say that.”**

“I didn’t mean—”

“He’s a good man,” Evan said, quieter now. **“He just… hasn’t been the same… since Mom died.”**

He looked away, jaw tight.
“She cheated on him. With his best friend. He found out after she passed. That kind of betrayal... doesn’t just go away.”

Meilin’s expression shifted —
sympathy, maybe regret.

Evan stared at the floor.
His eyes didn’t move,
but something **curdled** behind them.

He opened his mouth, then shut it.

Tried to breathe. Calm down.

But something kept rising.

Then — colder:

“She was beautiful once.
Everyone said that.
But they didn’t live with her.”

A beat.

“She was always a whore!
He was too blind to see it.”

The word hit like a slap.
Meilin blinked.

“Evan…”

But his gaze had gone **somewhere else entirely.**

A bitter laugh.

“I always saw it — even as a kid.
Pure trash!
I wanted to kill her.”

Meilin started to say something — **“Ev—”** — but stopped.

His eyes flicked to her — something in them loosened.
“I’m sorry.”
Then — as if trying to reset something inside himself — he added:

“The therapist called me once. Said he had tendencies. Asked me to keep an eye on him.”
He rubbed the back of his neck.
“So I moved back in. Partly for him. Partly ’cause I’m broke.”

A pause.

“He’s not a creep. He just... sees the world differently now. Like something broke and never came back.”

She studied him for a long moment.
Then she shifted closer and rested her head on his shoulder.

“I didn’t know,” she said softly.
She hesitated, then whispered:
“You’re a good son.”

Evan gave a small, tired smile.
“I try.”

The rain tapped gently against the window.
Then Meilin turned to him.

“You know... we never got to finish what we started.”

Evan looked at her — really looked — and something in his shoulders eased.
He leaned in, slower this time.
She met him halfway.

Their lips touched — not rushed, not messy. Just warm. Familiar. Needed.

She tugged him in by the collar — felt him start to rise, slow and heavy, pressing hard against her.
She didn't stop. Hugged him tighter. Whispered in his ear: **"It's just us now."**

In South Seattle, the rain slid down like a slow collapse — quiet, steady, relentless.
It didn't fall.
It **crept** .

The murder site lay in an overgrown field near an old freight line.
Warehouses loomed in the mist, rotting giants.
Somewhere in the dark, a train wailed and kept moving.

Red and blue lights blinked through fog.
Crime tape snapped in the wind.
Boots in mud. Radios crackling.

Ray stepped out of his car.
Didn't bother with an umbrella.

Just stared into the fog like it owed him something.

A city maintenance worker found her an hour ago,
checking a flooded storm drain.
Thought it was a mannequin — until he saw the eyes.

“Detective Ray — sir.”

Mid-30s, tight haircut, nerves showing.
His name tag: **Gustavo** .

“Gustavo. Talk.”

“City worker found her checking flood drains.
Thought it was a mannequin.
Now he’s chain-smoking behind the van.”

“Scene touched?”

“No. We sealed it fast.”

“Where is she?”

Gustavo pointed toward the floodlights.
“This way.”

Ray followed, boots sucking at mud.

They ducked under the tape, sinking into wet earth.

No sirens. No chatter.
Just radios crackling — static crawling through fog.

The body emerged before they reached her —
Nude. Pale. Slumped in the mud, her skin ghostly under a cold ring of floodlight.
Nineteen, maybe.
Mud streaked across her spine like black paint.
No clothes. No shoes.

Ray stopped just short of the light. His boots didn't cross into the circle.
Gustavo stood beside him, trying not to breathe too loudly.

Her jaw hung wide — unhinged, as if torn open mid-scream.
Not broken. Just… stretched. Forced.

Her tongue was gone.
Not cleanly cut — but ripped out.
Brutal. Blunt.
As if something had reached inside and taken it like a trophy.

Her eyes bulged skyward, unblinking, almost bursting — like she died realizing something.

She was posed. Deliberately.
Arms bent, hands tucked behind her head like someone relaxing in the sun.
Legs straight. Ankles crossed.

A nude body, arranged like it remembered life
— but was very much dead.—
Except she was dead, and the earth beneath her was cold and rotting.
It didn't look peaceful.
It looked **mocked** .
Like death itself had been put on display.

A rookie behind them turned and vomited into the grass.

Gustavo whispered, **"We'll wait on the coroner but... yeah."**

Ray didn't respond.
He just stared at her face.
Not scared. Not calm.
Like she was caught mid-thought.
As if even death hadn't answered her.

Ray's legs **trembled** .

He stepped closer to the body —
closer than protocol allowed .

There was no doubt.

It was **her** .

The same **nineteen-year-old** who tapped on his window last night at **10:03 PM** .

Rain streaked her cheeks,
makeup running,
voice calm:

> **“A thousand. You look like someone who needs it.”**

Ray was **fifty-six** .
She was **nineteen** .

He let her in. He shouldn’t have.

She smelled like roses — it felt like a trick.
They didn’t talk.

Not until after she made him come. Twice.

Afterward,
wrapped in one of his towels,
she looked at him and said:

> **“I’m not a hooker. I just needed the money. You seemed... safe.”**

She left at **2:03 AM** .

Now she was here.
Naked.

Arranged like art —
fingers placed,
mouth parted,
eyes open.

Cold.

“She died here,” Ray said. **“He wanted her found.”**

He scanned the area.
No prints. No tire tracks. No drag marks.
Just her. Centered. Exposed.

“No message,” Ray said. **“No signature. Just the body. That *is* the message.”**

Gustavo shifted.
“Her arms… the pose. It’s like some kind of… offering.”

“It’s not a ritual,” Ray muttered. **“It’s erasure. The way predators leave bones.”**

He crouched closer.

The air thickened with the scent of wet iron and rotting weeds.
A line of ants crawled toward her hand and stopped —
as if they, too, had seen enough.

Ray stood up slowly, brushing the mud from his coat.
He looked at the officers behind the tape.
Most were still, pale, shaken.
A few couldn't meet his eyes.

Ray raised his voice —
firm , **hard** ,
clear through the fog :

"Get your shit together."

He looked directly at Gustavo,
then the rookies.

"We owe her more than tape and lights."

He stepped forward.
Cold. Calm.

"He wants to be seen."

A beat.

“Fine.
Let’s stare back.”

Silence.
Then—

Footsteps running through mud.

A uniformed officer jogged up, panting. **“Detective!”**

Ray turned, already reading the urgency in his face.

“We’ve got something,” the cop said, breath sharp.
“A witness.”

Ray’s expression barely changed — but the air around him did.

“They say they saw the whole thing.”

Gustavo blinked. **“A witness? Wait — what?”**

The officer nodded, eyes wide.
“Yeah. They say they saw everything. Will only talk to you, Detective Ray.”

Ray didn’t move at first.
Then — a quiet breath.

He stepped forward, past the body, past the tape, eyes locked on the flashing lights ahead.

“Where are they?”

The officer pointed toward the van.
“Inside. Not saying a word. Just… staring.”

Ray nodded once.
Then, cold and steady:

“Let’s go see what they saw.”

The wind picked up, dragging the fog sideways. Somewhere in the distance, **another siren began to howl...**

CHAPTER 2

The fog hadn’t lifted.
It **never** did anymore — just hovered, pressing down like a **curse** .

Ray walked toward the parked **police van** , boots thudding through the wet earth,
his coat heavy with damp.
Behind him, Garcia and two other officers followed.

> “Finally,” one of the younger cops muttered. “We got a witness. We actually have a damn clue.”

Ray said **nothing** .
He already didn’t like the feel of it.

Not the **timing** .
Not the **silence** .
Not the way the fog clung tighter here — **thicker** — **almost watching** .

He reached the back of the van.
A uniformed officer leaned against it, looking pale.

> “She’s inside,” the officer said. “Won’t talk to anyone else. Said your name like she already knew it.”

Ray opened the door.

A dim yellow **dome light flickered** overhead.
The interior stank of **wet clothes** , **boiled herbs** , and **old breath** .

She sat in the corner —
small, hunched, wrapped in a **faded green shawl** .
Her skin looked like **old rice paper** — cracked and tired.
Her eyes were wide, red-rimmed... but **alert** .

Too alert.

She didn't flinch when Ray entered.

> "You saw something," Ray said.

She nodded slowly.
Lips trembling.
Her voice was soft, accented, broken but clear:

> "I saw it in the fog.
> The **creature** ."

Ray stayed still.
Let her speak.

> "Tall. Too tall. Legs like shadow.
> Chest wide like ox.
> Skin… not skin. **Smoke** .
> Like fog made it.
> But… it had **hair** ."

She touched her shoulder.
Fingers trembling.

“Long hair.
Down here.
Long… black hair. Like a girl’s.
Beautiful .”

“It waved at me.”
“Not like hello.”
“Like... goodbye.”

Behind Ray, Garcia shifted **uncomfortably** .

The woman’s voice cracked.
She whispered now:

“I **worshipped** it. For a second.
It was... **spirit** .
The old kind.
The **cruel** kind.”

Ray narrowed his eyes.

“Did you see a face?”

She shook her head —
slow, deliberate.

“ **Many** faces.
One with **horns** .
One with **no mouth** .
One… **smiling** . Too big.

No eyes.
All wrong. ”

Then her gaze snapped toward Ray.

Her tone changed —
faster, almost frantic:

“Fog is not fog.
Fog is **it** .
Fog **hides** it.
Fog **is** it.”

She began speaking in **Vietnamese** —
low, intense.
The officers outside glanced in, confused.

“Cái quái có hai mặt,” she hissed.
“Một khóc. Một cười.”

“ **One cries. One smiles.**
The demon has two faces… ”

Ray blinked.

That phrase.

He had **heard** that before —
a Vietnamese **folktale** Evan used to mumble about as a kid.

One face for the **world** .
One for what you **hide** .

Then the woman grabbed his wrist —
sudden and strong .

Her voice dropped to a whisper:

> “It had long hair.
> Like the girl.
> She was not the first.
> And she will not be the last.”

She let go.

Then she began to **wail** —
loud, high, painful.
Like **mourning** .
Like **prophecy** .

Ray stood.

Garcia stepped in, unsure.

> “Sir… what the hell was that?”

Ray didn’t answer.
He was staring through the van’s small window —
out into the fog .

“Long hair…” he muttered.
“She saw something.
Maybe not what she thought.
But **something** .”

Back outside , the officers were buzzing.

“So what? We’re looking for Bigfoot with hair extensions now?”
“Could’ve been a wig. Could’ve been a woman.”
“Could’ve been nothing.”

Ray stepped out.
Closed the van door behind him.

He lit a cigarette.
The flame **trembling** in the breeze.

Then, to no one in particular:

“Find me anyone in a five-mile radius with long hair.
Man or woman.
I want footage.
Statements.
Missing wigs — **everything** .”

Garcia raised a brow.

"You think that old lady gave us something useful?"

Ray took a drag.
Exhaled into the fog.

"I think she saw the killer.
She just doesn't know it."

He turned toward the field,
where the girl's body had been —
now **covered** , **tagged** , **zipped** .

"And the killer knows she saw him."

Three days later.

South Seattle was quiet.
Too quiet.

Evan walked down a dim, empty street —
hands buried in his pockets, head low,
listening to pop.

Even in summer, the air felt **heavy** —
like the sky was **holding its breath** .

No fog.
No rain.
Just the soft **squeak** of his sneakers on damp pavement and the pulsing **thump** of music in his ears.

♪ *"Murder Murder in my mind …"* ♪

His phone buzzed.

He pulled it out:

> [Sender: HR - Paragon Logistics]
> Subject: Application Status
> *Thank you for your interest in Paragon Logistics. Unfortunately, we've decided to move forward with other candidates. We wish you the best in your job search.*

Evan stared at it.

No anger.
No surprise.
Just... that tired flicker of **disappointment** .

That's when the first drop hit.
Then another.

Then the sky **opened** without warning —
a **summer downpour** , sudden and **merciless** .

The sound shifted instantly —
harsher now, flatter.

The beat in his ears felt like it was **struggling to breathe** beneath the rain.

He blinked up at the clouds, letting the water soak his hood, shoulders, chest.

And that's when it came.

Fog.

It rolled in fast —
not creeping, not gentle.

It **poured** from alleyways like **floodwater** ,
spilled across sidewalks,
crawled low and fast across the street like it had been **released** .

And then—

A **scream** .

Sharp. Long. **Piercing** .
But not human.

Not even **close** .

Evan stopped.
One earbud still in.
He pulled the other one out, frowning.

The scream **faded** .

He rolled his eyes and muttered:

> “Probably the damn track…”

Cool.
Unbothered.
Like a guy who watches too many horror movies to fall for a **cheap jump scare** .

He slipped the earbud back in.
Took another step forward.

There it was again.

Same scream —
but **closer** .
Lower .
Hungrier .

He froze.
Pulled both earbuds out this time.

The silence hit harder now.

The rain was louder than before —
pounding the ground, turning gutters into rivers.
The fog curled at his ankles.

Evan frowned, now more **annoyed** than scared.

He looked down at his phone.

The screen was dim — **flickering** .

1%... 1%... 0%...

Then black.

He tapped it.
Nothing.
Just one flicker of the battery icon —
0%.

Dead.

And suddenly —
the fog was **thicker** .

And he was **alone** .

At least —

that’s what he **told himself** .

But the air had changed.
The silence felt **shaped** .
Intentional.

Evan slowed.
Glanced behind him.

Nothing but **vapor**
and **streetlight ghosts** .

Still — he knew that **feeling** .

The kind that grabs your spine
before your brain can **name** it.

Someone was watching.

His steps **quickened** .

A **wet crunch** behind him.

He stopped.

Then heard it again —
heavier , **closer** .

Footsteps.

Evan didn’t look this time.

He just **ran** .

His boots splashed through puddles,
the six-pack of beer swinging in his fist,
slamming against his leg with each stride.

No music.
No sound.

Just the **rush of blood** in his ears
and the sick certainty he wasn’t going to **make it** .

The fog swirled tighter around him.

He cut into an alley.

Something moved.

Then—

Impact.

Something grabbed Evan’s shoulder.

He spun, heart pounding, ready to punch — or scream —
or **both** .

But it wasn't a monster.

It was a **man** .

Older. Thin. Out of breath.

> "Evan?" the man gasped.
> "Evan Drael?"

Evan blinked.
"... **Professor Kwon?** "

The man nodded, shaking, his glasses fogged over.

> "Thank God. I—I thought I was alone.
> Someone's been following me in the fog."

Evan exhaled hard, adrenaline still surging.

> "I thought I was being followed too."

They looked at each other —
two men **swallowed by mist** ,
drenched in rain,
hunted by something neither could name.

Kwon glanced down the alley.

“There’s a light up ahead.
Looks like a busier street.
Maybe there are people.”

“Let’s go,” Evan said, gripping the six-pack tighter.
Then, despite everything:
“Didn’t think I’d run into you like this after two years.”

Kwon almost smiled.

“It’s good to see you, Evan.”

They **ran** .

MEILIN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

The **city glowed like a wound** outside the window.
Neon reds.
Police sirens somewhere far.
The kind of night where everything **tastes like risk** .

The **rain tapped** against the windows like it wanted in.

Dim light spilled across the sheets ,
tracing the curve of **Meilin’s legs** ,
her bare feet **brushing Evan’s** under the covers.

They lay side by side.

Her thighs were bare,
glistening from earlier sins .

Then —
the phone buzzed.

MEILIN
(low groan)
Shit. It's Seo-yeon. I have to—

EVAN
(low, into her ear)
No, you don't.

She grabbed it anyway and rolled to her side.
Her voice shifted —
suddenly composed. Professional.
Evan watched her lips move,
forming quiet, careful words.

He noticed the way her thigh shifted as she sat up slightly,
the **silk of her shorts riding just enough** .
His breath deepened.

She caught his look.
Gave a slow, knowing smirk.
Evan misread it as:
If you dare.

He dared.

Evan slid out from beneath the covers. **Shirtless.**
His fingers brushed her knee,
slowly drawing up.

Meilin's mouth parted —
then she caught herself,
pressing the phone tighter to her ear.

He didn't stop.
She arched slightly as his hand slipped under her shorts.
A slow stroke. A tease.

She shot him a warning glance —
but her hips **tilted forward** .

Her voice remained steady on the call,
but her breaths grew shorter,
trembling between syllables .

Then his mouth **replaced his fingers** .

A sharp inhale.
Meilin bit her lip softly.
She kept talking.
Barely.
Her voice **rising and falling**
as Evan explored her with **unbearable slowness** .

The person on the other end of the phone
thought Meilin was the **best listener in the world** .

Whereas Meilin didn't know a word of what was being said.
She had no interest in listening anymore.

She reached back to swat him —
but her hand **lingered** on his shoulder instead.
Still no stop.
No resistance.

Then —
He pushed inside her.

Meilin's eyes snapped wide.
A breath caught in her throat.

MEILIN (ON PHONE)
(nodding, trying to stay composed)
Yes… mmm-hmm… I understand…

Her hand fisted the sheet.

Evan showed her his missile , fully ready to strike.
He looked at her with that **devil's smirk** .

Her eyes got wider — shock.
She glared. A warning in her eyes: Don't.
But her **thighs never closed** .

That was all he needed.

His **dragon** was fully erect —
long, thick, veins pulsing with intent .

She saw him.
Froze.
Mouth opened.

Evan climbed on the bed,
gripped her hips,
and slid just the tip inside.

Meilin arched — breath hitched.
But her hand never left the phone.

He pushed deeper.
Deeper.
Until she gasped —
not ready, not entirely, but too far in to stop now.

MEILIN (ON PHONE)
(tight voice)
Sorry—there's… interference…

She tried to stay composed,
but Evan was **relentless** now.
He gripped her hips and began to move —
hard, fast, each thrust rougher than the last.

EVAN
(whispering)
You wanted this.

You said I could have you any way I wanted.

Then he started to **fuck** .
No rhythm. No patience.
Just **raw, unfiltered desire.**
Skin slapped skin.
The bed creaked, loud.

Her voice trembled on the call.
She bit her lip softly so it wouldn't hurt.
He gripped her hair.
Pulled it just enough.

She was **melting beneath him** .
Every thrust pushed her closer to the edge —
of pleasure, of exposure, of disaster.

MEILIN (ON PHONE)
—ahh—! …Yes. Yes, I agree. Completely.

The person on the other end
thought Meilin was the **world's best listener** .

And then —
Evan stopped.
Pulled out.
He slammed back in.
All of him.

She screamed.
Not loud.

Not enough to tip the caller.
But **enough to shake** .

Her legs trembled.
Her back arched.
Her free hand **clawed into his skin** .

He kept going.
Harder. Deeper. A man possessed.

He slammed again.
One final thrust.

And **came** .
Hard. Hot. Deep inside her.

Meilin's mouth opened in a silent scream —
half bliss,
half pain.

Her voice **cracked** .
She let out a sharp, stifled sound —
half-moan, half-gasp —
right into the ear of the person on the other end of the line.

MEILIN (ON PHONE)
(suddenly breathless)
—mmmhhEvan…!!

A pause.
Silence on the line.

MEILIN'S BEDROOM – LATER – NIGHT

The **storm outside had softened** .
Just **drizzle** now.
Soft taps against the glass like a **ticking clock** .

The room was quiet.
Evan and Meilin sat side by side on the edge of the bed.
Naked under the low light.

The sheets behind them **wrecked** .
The air still thick with heat… but colder now.

Meilin clutched the edge of the sheet across her chest.
Evan was smiling faintly —
glowing, chest rising and falling in the afterglow .

He looked at her, eyes soft.

EVAN
(low, playful)
That… was insane.

She didn't answer.
Just kept looking ahead, jaw tight.

His smile faltered.

EVAN
What? You okay?

A beat.
Then — quietly, almost like she didn't want to say it:

MEILIN
It was painful.
You filled me too deep.
My body's still shaking.

Evan froze.
Like a switch had been flipped inside him.
All the fire in his veins **turned to ice** .

EVAN
(serious now)
Wait — what?

He turned to her fully.
She looked at him now.
Eyes not angry, not cold — but wounded. Honest.

MEILIN
You didn't mean to, I know,
but I felt… stretched past my edge.
It didn't feel like love tonight.

He blinked.
His heart thudded in his chest —
not with lust this time, but panic. Guilt.

He suddenly saw her face.
Her hands.
How they were curled up around her thighs.

EVAN
(soft, stunned, guilty tone)
Shit… Meilin… I'm so sorry.
I thought —
I thought you could take it.
You did yesterday, remember?

MEILIN
It was… bigger today.
Harder.

Evan clenched his jaw,
looked down at his hands.
Shame crawling up his spine.

He reached for his pants and slipped them on quickly —
not out of modesty, but out of **instinct** .

He looked at her again.
She still wasn't angry —
but she wasn't relaxed, either.

He reached his arm around her shoulders.

Gently. Slowly.
He wrapped his left arm around her,
pulled her against his chest.
Held her like glass.

EVAN
I didn't mean to.
I swear to God.
Oh! I'm such a fool.

He kissed her neck.
Not lustful this time.
Not desperate.
Just… **sorry.**

EVAN
We don't have to, okay?
Not again.
Not unless you want to. Ever.
I promise.

She closed her eyes.
Leaned into him , just a little.

MEILIN
Let's just talk, okay?
No sex.

She said that,
getting brightened up.
Evan responded:

EVAN
Yeah. Sure. Whatever you want.

MEILIN'S GUEST ROOM – NIGHT – 11:00 P.M.

The city outside sleeps under steady rain.
Inside, stillness.

Two white cotton floor quilts lie side by side, puffed soft with blankets and pillows.
Evan on one.
Meilin on the other.
Between them — a low wooden table with two cups, steam curling from honey green tea.

The A.C. hums, cool air wrapping the room.
Soft. Almost too perfect.

They'd eaten hours ago — Chinese corn noodles, tofu, quiet laughter.

Then each brushed teeth, swished mouthwash, and took a bath.

Now they simply sit.

Now—clean, moisturized, relaxed, barefoot—
they sit across from each other, just sipping and talking.

EVAN
(staring at the screen)
Fucking A.I. knows everything —
except vaginas, apparently.
(scoffs)
Says the average one can take six inches easy.
(sips)

MEILIN

(smirks, unbothered)

I think you're bigger than six.

Six-three, maybe.

MEILIN'S LOUNGE – NIGHT – 11:20 P.M.

The green tea is **half-finished** .
Steam fading.

The air is **thicker now** —
not just from the rain,
but from what's **unspoken between them.**

Meilin scrolls on her phone.

MEILIN
(grinning)
Look. This movie's already out on torrent. Came early. Want me to download?

She shifts forward —
from face-to-face to right across Evan.
Her **bare cold feet** , still damp from the shower,
brush against his .
Cold. Soft. Real.

She keeps talking —
excited, light —
unaware of how **still Evan's become** .

His eyes don't leave her.
But his body **shifts slightly back** , just an inch.
He forces a smile.

She notices none of it.
Just inches closer again, unaware.

She's still speaking when he takes a final, long sip of the honey green tea.
Then —
he reaches out.
Takes her hand.
Gently.
Purposeful.
Firm.

She stops talking mid-sentence.

MEILIN
(hushed)
What?

She looks at him —
confused at first .
Then she sees it.

His eyes.
Full. Open. Burning with restrained hunger. With want.

His voice is **low. Heavy.**

EVAN
Meilin...

(a beat — then he exhales, voice barely above a whisper)

EVAN
You’re too pretty….
Please….

He says to her,
his face **half begging, half desperate** .
She doesn’t speak.
Just stares at him, **suddenly still.**

He touches her face —
the left side, cool from the A.C.
He touches it.
He **feels her** .

He leans in.
Slow. Deliberate.
Wraps an arm around her waist.
His **forehead brushes hers** .

Then —
He kisses her.
At her **shoulder** (which has a shirt on),
at her **hand** ,
at her **ear** .
And then he kisses her —
Soft. Focused. At her chin.

Meilin looks at him in the eye.

EVAN
(whispering in her ear)
Last night...
You were so good.
So compatible...

His lips trail gently toward her mouth.
He stops.
Teases.

Meilin breathes in sharply —
then **closes the space** .

She kisses him.
Deep. Needy.

She wants it.
Just as much as he does.

The green tea is **forgotten** .
The rain, a **fading heartbeat** against the window.

Clothes are peeled back, not thrown.
Breath mixes.
Skin on skin.

MEILIN
(whispers in his ear)
You fucking machine...

Evan **growls** into her neck,
pulling her closer.

She moans.

Two storms colliding.
Both wild.
Both willing.
Both unstoppable.

NEXT DAY
RAY – HOUSE – NIGHT

8:13 PM.

Rain tapping faintly outside.

Dim lights in the lounge.

TV murmurs in the background — muted crime show.

Ray sits alone at the dining table, two plates set.

Evan walks past with his own plate, heading toward his room.

RAY
(quietly)
Sit down. Let’s eat together.

EVAN
(without turning)
No, thanks.

(He keeps walking.)

RAY
(slightly louder, confused)
Why?

(Evan stops in the hallway. Doesn’t look back.)

A pause.

EVAN
(flat)
Met the neighbor this afternoon.

Julia.

(Ray waits — doesn't follow.)

EVAN
You fucked a teenage hooker.

(Ray doesn't speak. His eyes tighten. His fork pauses midair.)

EVAN
(voice rising)
Teenager! And you — what? Fifty-six?!

(He steps closer. Not yelling — just sharp.)

EVAN
I can't sit with you.

I won't.

You're disgusting.

(A beat. Rain louder now.)

Ray finally speaks — barely audible.

RAY
It wasn't—

EVAN
(cuts him off)
Even animals don't do what you did.

(A moment. Evan almost turns away — then looks again.

His tone colder. Surgical.)

EVAN
(quiet, like he's speaking to himself)
Disgusting insect.

(Ray flinches — almost imperceptibly.)

EVAN
If I wasn't in financial crisis —

I'd walk out that door and never see your face again.

You're too disgusting.

(He stares one last time — eyes dry, voice level.)

FIVE DAYS LATER – SOUTH SEATTLE – 2:14 AM

Heavy rain.

Sirens.

Flashing blue and red.

The storm hadn’t let up all night.

Rain hammered the windshield **like fists** .

The wipers struggled to keep up.

Inside the car, Ray sat in silence.

His fingers drummed on the steering wheel.

Eyes fixed on the scene ahead —

floodlights stabbing through the fog , casting long, twitching shadows over the soaked ground.

Garcia sat beside him, chewing at the corner of his lip.

“Second victim in five days,” Garcia said, voice raised over the thrum of rain. “Same M.O., same sick display. And now the feds are sticking their nose in.”

Ray didn’t respond.

“He’s not slowing down, sir. And we’ve got nothing.

No prints. No tool marks. No hair. No goddamn footprints. Just fog and fear. ”

Still, Ray said nothing.

His eyes stayed glued to the shape in the rain —

a stretcher. A body bag.

Floodlights reflected in puddles

like blood in mirrors.

Garcia sighed.

“How the hell are we supposed to catch a ghost?”

Ray opened the door.

The rain greeted him **like a slap** .

They stepped out.

Boots splashing through mud.

Cold wind clawing at their coats.

Then —

A voice from ahead.

“Detective Ray Stark?”

Ray turned.

Tall man approaching. Early forties. Dark skin. Close-shaved beard. Bulletproof vest under his trench.

Confident stride.

Steel in the eyes.

“Special Agent Kendrick Moss,” he said, flashing a badge. “FBI. I’ll be working this case with you.”

Ray shook his hand — barely.

“Didn’t know we were sharing custody.”

“Two victims, same signature, under two weeks. You’re not the only one worried this guy’s back.”

They walked toward the taped-off area.

Flashlights cut through the mist.

The corpse lay on the grass.

Male. Early forties. Overweight.

Nude.

Posed.

Arms behind the head.

Legs straight.

Ankles crossed — like he was sunbathing.

Only —

His eyes were bulging.

His mouth was pried wide — not just open, broken.

And his tongue was gone.

Garcia gagged.

“Jesus…”

Moss crouched beside the corpse.

“Same as the girl. Staged. Mocked.”

Ray stared in silence.

When he finally spoke, his voice was low.

“Who does this?”

“To pose them like that…”

A beat.

“This isn’t rage.

It’s design.

Like someone’s proud of it.”

Garcia shifted beside him. Silent.

Ray's gaze lingered too long on the jaw.

Then he exhaled — slow. Tight.

"Any evidence? Prints? Tracks? Anything?"

A uniformed officer stepped forward. Cleared his throat.

"No witnesses. No physical trace. Just… a dog, sir. Black. Found beside the body. Shaking."

Ray turned.

The dog — a black mutt, soaked and shivering near the edge of the field.

Its eyes wide. Unfocused.

It didn't bark.

Didn't move.

Just stared into the fog.

Ray, Garcia, and Moss stood silently. Watching.

Garcia murmured, "It's like it saw something…"

Ray didn’t look away.

“No,” he said quietly. “It’s like it saw something **it was never meant to.** ”

SEATTLE POLICE BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT

Click.

A projector flicked on.

The first victim’s photo lit up the wall — eyes bulged, jaw unhinged.

A dozen eyes stared.

Some hardened.

Some couldn’t.

Garcia leaned against the back wall. Arms crossed. Rain still dripping from his sleeves.

Ray stood at the front. Marker in hand.

Staring at the board like it might blink.

FBI Agent Moss stepped forward. Flipped open a case file.

“Two victims. Five days. Same posing. Same mutilation.”

Click.

A second photo replaced the first.

A man this time — eyes wide, tongue gone, same grotesque grin.

“No footprints. No fingerprints. No goddamn evidence.

But this?”

He tapped the screen.

“This isn’t random.

It’s deliberate.

Calculated.

He wants us to see it. ”

Click.

The next photo appeared.

“Same body language. Same mutilation.

It’s a pattern — not a mistake.”

Ray exhaled quietly.

Eyes fixed on the image.

Moss continued, voice tight:

“We’re not dealing with impulse.

This is true evil. Methodical. And it’s escalating. ”

The door opened.

Heads turned.

In stepped Agent Melanie Tran — mid-thirties.

Sharp suit.

Sharper eyes.

Behind her, a tall man followed. Early forties. Angular

face. Notebook in hand.

“Profiler team from New York,” Moss murmured.

“Just arrived.”

Agent Tran stood before the board.

The room silent.

She didn’t look at her notes — she didn’t need to.

“This wasn’t random,” she said.

“This was curated.”

She studied the photo — not with revulsion, but with forensic detachment.

As if the brutality only sharpened her focus.

Then she spoke — clear. Firm. Unwavering.

“This is male.Late thirties to early forties. Highly intelligent — not average, not slightly above. High-functioning. Educated. Methodical. Doesn’t act on impulse.”

Her partner, Agent Holt — mid-forties. Ex-cop demeanor.

Voice like gravel — stepped in beside her.

“He’s invisible because he built himself to be,” Holt added.

“The kind of guy you pass every day. Quiet. Clean. Polite.

Maybe even charming in short bursts.

But inside?”

He tapped the board.

“Obsessive. Controlled. And cruel.”

Tran nodded.

“He lives alone. Or pretends to live normal. Keeps a routine.

A job that keeps him close to people — but never too close.

He doesn’t just cover his tracks.

He removes the path behind him. ”

Garcia shifted in his seat.

“You’re saying he’s doing this for fun?”

“No,” Tran said.

“For dominance.”

Holt continued.

“This isn’t about bloodlust. It’s about superiority.

Every pose. Every scene — it’s a statement.”

“To who?” someone asked.

Tran didn’t blink.

“To us.”

She stepped back.

Scanned the faces in the room.

“This man believes he’s better than all of us.

And honestly?

He might be.”

Another silence.

Then Holt exhaled through his nose.

“You don’t catch a guy like this by chasing him.

You catch him by thinking like him.”

Tran looked at Ray.

Held his gaze a second longer than necessary.

“You’ve seen this before, haven’t you?” she said quietly.

Ray’s eyes were still on the photo —

like he’d been looking at it for years.

“Yes,” he said.

“We were on it. Thirteen years ago.

But we failed to catch him.”

He drew in a slow breath.

Jaw tight.

“That part never left us.”

Ray stepped forward. Arms crossed.

“We were right on him.

Days — maybe hours — from making the arrest.

Then he vanished. No trace.

Like he’d been **swallowed by the damn fog itself. As if he never existed.** ”

She nodded to Holt, who flipped a case file open.

Laid it flat under the projector.

“Thirteen years ago,” Tran continued.

“Twenty-six victims. Eleven women. The rest, men.

Same posture. Same missing tongue.

Same eerie absence of trace.

They called him the Fog Killer — unofficially.

And then… it all stopped.”

No suspect.

No pattern.

No closure.

He was never caught.

Tran glanced at the board.

Then back at the room.

“This could be a return,” she said.

“Same M.O. Same signature.

Same ghost in the fog.”

Ray shook his head.

“Or it’s someone who wants us to think it’s him.

We believe this is a copycat — someone recreating the scenes down to the smallest detail.

Maybe even someone who studied the original case obsessively.”

Ray stepped forward.

Closed the folder in his hand with a dull snap.

“We believe the original suspect — John A. — realized we were closing in.

He slipped out of town.

Quiet. Clean.”

He paused.

Jaw tight.

“For three years, we chased shadows.

Then nothing. Not a trace.

Maybe he vanished into a new life.

Maybe he died.

Either way… the trail ended cold.”

He set the folder down on the table.

“This new killer — we believe it’s a copycat.

Someone who studied the original murders.

Studied us.”

He looked around the room.

Eyes grave.

“Autopsy’s underway.

If there’s a crack in the method — even the slightest — we’ll know.”

A beat.

“But if it matches…”

He didn’t finish the sentence.

Garcia spoke up. Voice lower now.

“Sir, what if the autopsy shows it’s the same guy from thirteen years ago?”

The room fell silent.

Then — from the back — a young patrol officer.

Grinning like he didn't read the mood:

"So he was a ghost then…

and now he's back for round two?"

CHAPTER 3

Rain hammered the windows in steady sheets, turning the world outside into a blur of headlights and trembling reflections.
Inside the café, it was cool and dry — the kind of comfort that made you linger without meaning to.

Evan and Meilin sat by the glass, watching people hurry

past under umbrellas.

A waiter appeared with a notepad and a practiced smile.

“Good evening. May I take your order?”
“I’ll have iced peppermint mocha,” Meilin said.
“Black tea,” Evan added.

The waiter nodded. “Got it. Would you like some water while you wait?”
“Sure,” Evan said.

The waiter gave a small nod and walked off.

“You always go for black tea,” Meilin said, tapping her fingers softly against the table.

Her smile faltered as her gaze landed on a couple by the window — the woman cradling a baby, the man gently wiping milk from the child’s chin.

For a moment, something passed over her face — not jealousy, but a quiet ache, like she’d remembered a life that never quite began.

Her voice dropped.

“I used to see us like that.”

Evan looked at her but said nothing.

“Part of me still does,” she murmured.

Evan let out a small laugh, missing the weight behind her words.

“Love doesn’t keep the lights on does it?”

She glanced down, then met his eyes with an empty smile.

“You know I make enough for both of us, right? We’d be okay...”

Evan didn’t answer right away.

“I’m telling you,” he said finally, **“once this novel’s done… it’s going to change everything.”**

Her hand tensed into a quiet fist beneath the table.

“Evan… what’s the novel about? You figured that out yet?”

He perked up, eyes sparking.

“Yeah, baby! I’ve got it all mapped out. It’s about how the Japs could’ve won World War II!!”

Meilin blinked.

“World War what?”

Jesus Christ. Fucking hell, she thought.

You beautiful, unemployed maniac.

Evan leaned in, eyes **bright** ... like he was plotting it himself.
“I’m starting at **Pearl Harbor** ,” he said. “ **Imperial Japan** knew they couldn’t win a **war of attrition** . So what should they have done? **Hit fast. Hit hard.** ...then vanish into the jungle.”

Two **sharp jabs** at the table.
“They should’ve gone **full defensive** . **Dig in. Tunnel deep. Wire every beach.** By the time America landed... it’d be straight into **hell!** ”

He leaned closer, voice **low** ... **electric** .
“ **Bleed** them for every inch. **Force a deal** while you’re still holding ground. **“That’s what a smart empire does** ”

A **scoff** .
“ **Pearl Harbor wasn’t strategy — it was suicide.** You don’t sucker punch the country you want to negotiate with... you **starve** it. Let it **rot** from exhaustion.”

He sat back, a **crooked grin** spreading.

“They should’ve pushed east. **Fortify. Drain them slow.** ”

A long pause.
Cold as a **gun barrel** ...
“ **Turn the Pacific red with America’s blood.** ”

Meilin blinked — not at the **words** ... but at the way he said them.
Like it **thrilled** him.

She threw her hands up.
“Maybe they just wanted to **bomb** something, Evan! Maybe they were **sick of the bullshit** and wanted to blow it all up!”

She froze — startled by her own outburst.
Hell yeah, baby!!!

“ **Total failure in execution** ,” Evan went on, as if she hadn’t spoken. “ **Yamamoto** ordered the carriers hit. **Nagumo** hesitated. He had a perfect window — **no counterattack... no resistance** — and still pulled back after the first wave.”

Evan’s voice **tightened** , hands **clenching** .
“A **second strike** would’ve crippled the Pacific Fleet. **Fuel depots... dry docks — gone.** The carriers sunk. That was the moment.”

He leaned in, eyes locked on hers.
“And they **blinked** .”

Meilin stared at him — smiling politely, but her eyes were wide, glassy.

In her head —

Alarms were going off. Fire drills. Red lights.

One half of her wanted to nod and wait for her tea.

The other half wanted to grab a chair and swing it.

Meilin's fingers curled around her cup, trembling slightly. She stared at Evan, talking like a war general, eyes lit up over hypothetical bloodshed.

Something in her cracked.

She stood.

Walked to the couple at the next table.

Calm. Controlled.

"May I borrow this chair?" she asked, voice sugar-smooth.

The couple blinked.

The man nodded slowly.

She picked it up.

Gripped it with both hands.

Then — without a word —

SLAM.

Straight across Evan's jaw.

He flew sideways, crashing into the marble, blood fanning across the floor like spilled ink.

Meilin stood over him, panting.

Her knuckles white on the chair.
"Go ahead," she said, voice trembling. "Say more fucking crap. Go!!!"

—

She blinked.

The chair hadn't moved.

Her hands were folded neatly on the table, fingers locked

together.

Rain pelted the glass beside her.

Outside, the world blurred.

She inhaled slowly.

“Evan… did you talk to your dad?”

Evan blinked.

“About what?”

She stared at him.

He squirmed, then forced a shrug.

“Yeah. Yeah, I did. He said there’s no vacancy right now. STFA’s full. Six months, maybe less, and I’m in.”

Meilin tilted her head slightly — the way you do when you know you’re being lied to.

She whispered, almost tender:

“You’re such a fucking liar.”

He froze.

“I called your dad this morning,” she said, louder now. **“You haven’t even spoken to him about the job. Not once.”**

Evan’s jaw tightened.

“Meilin, I love you. I do. But I don’t want to be a detective, alright? I can’t stare at corpses all day and sleep at night.”

She slammed her palms on the table.
“Those are pretty words for a man who can’t even afford socks.”

“Meilin—”

“If your father disowns you, you’ll be nothing,” she hissed. **“A…”**

Evan went still.

“Go on. Say it.”

Meilin stared at him.

“You’ll end up like a stray dog,” she repeated, softer. **“And I’m the idiot who kept feeding you.”**

The silence between them buzzed like electricity.

Then she softened — barely.

“I know I said too much,” she murmured. **“But I’m just trying to—”**

CRACK.

Evan slammed his palm into the table, loud and sudden.

Water glasses jumped.

“Shut up,” he said, teeth clenched.

Heads turned.

Conversations stilled.

Meilin leaned forward, eyes blazing.

Then, in sharp, vicious Mandarin:

“你他妈闭嘴!”
“Nǐ tā mā bì zuǐ!”

People stared.

A beat passed.

Then another.

Two full minutes of dead silence.

The rain outside hissed louder than ever.

And then —

Evan leaned in again, voice cold, surgical:

“Don’t look now,” he said, eyes narrowing. **“But that fat Asian guy in the green jacket is eye-fucking your boobs.”**

Meilin blinked.

“Evan, what the hell—”

“No, seriously,” he hissed. **“He’s been staring at your tits for the last five minutes like a damn dog. Look at him — he’s not even blinking.”**

“Evan, stop—”

“I told you not to wear shit like that,” Evan muttered, louder now. **“You flash your fucking chest and act**

surprised when creeps start mentally undressing you.”

“Jesus,” Meilin whispered.

“Keep your voice down—”

“I am keeping it down,” he snapped, standing up so fast **his chair shrieked against the floor.**
“But he’s not even being subtle about it!”

Heads turned.
Conversations stopped mid-sentence.

Evan pointed across the café.

“Hey! Yeah, you! You enjoy staring at my girlfriend’s tits, you fucking walrus?”

The man in the green jacket froze, eyes wide.

“Excuse me?”

“You deaf too? You’ve been sitting there eye-fucking her like it’s a goddamn strip club.”

“You confused,” the man said, English thick and broken.

Evan marched straight at him, **hands clenched.**
“Say that again.”

The man backed up fast, knocking into a chair.

“No fight! I no fight, okay? I drink coffee, no fight!”

Evan stepped right into his space.

“Then stop looking at my girl like she’s for sale.”

The man’s face twisted in panic.

“I no look! I no see—”

“Bullshit!” Evan shouted. **“You haven’t taken your eyes off her since we sat down!”**

The man shook his head.

“I see no girl!”

Evan lunged.

In one violent motion, **he grabbed the man by the collar and yanked him up from his chair.**

“I hate creeps like you,” he snarled, nose inches from

the man's face.
"You already did her three times in your head, didn't you?"

The man flailed.

"Psycho! You need see doctor!"

CRACK.

Evan's fist exploded into his face — bone on bone, sickening.
The man spun sideways, hit the floor hard, **chair clattering beneath him.**

Screams burst around the café.

"Holy shit!"
"Call someone!"
"Get security—!"

Evan surged forward **like a bullet.**

Chairs toppled.
Cups spilled.

But hands grabbed him — **two men from nearby tables, wrestling him back.**

A waitress threw herself between them, **eyes wide with panic.**
“Stop! Stop it! Please—!”

Meilin darted in, **wrapping her hands around his wrist, her voice trembling.**
“Evan, stop! Let’s go — please! Before the cops come!”

But he wasn’t hearing anything.

Not the screams.
Not the chaos.

His eyes were locked on the man, crumpled on the ground, coughing blood.

“He was staring at you,” Evan growled, fighting against the grips holding him.
“Like a dog in heat!”

The man groaned, shielding his face, **blood running down his cheek in thick lines.**

“He’s bleeding!” someone shouted.
“Oh my god, he’s BLEEDING!”

“Evan, please!” Meilin yanked at him, desperate, almost crying now.
“You’ll go to jail!”

He ripped one arm free.

Then the other.

“You hear me?” he barked down at the man.
“Next time I’ll break your fucking ribs.”

The café manager shoved past the crowd, **voice thundering.**

“Get OUT! Right now! We’ve called the police!”

Silence hit — for half a second.

Evan turned.
His chest rose **like a furnace.**

Then he stormed toward the door, **shoving a chair out of the way.**

Meilin scrambled after him, clutching his arm.

The door flew open.

SLAM.

The café roared behind them — voices, sirens in the distance, phones raised.

But outside — only the violent hiss of rain.

They vanished into it.

Just two figures swallowed by wet light and sirens, dissolving into the blur.

SOME TIME LATER

Rain hammered the shelter's tin roof **like gunfire.**

Neon lights flickered from a convenience store across the street.

Inside the shelter, a battered TV bolted to the top corner buzzed faintly, playing news highlights on mute.

Evan sat hunched on the bench, soaked, breathing like he'd just run a marathon.

Meilin stood in front of him, arms folded tight. Her soaked hair clung to her face, and black mascara streaked down her cheeks **like ink trails.**

She looked furious.
And exhausted.
Like someone unraveling from the inside.

For a long moment — nothing.

Just rain.
The low glow of headlights.
The flicker of muted news.

Then:

“You’re thirty-three,” she said quietly. Her voice cracked.
“You’re thirty-three, Evan. Still living with your dad like it’s summer break.”

Evan didn’t look up.

“I’ve been patient. I’ve been there. I tried to get you two jobs — two — and you left both in three months.”

He muttered, **“That job at the gas station? An old woman kept staring at me. The station was paranormal.”**

Meilin blinked — like she didn’t hear him.
Or wished she didn’t.

“That job didn’t feel right,” he added.

“Nothing feels right to you,” she snapped.
“Not the jobs. Not the apartment we looked at. Not therapy. Not your life.”

From the corner, the TV suddenly crackled.

A loud, overly cheerful voice burst out of the silence:

TV (V.O.):
“Introducing the MIRACLE LADDER! It flips, folds, bends, and practically climbs for you — order now and get a second one FREE!”

Neither of them looked.

“You were never like this,” Meilin went on. **“Not violent. Not scary. What was that, in there? You looked like you wanted to kill him.”**

“He was looking at you—”

“No!” she shouted, voice echoing under the shelter. **“That wasn’t about him. That was about you. All your crap — your failures, your rage, your fear — you poured it on a stranger and called it chivalry!”**

He finally looked at her. Her cheeks were wet — rain or tears, it didn’t matter anymore. The black streaks down her face made her look almost haunted.

“What if they’d called the cops?” she said, softer now. **“What then? You’d be in the back of a cruiser. And your dad — your cop dad — he’d find out. And he’d kick you out!!”**

She wiped her face, breath catching.
“I wanted to get married, Evan. I wanted to start a life. But every time I bring it up, you flinch like I’m pointing a gun at your head.”

He shrugged, quiet.
“In my novel, that’s how Japan proposed to the U.S.”

She froze.
“What?”

He looked at her, dead serious.
“It was a surprise attack.”

She stared at him.
A full beat.

Then she burst out laughing — bitter, breathless, done.

“…And now you’re writing some bullshit fantasy novel about World War II like that’s gonna save your sorry ass?”

Evan perked up, almost proud.
“Hey, I’m almost done. Just at the part where Hitler and Stalin are in a gay marriage together.”

Meilin turned.
“Fuck you, Evan. Go hit a bus! Motherfucker!!!”

She started walking off — then spun around one last time: **“Oh, and by the way? Your punches suck. You hit like a depressed bitch.”**

She stormed off into the rain.

“Come on, babe — babe! I was just trying to lighten the mood,” Evan called after her.

She didn’t stop.

He turned, standing in the shelter alone.
Rainwater dripped from his chin.
His soaked jacket clung to his arms.

Slowly, almost as if magnetized, his eyes drifted upward to the TV — still buzzing behind fogged plastic glass.

The Miracle Ladder infomercial was still going.

TV (V.O.):
“—strong enough to hold a family of four! Great for basements, rooftops, even bunkers—”

Then — **static.**
A crack.
A flicker.

And then — the screen changed.

A newscast cut in, live.

A blonde reporter stood under a yellow umbrella in the pounding rain, voice grim and urgent.

REPORTER (TV):
“We’re live at the scene in South Seattle. A third victim has just been discovered. Authorities believe this may be the work of the same serial killer who disappeared thirteen years ago—”

Evan didn’t move.

He just stared at the screen.
Soaked.
Breath still uneven.

Like something had stopped inside him.

The TV crackled again, then snapped to breaking news.

Rain slashed across the screen.
A blonde reporter stood in a field, her umbrella shaking in the wind.
Behind her: tall grass, police tape flapping like torn ribbon.
Flashlights moved like fireflies in the dark.

Her voice was taut.
Rushed.

“Authorities now suspect the killer uses hypnosis — to lure victims. This area is infamous for paranormal sightings. The FBI has joined the case. They’re calling it a nationwide threat.”

The camera cut — shaky footage of the body.
A shape beneath a tarp in the grass, pale limbs just visible.
Crows scattered as an officer shouted at them.
Headlights swept the field in slow arcs.

“Locals say this is exactly how it started thirteen years ago,” the reporter continued.
“Same pattern. Same look. Same fear.”

The shot cut to a small group of old residents by the fence line — umbrellas up, coats zipped, eyes haunted.

One old woman, eyes fixed on the field:
“It ain’t human. Comes with the fog. Leaves nothing but silence.”

An old man with milky eyes added,
“They called him the Fog Killer. Like he was the fog. Like breathing death.”

Another leaned in, voice like gravel:
“Doesn’t leave tracks. Just open eyes. And that smile. Like they saw heaven… then got dragged backward.”

A younger woman behind them whispered:

“My mom said he’s a spirit. Something old. A curse. You don’t catch things like that.”

The screen cut to a soaked field swarming with flashing lights.
Officers moved like shadows behind the tape.
Raindrops burst against the lens.

A black SUV rolled to a stop beside the crime scene, engine humming low.
The door swung open.

Out stepped a tall Black man in a long raincoat — short-cropped hair, shirt-styled beard trimmed sharp, eyes steady and unreadable.

Rain tapped against his shoulders, but he didn’t flinch.

The reporter’s voice quickened:
“Special Agent Moss — recently assigned to lead the federal side of the investigation — has just arrived on scene.”

Moss moved fast, his coat slicing through the downpour, cutting across the mud toward the body.

A reporter chased him with a mic, umbrella flipping in the wind.
“Agent Moss! Just a few questions — please!”

He stopped at the tape.
Glanced at her.

“Make it quick.”

She nodded, breath fogging in the cold air.
“What do we know about the killer so far?”

“Same signature,” Moss said.
“Random targets. No connection. No struggle. Heinously staged. No trace. Just — gone.”

He paused, eyes narrowing.
“Everyone thinks they’re invisible — until they’re not. He’s not a ghost. He breathes, he moves. That means he leaves a trail.”

“And the psychological angle?” she asked.
“There’s chatter that he uses some kind of mind control — hypnosis.”

Moss cut her off with a look — not angry.
Just sharp.
Unreadable.

“The only hypnosis I’m seeing…”

He leaned in slightly.

“…is the one you’re under. You and everyone else

staring into that screen, waiting to feel scared."

The camera held on his face.
Rain ran down his jawline.

Then he turned.
Slipped beneath the tape and into the tall grass, flashlight beams cutting across him like searchlights in a fogged war zone.

The reporter looked back at the camera, visibly shaken.

Moss pushed through the grass.
His breath was sharp.

The body was ahead — he could feel it before he saw it.

A young cop stood frozen nearby, flashlight trembling in his grip.

Then the beam hit her.

She was nude, lying on her back like she'd been seeing the stars.
Arms folded behind her head.
Legs flat, feet gently crossed at the ankles.
Peaceful — at first glance.

But the eyes were wide open.
Glassy.

Not in fear.
In confusion.

Like she'd seen something impossible.

Then the rest came into focus —

A thin, surgical cut straight through her throat.
Clean.
Almost too clean.

And then —

The jaw.

Wrenched open far beyond natural.
Snapped.
Dislocated.
Hung like a cracked puppet.

And where her tongue should've been — **nothing.**
Just black wetness … and silence.

Moss flinched.
Actually flinched.

"This isn't human."
The words escaped him, barely audible under the rain.

Footsteps behind him.
Wet grass … crunching.
The scent of cigarette smoke bled into the rain.

“Moss,” came a smooth, calm voice.
“That girl... she’s Gustavo's neighbor.
For him — she was his ex.”

Moss turned.

Ray stood just behind the body tape, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a half-burned cigarette.
Smoke curled into the fog, untouched by the wind.

“Gustavo’s over there,” Ray added,
poor guy — he’s the one who found her.

Moss looked past him.

Gustavo stood in the distance, still as stone.
Eyes locked on the corpse.
His face said nothing, but his hands … were shaking.

Moss stepped toward the body, rain dripping off his coat.
Stared down.
Took it in.
The way she was posed.
The display.
The timing.

He inhaled sharply.
Then turned — sharp, cold, furious.

“I want the bastard who leaked this to the press,” he barked.
“Find him. Drag him to me yourself if you have to.”

Silence.
The air froze.

He turned back to the girl’s body, jaw clenched.
Something in his face changed — realization.
Urgency.

His voice cracked through the field like a gunshot:
“This is fresh!”

“Whoever did this — they were here less than an hour ago!”

His eyes swept the perimeter.
“Lock it down. Now. Every road, every trail. I want names. I want faces. Anyone who came through here tonight — I want them breathing in a room with me in the next twenty minutes!”

Flashlights scattered.
Radios lit up.
People moved.

But Moss didn't.

He just stared at her … jaw working … the horror crawling deeper now that he knew —

The killer was still close.
He left this fresh.
Which means he's still breathing.
Treat this field like he's one of us.

Seattle Light Rail — Summer Evening, 4:37 PM

The train exhaled as it rolled into the station — a long, breathless sigh of brakes … and heat.

Late summer sunlight spilled across the platform, slanting through the open doors like golden water.
The kind of warmth that made time feel slower … softer.

Evan stepped in.
Sleeves rolled up.
Collar loosened.
Heat still clinging faintly to his skin.

He took a seat by the window, not looking at anyone, not looking for anything.

At the next stop, a pregnant woman climbed aboard.

She clutched the overhead rail with one hand, the other resting gently over her stomach.
Her eyes searched the cabin.

Nobody moved.

A few passengers looked up … then quickly away.
One man pretended to check something on his phone.
Another adjusted his sunglasses, staring straight ahead like she wasn't even there.

The silence was quiet … but sharp — the kind that cuts.

Then Evan stood.
No hesitation.

"Here," he said, voice low, steady.

The woman blinked, surprised — then offered a soft, grateful smile.

"Oh… thank you."

And then…

Someone else stepped in before the doors closed.

Combat boots.
Black tank top.

Military pants.

She paused just inside the doorway, blinking at the sunlight inside the train … and then her eyes landed on him.

Her lips parted.
Not in shock — more like wonder.

Like she was watching something … **come back from the dead.**

She walked up, slow.

“You still do that?” she said softly.

Evan turned, confused.
“I’m sorry?”

She gave a small smile.

“Give your seat away like it’s nothing.
You did it even when you were a scrawny little shit who couldn’t reach the handlebar.”

He looked at her.
Really looked.

She was maybe his age — early thirties — but the kind of

pretty that wasn’t trying.

Her skin was a warm golden-beige tone.
Long black hair pushed back.
A faint scar just beneath the collarbone.

Beautiful in the way danger sometimes is — but her smile softened it.
Controlled it.

He squinted.
“Do we…?”

She let the silence hang a second.
Then pulled off her sunglasses.

Those eyes.
Green.
Sharp.
Familiar.

“Jesus,” he breathed.
“Lina?”

She grinned.
“Took you long enough.”

The sound of her name cracked something open in him.

The rooftops.

The dares.
The way she used to tie her hair back like she was going to war just to break into the corner store freezer.
That laugh.

He stared.
“You were in Texas…”

“Army. Then floated around. Ghosted Seattle. Now I’m back.”

A beat.
“You look like hell.”

“You’re not wrong.”

They stood in the rocking hum of the train, the world moving too fast around them — but that car, that spot between them, felt still.

She pointed to the duffel.
“Quantico papers. FBI application.”

He blinked.
“You?”

She tilted her head.
“Why not me?”

The train slowed.

“Is this your stop?” she asked.

“Yeah.”

She paused.
“Walk with me.”

He hesitated — just for a second.
Then nodded.

As they stepped off, sunlight hit her just right — a golden outline, a breath of warmth in the quiet air.

Evan looked at her again — like **really** looked — and for just a moment, he smiled.

Something inside him shifted.

He didn’t know it yet, but that moment…

Was the start of something very wrong.

King County Medical Examiner’s Office — Corridor, 6:11 PM

The hallway hummed with that quiet, awful kind of

silence.
The kind that knew what waited at the end.

Fluorescent lights flickered overhead as Moss, Ray, and four FBI officers made their way down the narrow corridor.
Their footsteps were the only sound — dull thuds swallowed by tile … and tension.

At the back of the group, Gustavo trailed — his jaw tight, eyes glassed, hands curled into fists.

Ahead stood a steel double-door etched with peeling letters:
MEDICAL EXAMINER — NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY.

Three bodies were behind it.
Three versions of the same nightmare.

Ray's voice was quiet.
Low.

"They're laid out, all three?"

Moss nodded.
"Autopsies are done. Sheinberg's waiting with the report."

One of the officers spoke, uncertain:
"So we'll know now?
If it's the same guy… or someone trying to be him?"

Moss didn’t slow.
“We’re not here to confirm. We’re here to learn what kind of monster we’re dealing with — the old one, or his fanboy.”

He glanced toward Ray, who stayed quiet, locked in thought.

Gustavo suddenly spoke up behind them, voice rough:
“You know, my uncle used to say ghosts do exist.”

The others looked back.
He gave a broken, nervous laugh.

Ray turned — not with anger, but with eyes that cut through fog.

“Ghosts don’t carve arteries with surgical precision. Ghosts don’t know exactly where to slice so you die in silence.”

Gustavo looked away.

The silence held **like a breath before something drops** .

They reached the autopsy room doors.

Ray stopped.

He turned. Looked Gustavo straight in the face.

“You’re not coming in.”

Gustavo blinked, startled.
“Sir, I—”

Ray’s tone didn’t rise. But it cut deep.

“You knew her. Too well. You walk in there, you won’t forget what you see.”

A pause. Softer, but firm.

“Go home, Gus.”

Gustavo stood frozen. Like he wanted to argue — but couldn’t.

Then he nodded once, jaw tight, and turned away.

Ray watched him go for a second.

Then pushed open the doors.

Inside the Autopsy Room — 6:14 PM

The doors groaned open.

The smell hit first — **a metallic tang beneath sterile bleach** .

Clean. But not enough to hide what lay inside.

Three bodies.

Uncovered.

Laid out on stainless steel slabs. **Pale. Violated. Their eyes still open.**

Dr. Sheinberg stood at the center of the room, gloves on, mask pulled down around his neck, eyes dull from too many nights with the dead.

He turned to them.

“Apologies for the lack of modesty.”
“We heard you were coming. Figured you’d want the truth without delay.”

No one responded.

They were too busy staring.

The first body:
A young woman. Skin drained white.
Her throat — **cut clean down the middle** , right at the soft hollow between the collarbones.

Not jagged. Not savage. **Surgical.**

The tongue was gone.

Her jaw — **wrenched, broken, slack** .

A tiny trail of dried blood clung to her earlobe, like it had nowhere else to run.

Ray’s voice was gravel:

“Jesus.”

Sheinberg nodded toward the other two slabs.

“Same on all three. Identical entry points.”

He pointed.
“Trachea. Carotids. Vocal cords. Severed in a single pull.”

He circled slowly.

“No signs of hesitation. No second strikes. No defensive wounds.”

“Which means… they didn’t know they were dying until it was done.”

Ray’s voice cut in, sharp.

“The hypnosis rumor — tell me straight. Is it real?”

Sheinberg looked at him. Calm. Almost bored.

“You ever hear the phrase *‘the element of surprise’* ?”

A pause.

He gestured toward the gaping wounds.

“He doesn’t hypnotize anyone. He just walks in the front door of their mind.
Because they know him. Or trust him. Or don’t fear him. That’s enough.”

Moss stepped closer, squinting at the cut.

“That precise?”

Sheinberg nodded.

“You want to know how long she lasted?”

He tapped the body’s sternum.

“One minute. Thirteen seconds. Blood loss. She never made it to the ground alive.”

He stepped back.

The three corpses seemed to hover in the room, **almost breathing with the silence** .

“This isn’t rage. This isn’t impulse. **This is skill.** ”

Sheinberg’s voice dropped.

“He’s done this before. And he’s not done yet.”

Moss didn’t move. Neither did Ray.

All that moved was the faint rattle of the ceiling vent.

And the eyes of the dead — glassy, tilted upward, **like they’d seen something coming** .

And couldn’t even scream.

Ray’s voice broke the silence — low, steady.

“This hypnosis thing. Is it real?”

Dr. Sheinberg looked up slowly.

A small smile touched the corner of his mouth. Not amused — knowing.

He stepped closer to the body. Tilted his head.

“Ever heard the phrase… ‘the element of surprise’?”

He let it hang.

“That’s what this is. Not hypnosis. Not magic. Just one clean moment — when the victim’s guard is down. That’s

all he needs.”

He tapped the hollow of the throat with his gloved finger.

A long pause.

“They don’t get hypnotized. They get caught off guard. They trust whoever’s in front of them. Or worse — they let their guard down because that person doesn’t feel like a threat.”

He gestured lightly toward the corpse’s face — frozen in confusion.

“This killer doesn’t chase. They don’t break in or stalk in alleys.
They make the victim come to them. ”

Another beat. The room was still. **Too still.**

“Maybe it’s a question. A favor. A bag of groceries dropped in the street. Something that feels harmless.”

He gestured again toward the expression frozen on the girl’s face.

“By the time they realize it’s a mistake… **it’s too late.** ”

He moved his hand slowly across the air — slicing an invisible line.

“One stroke. Precise. Midline. Trachea, carotids, vocal cords.
No scream. No fight. Just collapse.”

Ray didn’t blink. Moss stood rigid.

“You’re saying it’s not a male,” one of the FBI agents murmured.

Sheinberg nodded once.

“Correct.”

A pause.

“Not a man. Not some six-foot monster hiding in a coat.”

“I believe we’re looking for an elderly person. Possibly female.”

“There’s no rape. No sexual trauma. No post-mortem fixation.”

He paused — eyes lingering on the corpse's folded arms and broken jaw.

"And before anyone says it — yes, the body was posed."

"But not for pleasure.
Not like those sick old men who hover over corpses, doing God-knows-what."

"This wasn't about desire. **It was about display.** "

He gestured with one gloved hand, calm and cold.

"Staging like this isn't arousal — it's control.
A message. A performance.
She was placed like a sculpture. Not like a fantasy."

A beat.

"That kind of distance? That's not male rage or lust.
That's something colder. "

"I'd bet on an older woman. Detached. Sharp. Maybe even proud of her work."

The room stayed silent a long moment.

Moss gave a single nod, his tone firm, unshakable.

“We’re done here. Let’s move out.”

The agents and officers turned to leave, boots echoing off tile as they moved down the corridor, murmuring low.

Just as Ray reached the door—

“Ray. Moss.”

Dr. Sheinberg’s voice stopped them cold.

“You two stay.
Everyone else — thank you.”

There was a pause, then the others slowly filtered out, the metal door swinging shut behind them with a hiss.

Silence returned.

The assistant moved quietly through the room, pulling white sheets over each of the three bodies — one by one — until the faces were gone.

Covered.
Finished.

Sheinberg’s eyes lingered — not anxious, just… disturbed.
Like a man who’d put the puzzle together and didn’t like the picture.

He stepped closer to Ray and Moss. Folded his arms.

“The thing is…”

CHAPTER 4

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Rain outside.
Jukebox low.
Two 33-year-olds catching up.

The kind of bar where CEOs sip $500 scotch under gold-trimmed ceilings, and reservations are booked weeks in advance.

Everything gleamed — from the marble floors to the obsidian-glass bar lined with vintage liquor older than the guests.

This wasn't just high-end — this was the **top floor of indulgence** .

🕒 **7:00 PM – Warm Reunion**

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Rain outside.
Jukebox low.
Two 33-year-olds catching up.

Evan (smiling):
"God, you looked awesome with a medium haircut but…

in long hair, you look like a fairy."

Lina (grinning):
"You still have soft hands?"

Evan:
"Damn, it's really pouring out."

Lina:
"How's your dad? I missed him more than you."

They clink glasses.
Peace.

🕗 8:40 PM – The Detonation

Lina is drunk.
Loud.

All warmth gone — replaced by years of buried venom.

Lina (slurring but sharp):
"You don't love Meilin — you love control.
You'd rather jerk off to a Hitler–Stalin–Mussolini threesome than propose."

Evan (flat):
"Lina—"

Lina (rising, voice rising):
"You lying, cheating, emotionally constipated donkey fucker!
I stayed up nights hating you, you hear me?!
You devil's whore fucker!
You pretend you're a writer — but you're just a scared little bitch."

Evan (still seated, eyes dark):
"You an FBI applicant?"

🕘 8:41 PM – FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Suddenly — she lunges.

A kick.
Fast.
Clean.

Military-style.

Combat boots slicing air.
No hesitation.

Evan catches her leg mid-air with a **sick snap** .

Gasps ripple — glasses freeze mid-air, forks hang from mouths.

Evan (calm, eyes locked):
"That all they taught you in the military?"

He twists — hard.

Lina slams into a chair.
Wood cracks.
A barstool clatters.

She grunts — but rolls, plants a hand, flips up.

Back in stance.
Feral.

Eyes wild with drunken rage and heartbreak.

She charges — shoulder-first.

Two patrons grab her mid-lunge.
One yells.
The other dodges a flying elbow.

Lina (screaming):
"YOU'RE THE DEVIL'S WHORE FUCKER!!

YOU STUPID DONKEY FUCKER!!!

COME BACK AND FIGHT, YOU COWARD PSYCHOPATH!

I USED TO DREAM OF SLITTING YOUR THROAT
WHILE CUTTING BANANA CAKE!”

[She kicks wildly — a chair and someone’s fries go flying.]

Evan (dusting off his sleeve):
“You need a therapist.
Or an exorcism.”

[He walks out like a storm never touched him.
Lights a cigarette.
Smiles to himself.]

Almost... satisfied.

☁ EXT. BAR – NIGHT

Rain drips from the awning.

Evan steps out.
Calm breath.
Lights a cigarette.

TOM (O.S.):
“Yo! Evan!”

Tom:
“Yo. What the hell was that in there?!
Was that Lina Yo?? I thought you two were the ‘I love you

forever’ couple back then.”

Evan:
“Yeah. Until she walked in and caught me in a threesome.
With her mom and her aunt.”

Tom (just stares):
“You’re joking.”

Evan (grinning, lighting up):
“The aunts were hot, bro.”

[Tom tilts his head.]

“She wasn't even mad about the aunt — it was the mom that got her.”

Tom (shaking his head):
“You need church, yo!”

Inside the bar — chaos settling.

Lina rips free from the patrons restraining her.
Shoves the man on her left.

She storms out into the rain, boots pounding marble.

The door swings shut behind her with a hollow thud.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

Dimly lit.
Cold white walls.
A single camera blinks red.

At the metal table sits an old Vietnamese woman — the first witness of the first murder.

She looks smaller now under the harsh light, but her eyes burn just as fiercely.

Rainwater clings to her coat; her wiry grey hair coils like barbed wire.

She stares at the wall, fingers fidgeting — like she's listening to something no one else hears.

Across from her sit two FBI agents: **AGENT DREW** and **AGENT KELLER** .

DREW (firm):
“You said you saw him that night. Describe him again.”

GRANNY (stone-cold):
“I felt him. Big as a moose. Horns like the devil.”

KELLER (dry):
"Right. You imagined it. Or maybe... you did it?"

GRANNY (snapping):
"You think murderers wear plain skin these days?
Ha. Then you're already dead."

DREW (mutters to Keller):
"She needs psychiatric evaluation. Doesn't seem sane."

GRANNY (smiling faintly):
"Fog hides everything.
Even old women with secrets."

KELLER (leaning in):
"Oh yeah? What secrets did it hide for you, huh?"

GRANNY (leans forward, voice low):
"Ask the fog."

DREW (cold):
"You talk about monsters…
But maybe the only one in this room is you."

GRANNY (whispers, eyes wild):
"Maybe it is me.
But if it is…" *(starts laughing)*
"I'm not the only one. Hahaha!"

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Moss stands behind the one-way mirror, arms folded, laser-focused.

Ray stands beside him, face unreadable.

RAY (low):
"She wasn't a suspect back then."

MOSS:
"She's the one who started the rumors. Half-goat killer. Spirits. Fog demons.
Lives alone. No alibi."

RAY (correcting):
"No — she lives with her son. Diagnosed schizophrenic. She's his full-time caregiver.
I don't think she's the one."

MOSS (watching the old woman blink at nothing):
"She believes what she saw.
That's dangerous too.
Her son, because of his condition, isn't an alibi in my eye."

AGENT GUSTAVO (entering, fast):
"Sir — her alibi for the second murder checks out. Surveillance footage confirms she was at a supermarket."

MOSS (agitated, eyes still on her):
"What supermarket?!
She was there?!
Check the son's alibi for that day — every hour of it.
Quick!"

[Gustavo stiffens slightly.
Nods.]

GUSTAVO:
"Yes, sir."

GUSTAVO (pressing, voice tight):
"Sir… the coroner. The doctor from the autopsy.
I heard he pulled you and Agent Ray aside after the exam.
Said something — what was it?"

[A charged beat.
Ray says nothing.]

MOSS (cutting in, cold):
"Agent Gustavo — are the murder sites under 24/7 secret surveillance like I ordered?"

GUSTAVO (snaps to attention):
"Yes, sir. Eyes on all sites. Full rotation, four-hour shifts."

[Ray places a hand on Gustavo's left shoulder — not heavy, not gentle.
Just... there. A signal. A grip that says everything without

raising its voice.]

RAY (smiling, firm):
"You'll know soon."
(a beat)
"Now — you may leave."

GUSTAVO (under his breath, as he turns):
"Clever bastards."

OUTSIDE RAY'S HOUSE – NIGHT

The rain has thinned.
Streetlights gleam off wet pavement.

Evan leans against the porch railing, soaked but grinning.

Lina stands beside him, still catching her breath.

They're laughing like idiots — breathless, giddy, alive.

Evan (laughing):
"You should be in the movies."

EVAN (smirking):
"You almost broke my jaw with that kick."

LINA:

“Oh, come on — I had it under control.”

EVAN:
“Uh-huh. You chucked a chair at a baby stroller.”

LINA (shrugs):
“Empty stroller.”

[They laugh again even harder.
A couple across the street stares.
Lina waves.]

EVAN:
“How much was the bill, anyway?”

LINA:
“Seven eighty.”

EVAN (grinning):
“Should have been higher.”

LINA (wiping rain from her face, sly):
“We should do it again sometime.”

EVAN:
“Next time, let me throw the first glass.”

[A beat.
Fog creeps at the edge of the yard.]

LINA (smirking, voice low and smug):
"They can check the cameras all they want."
(She flicks her wet hair back.)
"I don't look guilty in slow-mo."

EVAN (lighting cigarette):
"Probably. But all they'll see is a psycho hot chick and a cheating bastard.
Nobody charges actors mid-performance."

[They laugh again — quietly now.
Rain ticks on the railing.
Smoke rises.

Two artists of chaos — proud of the show.]

She turns to him. **Slow. Fluid.**

Like the rain had rewired her muscles to move softer, deeper.

Her hand rises — not in a gesture, but in intent.

One finger extends and touches his bare shoulder,
just above the curve of his tricep, where his sleeve is rolled up and rain has left the skin cool.

She lingers there.

Then traces —
Shoulder… Bicep… Forearm… Wrist.

Her finger drags like a whisper.

She's looking at him now — that look.
The one that doesn't ask.
The one that claims.

Something flickers in Evan's jaw.

He doesn't move. But something in him does.
That subtle chest rise. The pause in breath. The fire lighting behind his eyes.

She sees it. She feels it.
Every nerve of him answering back.

She turns to him. **Slow. Intentional.**
Her body humming with purpose.

One finger rises — And touches his bare shoulder.
Right where rain left his skin cool, electric.

She drags it down —
Shoulder… Bicep… Forearm… Wrist.

Soft. Slow. Possessive.

Her eyes never leave his. Not asking. Claiming.

Evan doesn't move. But everything in him tightens.

His breath catches. His chest rises.
His body responds. **Instantly.**
He's getting hard. **Fast.**

She knows. She feels it. And keeps tracing.

A silent dare between them —
To give in, or walk away burning.

The headlights of a car.
A car stops right in front of them.

The tension doesn't.

RAY (O.S.)
"Well, I'll be damned…"

Evan and Lina both turn.

Ray walks up, boots **squelching** in the wet gravel.

His eyes land on Lina — and widen.

RAY *(warm, surprised)* :
"Lina? Jesus, it's been what — five years?"

(he smiles)
"You look good, kid."

LINA *(soft, touched)* :
"You too, Detective Ray."

Ray gives her a one-armed hug, then shakes his head.

RAY:
"I'm just stopping by to swap out shoes. Too much mud where I'm going."

He steps past them, toward the door.

EVAN *(half-teasing)* :
"Planning on catching the killer all by yourself, Dad? 24/7 you're working — when do you even sleep?"

Ray says nothing. Just smirks. Disappears inside.

A beat.

Lina shifts — that tension again.
That **charge** .

Evan avoids her gaze.

EVAN *(quiet)* :
"It's getting late."

LINA *(softly)* :
"Yeah…"

Ray reappears, now in heavy boots.

EVAN:
"Dad — you're headed toward the station, right? Lina lives that way. Drop her?"

RAY *(nodding)* :
"Of course. Hop in, Lina."

Lina hesitates — just for a second.

She glances at Evan.
He doesn't meet her eyes.
Not really.
Not fully.

LINA *(faint smile)* :
"Thanks. That'd be nice."

She walks toward the car.

Rain-slick doors close with a dull *thunk* .

Evan stands alone on the porch, watching the taillights vanish down the fog.

Evan dials Meilin.

Straight to voicemail — first in English, then Mandarin.

EVAN *(quietly)* :
"I'm near your place at the market…
Was hoping we could talk. I miss you. Call me."

He hangs up.

Stares into the dark.

His body shifts.
The arousal fades — slow and involuntary.
A warm **slickness** in his boxers confirms what's left behind.

He exhales.

Looks toward the shadows where Lina had stood.

A flicker of her —
Wet hair.
Wicked smile.
Boots in the rain.

He starts to get turned on again, but takes a deep breath.

He exhales, then turns —
Eyes locked on the spot where Lina had been standing.

The rain still drips there, but she’s gone.

Except… not really.

In his head —
Her lips curl. That smirk. That finger tracing his arm.
Her leg arched mid-kick.
The soft drag of her touch still tingling on his skin.

He sees her.
He feels her.

And suddenly —

He breathes in. Deep.
Holds it.

His body’s already reacting.
Tightening again. Rising.

He exhales, sharp — like a warning to himself.

Then moves — fast.

Down the steps.
Into the rain.

Breaking into a run — like he can shake her off his skin.
Like he can sweat her out of his bloodstream.

But he knows better.

She's in him now.
And she's not leaving easy.

EXT. MURDER SITE 3 – NIGHT
🕒 3:01 AM

Thunder rolls in the distance.

The rain has stopped, but the air is soaked with static.

Somewhere, an owl hoots — long, lonely.

Thirteen agents.
Three sites.
Eyes open.

At Site 3, four men hide in the underbrush.
Coats soaked. Eyes burning from the night.

No one speaks loud — only comms crackle softly in their ears.

GUSTAVO lights a cigarette, leaning against the back of his partner.
His voice rasps over the comm line.

GUSTAVO *(low, annoyed)* :
"Day fourteen. Nothing. This is a waste of time."

AGENT #1 *(over comms)* :
"Yeah. Moss is warm at home. We're out here burning our balls off in this heat."

RAY *(calm, clipped)* :
"Shh."
(He taps the mic once — a soft signal.)
"Comms aren't private. Moss might be listening."

That shuts them up for a beat.

AGENT #2 , bored, pulls out a worn-out porn magazine.
He nudges **AGENT #1** — who laughs softly and peers over his shoulder.

Gustavo rolls his eyes.
Flicks open his phone.
Starts a chess game — Pawn to E4.

More thunder.

The wind shifts.
The trees hiss.

🕒 3:06 AM

Ray’s voice suddenly cuts through the comms — urgent, controlled.

RAY *(low, intense)* :
"Suspect. Approaching."
(pause)
"Crime scene perimeter. One male. Asian. Late thirties. On foot."

Silence.

Gustavo stiffens, cigarette frozen at his lips.

The agents freeze — like prey.
All eyes on the trail leading toward the taped-off clearing ahead.

Then —
A shape.

A man. Alone.

Walking steadily down the forest path.

No umbrella.
No hesitation.

Face half-shadowed by the moonlight, wet gravel crunching under his boots.

He moves like he knows where he’s going.
Like he’s done it before.

GUSTAVO *(into mic)* :
"Who the hell walks into a murder scene at three A.M.?"

RAY *(still watching)* :
"Someone who’s not afraid of it."
(beat)
"Hold position. Let him enter."

All agents go still.

The man stops.

Right at the center of the clearing —
Where the blood had once soaked deep into the soil.
Where no animal dares walk anymore.

Fog creeps low, curling around his boots like fingers.

He kneels.
Moves his hands in slow, deliberate strokes.

GUSTAVO *(low, focused)* :
"He’s drawing something from his pant…"

A pause.
Wind rushes through the trees — like something watching is holding its breath.

GUSTAVO:
"Wait… he's pulling something out.
A bottle. Small. Clear liquid inside."

RAY *(calm)* :
"What is it, gasoline? Don't move. Observe."

The man places the bottle gently beside the symbol.

Then he stands.
Turns his back to them.

And reaches for his waist.

GUSTAVO *(tense)* :
"He's… touching his belt.
Wait."
(beat)
"He's unbuckling."
(beat)
"He's taking off his pants."

No one says a word.

Inside their headsets — static.

Thunder grumbles far off.
The forest closes in.

GUSTAVO *(quiet, stunned)* :
"Ray… the suspect is now fully nude.
I repeat — fully nude!"

AGENT:
"Maybe he's been hypnotized — the shit's true!"

Agents exchange glances — heart rates pounding.

Ray. Gustavo. Two more agents.
All four at 140+ bpm — scared and intrigued at the same time.

Then —
He lifts one trembling hand.

And lowers it.

Touching himself.

GUSTAVO *(barely a whisper)* :
"He's… masturbating."

No movement from Ray.
No breath from anyone.

The clearing becomes something unnatural.
A stage.
A slow-blooming nightmare.

The man’s body arches.
Fingers curl.

Then —

CRACK.

A rock dislodges under Gustavo’s boot.
It tumbles.
Snaps a twig.

The man freezes.
Head turning —
Eyes wide. White. Unblinking.

He sees them.

And something else sees through him.

Then —

Not like a man.
Like something had just climbed up his spine and shown him his own death.

He **screams** .

So loud that one agent screams even louder and backs off — shouting:
"Fuck this shit! Fuck this shit! Mom!"

The scream rips the night open.

Birds scatter.
The air pulses.

He bolts — naked, wild, screaming like he’s seen a ghost.
Like the forest is on fire behind him.

RAY *(commanding)* :
"MOVE! TAKE HIM!"

They burst from cover.
Guns drawn.
Flashlights flaring.

Charging through brush and fog.

Wet pavement blurs underfoot.

The naked man sprints like a demon — cutting through alleys and boulevards.
Lean muscles flexing.

Back streaked with scratches.
Feet bleeding.
Body slick with rain and adrenaline.

Three agents give chase — Ray, Gustavo, Agent #2.

Coats flaring.
Boots pounding.
Guns bouncing at their sides.

GUSTAVO *(shouting)* :
"STOP! STOP OR WE WILL SHOOT!"

The man doesn't flinch.

He dodges between parked cars.
Leaps over a newsstand.
Barrels through a line of trash bins — sending them clattering into the street.

Steam billows from sewer grates.
Neon signs flicker.

A drunk couple screams as the nude man blazes past — a blur of skin and chaos.

The suspect is **very** fast.

The suspect veers hard left — vanishes into a narrow sidestreet.
A dead end for most.
A trap for the slow.

RAY *(shouting)* :
"HE'S CUTTING THROUGH THE BACK STREETS!"

They follow — deeper into the maze.

Brick walls tighten.
Graffiti bleeds under blinking lights.

GUSTAVO *(gritting his teeth, fast)* :
"He's heading for the old steel factory —
There's people working night shifts there. He'll dodge through the crowd!"

He picks up speed — FAST.

Gustavo outpaces them, coat flying open, teeth clenched.
Ray and Agent #2 struggle to keep up.

EXT. ALLEYWAY CHOKEPOINT – MOMENTS LATER

The suspect kicks a trash bin into Gustavo's path — metal crashes.
But Gustavo vaults it, lands hard, never stops.

Footsteps echo off the walls like gunshots.

The alley spills out —
Into a **LOADING ZONE** .

Forklifts idle.
Crates stacked high.
Men in uniforms unloading steel pipes.

A factory siren wails in the background.

The naked man bursts through like a missile.
The workers recoil — shouts of confusion.

"What the hell?!"
"Is that guy NAKED?"
"Call the cops!"

Forklifts hiss in reverse.
Workers scatter.

Steel pipes **CLANG** to the ground —
Men shout — sirens whine in the distance.

The naked man doesn’t stop.

He ducks under a conveyor line.
Leaps over a pallet of crates —
Blood smearing from a cut on his heel.

Suddenly —

SCREECH.

A police cruiser whips around the far corner —
Headlights flaring.
Tires spitting gravel.

AGENT #1 leans halfway out the window —
Rifle locked in his grip, one knee braced on the seat.

AGENT #1 *(yelling)* :
"I GOT EYES ON HIM!"

He narrows his gaze.
Breath steady.

Takes aim.

A single shot — **CRACK!**

The bullet rips through the air —
Grazes the suspect's left calf.

Blood sprays.

The man stumbles — just a second — then keeps running.

AGENT #1 (cursing):
"FUCK — JUST A SCRATCH!"

The suspect vaults a stack of tires.
Slips behind a semi-truck.
Gone again.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

Chaos.

The suspect vanishes into a sea of bodies — forklifts crisscrossing, steam vents blowing.

Gustavo shoves past two workers.
Ray cuts left.
Agent #1 barrels in from the far side.

But he's gone.

Like smoke.

RAY (shouting):
"WHERE IS HE?! WHERE'D HE GO?!"

GUSTAVO (panting):
"I saw him — he was just here, RIGHT HERE!"

AGENT #1:
"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

They all spin, scan — nothing.

Only welders in masks.
Steel beams.
Shadow and noise.

RAY (yells):
"WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE GONNA TELL MOSS?!
WE LOST A FUCKING NAKED GUY!"

Beat.

Even Gustavo goes silent.

Factory alarm still wails.
Red lights flash.

Somewhere behind them — laughter.
A forklift beeping in reverse.

EXT. BACKSTREET – NIGHT

The rain pours.

Sheets of it.

Soaking the pavement in silver and black.

Thunder above.
Steam from grates below.

The suspect runs.
Alone.

Breath heaving.
Legs trembling.

But he smiles.

He glances behind him — no one there.

No agents.
No sirens.

Just rain and silence.

He slows.
Walks now.

Bare feet slapping puddles.

Laughs once, under his breath.

SUSPECT (panting, almost giddy):
"…Made it."

He looks up at the sky, lets the rain wash over him like absolution.

And then—

BOOM.

He SLAMS full-speed into something solid.

Stumbles back —

Looks up —

Black trench coat.
Black umbrella.
Face lit by a lighter.

MOSS.

Cigarette in mouth.
Getting drenched.

Expression: ice.

MOSS (casual, lighting up):
“Evening.”

Before the suspect can move —

Moss grabs his wrist.
Twists.
Yanks —

CLACK.

Handcuffs.

Throws the **nude suspect** in his car.

MOSS (calm): “Seatbelt’s optional.”

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

Fluorescent lights hum.

Rain ticks on the small square window like a clock running out.

The suspect sits — still naked, now under a gray blanket.
Shivering.
Eyes wide.
Dried blood on his ankle.

A tissue box sits untouched.

MOSS stands behind the one-way glass, arms crossed. Watching.

INSIDE THE ROOM —

The suspect trembles.
His voice a cracked whisper:

SUSPECT (mumbling):
"I didn't know... I didn't know it was a murder site."

Beat.

SUSPECT (faster, pleading):
"My wife's sick, I can't... I can't do it at home. She sleeps light.
I—I like open air, you know?
The fog. It looked... clean. Quiet. Safe."

He sniffles.
Rubs his eyes.

SUSPECT (defensive, panicked):
"Look, I wasn't hurting anyone! I didn't hurt anybody! I swear—
I just... it was just a place. Just a spot, that's all."

Behind the glass, Moss exhales, disappointed.
Shakes his head.

MOSS (to no one):
"He's not the one."

He turns and walks away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Then — the door **FLIES** open.

GUSTAVO storms in.
Eyes wild.
Breathing heavy.

The suspect flinches.

GUSTAVO (furious):
"You think this is a joke?! You think we're fucking playing games out there?!"

The suspect stammers, eyes darting like a trapped animal.

SUSPECT (fearful):
"P-please… I didn't know—"

GUSTAVO (screaming):

“THERE’S A GIRL DEAD OUT THERE! STRANGLED! LEFT LIKE TRASH!
AND YOU’RE OUT THERE JERKING OFF IN THE FOG?!”

He SLAMS his hand on the metal table — it rattles.

GUSTAVO (shaking):
“You were smiling, motherfucker. You ran. You laughed.”

He leans closer.
Spits fury:

GUSTAVO (low, trembling):
“I saw the blood.
I thought you were the one.”

Behind him, **AGENT #1** bursts in.

AGENT #1 (urgent):
“Gustavo! OUT. Now.”

GUSTAVO (snaps):
“HE’S SICK!”

AGENT #1:
“He’s not the killer.”

GUSTAVO (quieter, broken):
“We chased a goddamn hallucination.”

He glares at the suspect one last time.

Then storms out, shoulder brushing the wall on his way.

Silence falls again.

The suspect just sits there.
Shaking.
Confused.

Tears running down his cheeks.

SUSPECT (whimpering):
"I just wanted to feel free... I didn't kill anyone…"

EXT. GREENFIELDS – NIGHT – 11:03 PM

A vast, open expanse of overgrown grass and farmland.

No houses.
No lights.
No escape.

The moon is gone.
The sky, bruised and rotting.

Air thick.

Still.

The kind of night that feels watched.

A lone girl walks along the gravel path that cuts through the field.

Blonde.
Tank top.
Shorts.

GIRL (low):
“Should’ve stayed home... fucking stupid...”

The gravel crunches beneath her feet.
Insects chirp.

Then —

SILENCE.

The wind dies.

Even the crickets vanish.

A low rumble rolls through the ground.
Far-off thunder.

She doesn’t notice.
Keeps walking.

Faster now — a little cold.

Then — the rain starts.

Sudden.
Hard.

No warning.
Like it fell through the earth instead of the sky.

But beneath it — something else.

A voice.

Impossible to place.

Low.
Wet.
Like it came from inside the soil itself.

VOICE (ghostly):
“…come here.”

She stops.
For six seconds.

Then starts walking again.
Faster.

Another rumble.

This time — the voice is inside the thunder.

VOICE (twisted, pained):
“Help me…”

She starts to run.

Something in the air has changed.

The path narrows.

Fields on either side grow taller.

Wheat.
Grass.
Movement.

Her shoes slap against the wet stones.

She again hears a voice — **this time loud.**

“I won’t hurt you…”
Laughter.
Loud, like a demon’s.

Suddenly —

CRACK.

Not thunder.

A twig.
Snapped.
Close.

She doesn’t look back.

She just runs.

Rain whipping her legs.

Mouth open, gasping.

Starts to cry loud — she believes she is almost about to die.

Then —

A shape.

Rising out of the field like it was grown, not born.

A figure.
Tall.
Black.
Faceless.

Not running — gliding.

Reaching.

She **SCREAMS.**

Too late.

It SLAMS into her from the side —

Sends her sprawling into the mud.

She coughs.
Turns.

It’s on top of her.

Breathing hard.
Wet skin.
Heavy.

She thrashes —

The thing grabs her wrist.

Pins it.
Raises something —

Then —

“FBI! STOP! FBI!!”

LIGHT.
GUNFIRE.
VOICES.

Nine agents burst from hiding.

Flashlights blast on.

MOSS.
GUSTAVO.
RAY.
AGENT #1.

Weapons aimed.

Flashlights in his eyes.

CHAPTER 5

GREENFIELDS – NIGHT – 11:06 PM

Rain slams down **like punishment.**

Floodlights slash through the fog.

Agents close in — **boots slamming** against the soaked earth — rifles trained, shouting commands.

MOSS (yelling):
“Hands up! HANDS UP!”

The figure doesn’t resist.
Just kneels.
Head tilted.
Breathing like an animal — **deep… ragged… wet.**

GUSTAVO (storming forward):
“Get off her! MOVE!”

He and another AGENT yank the figure off the sobbing girl.

Rain hammers the asphalt.

Agents drag the man from the girl, **boot heels grinding in the mud.**

They heave him off the field and onto the roadside —
A cracked stretch of gravel and broken cement running along the overgrown farmland.

He hits the ground with a **sick… wet… sound.**

Rain pours down like the sky was trying to drown the earth.

Thunder splits the night open — a violent, ripping sound that shakes the bones.

The agents surround the figure, weapons locked, breath heavy.

MOSS (steady, torch raised):
“Don’t move.”

He steps closer.
The beam of his flashlight slices through the downpour —
And lands on him.

A man — **or something that used to be.**

As if he’d been born in the fields and fed on worms and fog.

Nails long and curved like claws — yellowed, caked with **blood… and soil.**

Hair and beard tangled into dripping ropes, twitching with tiny things.

Skin not aged — **grown.**
Grey. Split. Crusted with old pus.

Face blank — but not peaceful. **Wrong.**
Like his soul had left… and something else moved in.

MOSS (quietly, unsettled):
“…Get him. Arrest him.”

Cuffs click.
The man doesn’t resist.

They drag him to the van.
Throw him in **like trash.**

SIREN wails —
Red lights pulse against the trees —
And the agents vanish into the fog.

CITY PARK TRAIL – MORNING – 7:03 AM

The sun blazes down.

Sky clear. Air warm and sharp.
Streets still glistening from last night's storm.

Plants shine.

Wet leaves flicker with light.

Steam curls off rooftops and grass.

Evan runs like he's flying.

Head high. Stride smooth. Smiling.

Every breath feels clean.
Muscles humming — not strained, not tired — **alive.**

For a moment, the world feels perfect.
Like everything is finally moving in the right direction.

He slows after the final stretch.
Smiling. Breathing deep.
Hands on hips — **truly good.**

Then — he sees him.

The man from the café.

Sitting alone on a bench under a tree.

Still. Quiet.

Not on his phone. Not eating. Just… sitting.
Like someone who didn't know where else to go.

Evan's smile fades.

The memory hits fast and sharp — **a flash.**

The café.

Meilin's voice.
Chairs screeching.
His fist flying.

That stunned face, blinking up at him.

“You staring at her boobs, huh?!”

The memory punches back hard.
Crude. Loud. Ugly.

God.

Evan’s jaw clenches.

That was me.
I did that.

He stands there for a moment — sweating, breath caught halfway between calm and regret.

It would be easy to keep walking.
Let it go. Tell himself it didn’t matter.

But it does.

The man hadn’t done a damn thing.

And Evan — for all his smooth charm and smirking bravado — had acted like a thug.

“I shouldn’t have done that,” he mutters aloud.
“That was on me.”

He takes a breath.
Wipes his face.
Starts walking toward the bench — slow… deliberate.

Not looking for forgiveness.
Not to feel better about himself.

Just to look the man in the eye and say:

“I’m sorry.”

He approaches slowly, hands open, no tension in his body.

The man doesn’t look up.
Just sits there — hunched slightly, eyes on the ground, lost in thought.

Evan stops a few feet away. Clears his throat.

EVAN (low, calm):
“Look… I get it. I’m probably the last person you want to see.”
“What happened at the café — that was on me. I lost control.”
“You didn’t do anything wrong. I was the asshole.”

The man finally looks up.

Their eyes meet —

And the man **freezes.**

His face drains of color.

His hands twitch.

Then — without a word — he springs to his feet and takes off running,

Like he's just glimpsed **death** over Evan's shoulder.

Evan blinks, hands still half-raised.

"…Okay. That wasn't the plan."

Then — he sees it.

A phone.

Lying face-up in the grass.

Dropped in the man's panic.

Evan blinks. Steps toward it.

Picks it up.

The screen is still on.
No passcode.

Camera app open.
One photo.

He stares at it.

A yellow school bus.

Blurred.

Shot from behind some leaves.

A few kids getting on — backpacks, tiny shoulders, swinging legs.

Nothing obvious at first.

Just… a moment. Ordinary.

Then Evan looks up.

Tilts his head.

Turns —

To face the exact direction the man had been sitting.

Through the hedges. Across the street.

There.

The real bus.

Still idling.
Still letting children on.

And in that second —

It hits him.

Hard.

Low in the gut.

Like being kicked from the inside out.

The man was taking photos of kids.

He was doing it while Evan stood right there.

And Evan hadn’t seen it.

His heartbeat lurches.

The sun suddenly feels too bright.

The air — too thin.

The horror doesn’t come with a scream.

It comes with silence.

And the **sick taste of knowing.**

Evan’s eyes widen.

His breath hitches.

Heart spiking.

Pounding into his neck.

161+.

He stares at the photo — still open on screen —

Then swipes right.

Next image.

Another child.

Zoomed in. Back of her head.

Pigtails. Pink socks.

Swipe.

A boy — climbing the bus steps.

Close crop on his legs.

Another. His face in profile. Too close.

Too wrong.

Swipe. Swipe. Swipe.

The photos just keep coming.

All taken from where the man had been sitting.

Just now.

Seconds ago.

A live crime.

Evan turns his head again — slowly —

Lines up the lens with real life.

There it is.

The same angle.

Same hedges.

Same bus.

Same kids.

Evan's good mood… his guilt… shifts in a heartbeat into **shock.**

Pure, horrifying shock.

911 OPERATOR (calm, female voice):
"911, what's your emergency?"

EVAN (fast, breathless, hands shaking):
"I caught a child predator.
Mid hunt. He was taking photos — of school kids — right now. Just now. I saw it."

911 OPERATOR:
“Sir, I need you to slow down. Are the children safe? Where are you calling from?”

EVAN:
“Yeah. They don’t even know it happened. The guy ran. I’m at Seward Park — near the west loop, close to the trail split by the lake. He dropped his phone when he bolted.”

911 OPERATOR:
“Can you describe the suspect?”

EVAN:
“Yes. Asian. Heavyset. Early forties. Wearing gray glasses, I think. Round face. Black hair. He ran toward the upper path, toward Lake Washington Boulevard.”

911 OPERATOR:
“Okay. We’re dispatching officers to your location. What’s your name?”

Evan hesitates.

Swallows.

The punch at the café flashes through his mind.

His jaw tenses.

Fearing charges, he says:

EVAN (quiet):
“I’m just… a good Samaritan.
Just passing by. There’s a hollow stump just off the trail. Looks like it’s been struck by lightning. Split down the middle. I put the phone inside.
It’s safe. Tell the cops to look inside the tree — fifteen steps west from the bench.”

He hangs up.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – MORNING – 7:11 AM

A single overhead bulb flickers — buzzing like an insect trapped in glass.

He sits motionless — a wet, dead body in a chair, leaking silence.

Rain drips from his face like sweat off a corpse.

He listens to the silence like it’s whispering back.

His fingernails are black crescents — digging into palm-flesh.

The room doesn’t feel locked.

It feels haunted.

MOSS, RAY, AGENT KELLER, AGENT DREW — all enter the room, fully energized, ready to hear a confession.

MOSS stands in the corner, arms fully crossed, eyes pinned to the suspect.
Studying him. Silent. Watching everything.

AGENT KELLER pulls out the chair — but doesn't sit.

KELLER (cool, conversational):
"You like the quiet, huh?"
The man doesn't respond. Doesn't move.

DREW (calm, but surgical):
"Do you know why you're here?"
(leans forward slightly)
"We're not rushing. Take your time."

The suspect breathes.
Slow. Controlled. Almost like **m e d i t a t i n g.**

KELLER (smirks faintly):
"Or maybe you're just waiting for the fog to roll in, huh?"
Still nothing.

RAY (calm, cutting):

“Why start again… thirteen years later?”
(beat)
“Why come back?”

(No answer. Just the faint sound… **d r i p … d r i p …** then a sudden downpour — like the sky finally cracked open.)

MOSS steps forward.
Hard.
Both palms slam down on the table — **B A N G.**

He leans in, eye to eye with the suspect.

MOSS (low, cold):
“That girl?
Why did you jump her out of nowhere?
Talk!!” he shouts all of a sudden.

(The suspect turns his head. Slowly. Eyes empty — gives no response — just stares back at Ray.)

DREW (snaps):
“You think we are a joke?!”

B O O M.
He SLAMS his leg into the table — full force.
The steel frame jolts —
C R A C K into the suspect’s gut.

The chair flips.
The suspect hits the floor — hard — gasping, eyes wide, still silent.
He lies there — not groaning, not resisting.
Just watching.

From the ground…
His gaze sweeps across all four men — slow, deliberate.
Like he's sizing them up.
Or **u n l e a s h** something none of them are ready for…

MOSS takes a step back.
KELLER's smile fades.
RAY's jaw tightens.
DREW breathes hard, fists clenched.

A shift.
In the air.
In the room.

They all feel it.
Like something is coming.

SEWARD PARK – CITY STREET – 7:33 AM

Rain crashes down — summer rain, loud and sudden.
Steam lifts off the streets.
Trees glisten.
Water runs in sheets down the pavement, soaking

through clothes in seconds.

Evan walks in it, silent.
No umbrella.
Shirt clinging to his skin.
Hair dripping.
His face calm, but too still — like something inside him hasn't caught up to the storm yet.

Across the street, under a narrow awning near the university gate —

PROFESSOR KWON waves.
Early 50s. Programming professor. Neatly dressed. Observant. Thoughtful.

PROFESSOR KWON (calling out, waves):
"Evan!"

Evan looks over.
Raises a hand.
Crosses the street slowly, rain slapping his shoulders and arms.

EVAN (softly):
"Morning."

PROFESSOR KWON (smiling, checking his watch):
"You're late. I've been standing here for eleven minutes."
(beat)

“Glad you showed, though. I spoke to the department — it’s all set.”
“You’ll start next month, the fourth. Gives us time to finish up the paperwork.”

(He studies Evan’s soaked face, the way he’s not quite making eye contact.)

PROFESSOR KWON (gently):
“You’ll be assisting me in the intro programming class.
It’s not glamorous, but it’s a start. Once you’ve got experience...”

He trails off. Evan hasn’t reacted.
Still staring past him. Not rude — just… **g o n e.**

PROFESSOR KWON (quieter):
“Evan?
You okay?”

Professor Kwon watches him.
He’s not just being polite —
he’s trained. He’s lectured hundreds of students over decades.
And he knows how to read people.
Not through what they say — but what leaks through.

And there it is.
A flicker.
Less than two seconds.

The way Evan's jaw tightens.
The way his pupils flinch.
The way his smile arrives late — like it had to be forced through barbed wire.

A twitch in his cheek — too fast to control, too real to fake.
His eyes don't quite meet Kwon's — like he's staring through him, not at him.
Too fast to fake.
Too real to miss.

PROFESSOR KWON (softer):
"Evan?
You okay?"

EVAN (snapping back, smile reloaded):
"Sorry, sir. I had you waiting. I'm really sorry."
(tries again, almost grateful)
"And… thank you. For the job. I really needed it. I owe you. Seriously — thanks, sir."

Kwon doesn't buy it.
Not entirely.
He's seen that face before — on kids trying to keep it together when something was deeply wrong.

PROFESSOR KWON (gently, cautious):
"Evan… something wrong?"

EVAN (shakes his head too fast):
"No. Nothing's wrong."

Kwon squints slightly — reading deeper.
Then softens the edges.

PROFESSOR KWON (lightly teasing):
“Did you fight with your dad again?”

Evan exhales. Doesn’t answer.

Kwon steps forward. Places both hands on Evan’s shoulders — steady, fatherly.

PROFESSOR KWON (quiet, serious):
“Listen. I spent five months getting this slot opened up for you.
You’ve got a chance now.
Don’t mess it up.”
(beat)
“And seriously — get out of that house.
You stay with your father much longer…
it’ll e a t y o u f r o m t h e i n s i d e.”

Behind them, a train horn cuts through the rain.

PROFESSOR KWON (gently):
“Your train’s here.”

TRAIN PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS – 7:41 AM

The train doors slide open with a hiss.
Steam rolls out, mixing with the rain.

Evan steps one foot in — then pauses.
Turns back.

Professor Kwon stands a few feet away, already stepping off the platform, umbrella opening with a soft **f w u m p.**

EVAN (calling out):
“Sir!”

Kwon turns, eyebrows lifting — surprised.

Evan stands tall now.
Shoulders squared. No stammer. No flicker.
His eyes — **locked. Calm. Controlled. Lit.**

EVAN (quiet but razor-sharp):
“The bigger the monster… the firmer the mask.”

The doors begin to close.
Kwon’s eyes stay locked on Evan,

P U M P . P U M P . .

Then —

H H H N N N N N N K K K K.

The train horn screams through the rain like a warning shot.
And the bullet of steel lurches forward, fast — blurring past puddles, rails, and fog-choked trees.

Professor Kwon just stands there, umbrella steady, watching the train vanish into the morning storm.
Rain patters soft around him.

He blinks once.
Then mutters, deadpan —

PROFESSOR KWON (to himself wondering):
"…That a poem?"

FBI FIELD OFFICE – OBSERVATION ROOM – 8:14 AM

Rain patters faintly against the high windows.
The room hums with fluorescent silence.

GUSTAVO steps in, his coat still damp, shoulders slouched, face pale beneath the flickering lights.
He looks like he hasn't slept. Like he forgot how.

He stops at the two-way mirror, staring into Interrogation Room 3.

Inside:
The suspect — ragged, feral, hollow — sits hunched over, hands folded tight in his lap.
Beside him, a calm sign language interpreter gestures softly in silence — her hands moving like ripples across still water.

Across from him, RAY stands at the glass, arms crossed, jaw locked.

RAY (flat, without turning):
“You’re late.”

GUSTAVO (hoarse):
“Yeah. Sorry.”
(he coughs, once — sharp, into his sleeve)
“Last night’s arrest… shook me up. I’m still off. Think I’m running a fever.”

RAY says nothing. Just watches the man inside like he’s trying to see through skin, through bone, into something deeper.

A door clicks open behind them.

AGENT KELLER enters — holding a steaming coffee, hair damp from the rain, eyes sharp.
She joins them at the glass, sips, exhales.

GUSTAVO (nods toward the interpreter):
“He’s mute?”

KELLER (quiet, without looking at him):
“Yeah. Why were you so late today?”

GUSTAVO (sharp):
“I was sick because of last night. I shouldn’t have even come in, but…”
(beat)
“…my wife, the kids… I figured I’m better off at the office.”

KELLER (empathetic):
“Your wife still not over her ex-boyfriend’s suicide?”
(she winces slightly)
“Jesus.”
(beat)
“Moss suspended Drew. Three weeks.”

GUSTAVO (frowning):
“What? Why?”

KELLER (dry, with a bitter smile):
“Drew pushed too hard. Real hard.”
(sips again)
“Suspect wasn’t talking. Just sitting there — totally still. Blank. Like he’d already left his body.”
(beat)
“Then Drew slammed the table. Full force. Hit him right in the ribs.”
“Guy falls backward — chair crashes — doesn’t even flinch.”

GUSTAVO (quiet):
“What happened then?”

KELLER (lowers her voice, eyes locked on the suspect):
“He looked up at us. All of us.”
(beat)
“And for a second…”
(she hesitates — voice caught between cynicism and something close to fear)
“…it was like he was about to open up. Not speak. Open. Like something was going to pour out of him.”

RAY (quiet):
“Like what?”

KELLER:
“I don’t know.”
(she shrugs, her voice thinner now)
“Listening to all that half-goat crap has a bad effect on the brain. We’re not sleeping right.”
(beat)
“But then…”
(she looks down)
“…he started crying.”

GUSTAVO (softly, barely audible):
“He cried?”

KELLER (nods):
“Yeah.”
“No noise. No gasps. No breath. Just…”
(she swallows hard)

“…tears. Rolling down his face. Clean lines through all that dirt.”
“We didn’t even notice at first.”
(beat)
“Like something in him broke. Or maybe had been broken a long time ago.”

A silence falls over the room.
Heavy. Human.

KELLER (softer now):
“That’s when we realized. He’s mute.”
(beat)
“Or maybe just shattered.”

Her gaze flicks to the interpreter, still gently signing back and forth.

KELLER:
“Now he’s got this silent-voice hands guy helping him out.”
(leans in slightly)
“We’ll know what he’s saying soon.”
(pause)
“But the way he cried…”
(she closes her eyes a moment, voice hushed)
“I don’t think it’s him.”

Another silence.
No one argues.

The man inside the room hasn’t moved.

Still hunched. Still breathing like every inhale costs him something.
His eyes look nowhere — like he's not even in the room. Like he’s buried somewhere in the past. In the dirt. In the fog.

GUSTAVO (soft, like it slipped out):
“He looks like he’s been living in those fields for years.”

RAY (quiet, steady):
“Then who the hell are we chasing?”

They watch.
And wait.
As the interpreter begins to sign again.

They watch.
And wait.
As the interpreter inside continues signing — calm, clear, steady.

The suspect’s hands twitch, then move faster. Urgent. His eyes remain distant, but his fingers tell something close to a confession.

Then —

The interpreter finishes.
She exhales.
Stands.

Walks out of the room.

The door clicks open.

The interpreter steps in — wet strands of hair stuck to her temple, coat still buttoned. Her face is tired, but composed.

She looks directly at the team — Ray, Keller, Gustavo.

INTERPRETER (firm):
“Okay. I’ll be straight with you.”
(beat)
“He says… he’s not the killer.”

A beat of stunned silence.

MOSS (offscreen, stepping into frame):
“Wow. Just — wow!”

He scoffs, shaking his head, pacing once in disbelief.

INTERPRETER (snapping, sharp):
“Can you stop for one second and just listen?”
(beat)
“He says… he jumped over the girl that night.”
(silence)
“Not to hurt her. But to take her. Hide her. In the fields.”
“Because someone was following her.”

(she looks each of them in the eye)
“He says — the real killer was right behind her.”

Moss’s face falls. Everyone stills.

INTERPRETER (quiet, haunted now):
“He says… when you all came running in with guns and lights — the killer didn’t panic.”
(beat)
“He just stepped back.
Slowly.
Like he had all the time in the world.”
(beat)
“Then he faded into the fog.
Piece by piece.
Until there was nothing.”

A silence drops like a curtain.
Heavy.
Wet with dread.

KELLER (whispers):
“Oh my god.”

GUSTAVO:
“…Then that means—”

RAY (cutting in, voice low, focused):
“He was watching us.”

Through the glass, the suspect slumps back into his seat.

Exhausted. Shivering.
A man who saw a monster.
Tried to save a life.
And lost everything.

The room holds its breath.

The interpreter squints slightly at her notes, then looks up — voice sharper now.

INTERPRETER (leaning in, voice rising):
“…But I’ve got solid news for you.”
(All eyes lock on her.)

INTERPRETER:
“He says he saw the killer.”
(pause)
“Saw him do the killing — one of the victims. Said he was hiding in the tall grass. Watching. Frozen.”

Gustavo shifts — heartbeat rising.

INTERPRETER:
“Says it’s the same man who followed the girl that night. Same walk. Same feeling.
He knows it’s the same guy.”

Keller blinks — stunned. Ray’s jaw tightens. Moss lowers his head, listening hard.

INTERPRETER (steady, grim):
“He says… he saw the killer kill one of the victims.”
(pause)
“Says he watched the whole thing — from less than twenty feet away.”

(The room stiffens. Ray’s eyes sharpen. Gustavo doesn’t blink. Keller’s breath halts mid-exhale.)

INTERPRETER (colder now):
“Says the killer… cut her tongue out first.”
(beat)
“Then… used both hands to force her jaw open.”
(She swallows.)
“So wide, he heard it — the crack. Like a tree limb snapping.”

RAY (quiet, jaw locked):
“Jesus.”

INTERPRETER (nods, voice low):
“He says she didn’t even scream. Couldn’t. Just made this… wet, choking sound.”
(beat)
“And then — for just a moment — the fog lifted.”
(a beat longer, her eyes grave)
“And he saw the killer’s face. Clearly.”

(The room goes completely still.)

GUSTAVO (slowly):
“He saw him?”

INTERPRETER (nods):
“Every line. Every shadow. Every inch of it.”
(beat)
“He says it was like… the fog gave him that one second. A gift. Like it wanted him to see.”

MOSS (stepping forward, voice cracking with adrenaline — part disbelief, part triumph):
“Jesus.”
(he exhales, eyes wide, almost laughing but not)
“Finally.”
(a beat — then louder, fists clenched)
“Finally — we’ve got something we can use!”

(His voice echoes. The weight of days without sleep, dead ends, ghost-chasing — all lifting just enough to let in a sliver of light.)

“Looks like the killer didn’t consider the possibility that someone’s been living in those wet fields, crawling through them, watching him.”

RAY stares at the glass, stone-still. KELLER glances toward GUSTAVO, who’s blinking like he’s just stepped out of a fever dream.

INTERPRETER (quiet at first, then rising, firm):
“The sketch artist’s already on the way.”
(beat)
“Give it an hour — and we’ll have that rotted-out coward’s face on paper.”

(beat — her voice hardens to steel)
“Every inch of that smiling little meat-ghoul.”

(A silence spreads. Even MOSS doesn’t speak for a second.)

(The room holds still — not in fear this time, but something else. Relief. A crack of light after endless fog.)

KELLER (softly, almost smiling):
“Feels like something just shifted.”

GUSTAVO (rubbing his jaw, cautious):
“Yeah. I mean… I’m optimistic too. Just —”
(beat)
“Can a sketch like this even hold up in court?
I mean… the guy’s clearly not normal. We don’t even know if he’s stable.”

(The room stills again. That ripple of doubt.)

RAY (calm, cutting through it):
“Doesn’t matter if it’s court-ready.”
(beat)
“Once we have a face — we get a name.”
(he turns, eyes hard now)
“Once we have a name… we follow him.”
(beat)
“And we catch him in the act.”

MOSS (quietly, almost to himself):

“No more fog. No more guessing. We pull the monster out of the dark.”

KELLER (nods):
“And this time… he won’t see us coming.”

(PHONE RINGS — shrill, sudden. Everyone flinches.)

AGENT SAUL — young, jittery — grabs the receiver off the wall.

SAUL (into phone):
“FBI Seattle Field, go ahead.”

(He listens — then suddenly jerks upright.)

SAUL (eyes wide):
“Wait — what?!”

(The whole room stops.)

SAUL (turning toward the others, shouting):
“They said— two bodies.”

(Moss steps forward fast. Keller spins around. Gustavo’s already reaching for his radio.)

SAUL (still on phone, voice cracking):
“Yeah— yeah, I’m putting you on speaker.”

(He slams the button. A rough, static-laced voice booms through the room.)

DISPATCHER (V.O., clipped, serious):
“One male — Asian, early 40s. Previously reported loitering with camera gear. Suspected of filming young children boarding a school bus last week.”

(Beat. Everyone in the room freezes.)

DISPATCHER (V.O.):
“Second male — African-American. Estimated height: seven-foot-three.”

GUSTAVO (murmurs):
“Jesus…”

DISPATCHER (V.O.):
“Both found at Parks Site — Sector Seven.”

MEILIN’S APARTMENT – NIGHT – 8:37 PM

Rain taps rhythmically on the balcony railing. The hallway light flickers.

EVAN stands outside her door, soaked to the bone. Breathing shallow. Eyes hollow.

He raises a fist. Knocks.

A beat.

Then — the door clicks.
Swings open.

MEILIN stands in the frame.
Still damp from the shower — towel wrapped tightly around her body, wet strands of hair clinging to her cheek.
Her skin steams faintly in the cool air.
No makeup. Just eyes — sharp and unsure.

MEILIN (quiet, unreadable):
“…You look like hell.”

EVAN (voice low, smiling):
“And you look like you can use a massage.”

(She doesn’t move. Her hand grips the edge of the door. A bead of water slides down her collarbone.)

MEILIN (guarded):
“You think you can just show up like this? After that morning?”

EVAN:
“I'm sorry about that morning, I missed you, wanted to tell you something good.”

(Beat. Her eyes search his face. His soaked shirt clings to his chest. His hand shakes slightly — not from the cold.)

She exhales. Steps aside.

MEILIN (flat):
“You’ve got five minutes.”

(Evan steps inside. The door shuts.
Soft click of the lock.
Steam lingers in the apartment — soft and slow, like breath holding in the air.
A towel hangs from the bathroom doorknob. The scent of shampoo still clings to the warmth.

Evan stands just inside, dripping water onto her hardwood floor.

MEILIN (without turning):
“Don’t touch anything. You’re flooding my place.”

(Evan kicks off his shoes — they squelch. He shrugs off his jacket, water slapping the floor.)

EVAN (half-charming, half-broken):
“I was gonna offer you that massage, remember?”

MEILIN (still not looking at him):
“Is that what this is? A guilt rub?”

EVAN (quiet, suddenly real):
“You will have to get it to find out.”

(She turns finally. Eyes narrow. Studying him. Not just his face — his energy. The way his smile doesn’t quite reach his eyes.)

MEILIN (flat):
“What do you want, Evan?”

EVAN (beat):
“I got a job.”

(A pause. A breath held.)

MEILIN (deadpan):
“Selling meth?”

EVAN (grins):
“Programming assistant. University gig. Kwon pulled strings.”

MEILIN (deadpan):
“I give it three months. Tops.”

(She crosses the room, then sits casually on the bed — still in her towel.
One leg crossed neatly over the other, skin cool and dewy from the shower.
The towel clings softly at the curve of her thigh.

Her toes flex slightly, brushing against the edge of the bedsheet — deliberate without trying.)**

EVAN follows.
He sits very close — right across her on the bed.
Not touching, but close enough to feel her breath.
He plants both hands flat on the mattress beside him, elbows locked, using them to steady himself.

Then — slowly — his eyes begin to wander.
Her legs — crossed, bare, still glistening with fine droplets.
The way the towel hugs her thigh.
Up — the subtle rise and fall of her chest, the knot just barely holding at the edge of her collarbone.
Then, finally — her eyes.
Already locked on him.
Watching his gaze move.
Tracking him.
Not shy. Not smiling.
Just... present. Observing.

MEILIN (cool, unreadable):
“Get a good look?”

EVAN (barely above a whisper):
“Yeah.”

EVAN doesn’t move at first.
Then — slowly — he shifts his weight.
Leans in.
His knee brushes hers.

His shoulder barely touches her crossed leg, the contact feather-light but unmistakable.

She doesn't pull away.
His body turns slightly, angle narrowing, breath slowing.
Then — he leans closer.
So close his lips are near her ear.

EVAN (whispered, low):
"…You're so hot."

His mouth grazes the edge of her ear — not a full kiss. Just enough to send a tremor between memory and meaning.

For half a second — she stays still.
Then —

Meilin suddenly stands.
Firm. Clear. No hesitation.

MEILIN (curt, unreadable):
"Umm… Evan."

MEILIN (adjusting the towel, clearing her throat):
"Evan…"
(beat)
"I'm not in the mood tonight."
(she looks away, awkward)
"I've got my period."

(Evan leans back slightly. The moment cools. But he doesn't look offended — just reading the shift.)

EVAN (quiet, respectful):
"Okay."

(A long pause. Just the sound of the rain tapping at the glass.)

MEILIN (softer):
"It's not you. I just… I don't want to feel anyone touching me right now."

EVAN:
"You want me to go?"

(She exhales. Doesn't answer right away.)
Then — a soft shake of the head.

MEILIN:
"No.
I just want you to sit.
Let's just talk."

EVAN (quiet, after a long breath):
"…I think I should go.
Since you don't want—"
(he trails off)

MEILIN (cutting him off, louder now — sharp, bitter):

“Oh. I see.”
(she laughs once, dry)
“So that’s it? You showed up hoping I’d be your little fix?”

(Evan stays calm and collected and with a sharp smile says)

EVAN (smirking, voice low):
“You show up in a towel…
and now my whole system’s locked on target.”
(pause)
“Trying real hard not to fire.”

(Her eyes flash — challenge, or something like it.)

EVAN (glancing over her, then meeting her eyes again):
“You stand there like that…
It’s like triggering a warhead and daring me not to explode.”

(She doesn’t smile, not quite — but the edge in her gaze softens. Just slightly.)

EVAN (quietly):
“I came here to talk.
But one look at you — and my body made its own plans.”

Meilin now smiling comes and sits across Evan on bed. Evan stands up immediately to leave.

EVAN rises — slowly.
Turns toward the door.
Then — he feels it.
Her eyes.
Not cold anymore. Not guarded.
Soft. Heavy. Lit.

He looks back.
She's still on the bed — towel barely holding, legs uncrossed now.
Chest rising. A subtle shift in her breath.
And that smile — faint, tilted, like she's daring him.

EVAN (low, shaky):
"…Don't look at me like that."

No answer. Just that look. And something else:
She leans back on her hands. Chin tilted. Waiting.

That's it.

He moves.
Not gentle — not violent — but fast.
Like he's making up for all the hours he didn't do this.

She meets him halfway. Their bodies hit.
A kiss — brutal, searching — not about sweetness, but need.
Fingers in hair. Towel shifting. A gasp. A low groan swallowed between mouths.

They crash onto the bed — not a fall, not a push — but a mutual collapse.
Hands everywhere. Rain hammering the windows.
Breath catching. Heat rising.
They don't talk.
They devour.

OUTSIDE VICTORY RIDGE PARK – CRIME SCENE – 5:43 AM

Full sunlight. No rain. No fog. Just raw daylight staring straight at death.

The morning sun slams down on the edge of Victory Ridge Park — the kind of bright, peaceful day meant for families, joggers, and dog walkers.

Instead, it's flashing with police lights.

FBI SUVs, Seattle PD cruisers, and forensic vans surround the taped-off perimeter. Beyond the caution tape sits the entrance sign to the park — faded trail map, donation box, public restrooms.

Now it's a crime scene.

Two bodies lie in the open dirt.

The first:
A 7-foot-3 African-American man, massive and imposing — decapitated.
His body lies flat on its back, arms at his sides, legs extended,
But his head is found fourteen yards away, in full daylight.
Eyes wide.
Mouth slightly open.
Neck not cleanly cut — no surgical finish.
Instead: torn, uneven, almost shredded — like someone took a blade not built for the job and forced it through anyway.
Violent. Desperate. Ugly.

Nearby, the second victim — an Asian man, early 40s, overweight — lies face-down.
Throat slashed, quick and deep.
Fully clothed. Unstaged. Standard kill.

MOSS crouches between the chaos — analyzing blood spread, drag patterns, and disrupted dirt.
He rises, dusts his gloves off, and speaks with precise, biting clarity:

MOSS:
“He came here to feed.”

Everyone around him listens.

MOSS (gestures to the Asian victim):
“This guy — standard Fog Killer hit. Throat slit, fast, silent, no struggle. Just like the others.”

He turns to the massive, headless body.

MOSS:
“But this one? This one was unexpected. A bystander, maybe. Or maybe he tried to stop it.”

He points to the scattered soil, the impact marks, the thin trail of blood leading away.

MOSS:
“They fought. Violently. And it wasn’t quick. This was hand-to-hand. Close. Blood in multiple directions. Footwork patterns. This wasn’t one-sided.”

He steps toward the severed head.

MOSS:
“And this? This wasn’t a clean kill.”
(beat)

MOSS (cold, certain):
“The blade wasn’t meant for decapitation. But he forced it anyway. Mid-fight. Full power. The neck’s torn, not sliced. It’s jagged, uneven — he hacked it off.”

KELLER:
“Jesus Christ…”

RAY:

“He still finished him.”

MOSS:
“Yeah. He did. But it cost him.”

He points to the separate trail of blood — thinner, more spaced out — leading into the grass.

MOSS:
“That’s his blood. Not the victim’s. Our half-goat bastard finally took a hit.”

Silence.

MOSS (grim):
“He didn’t have time to play. Didn’t strip the second victim. Didn’t pose the body. No theater. Just a kill and run.”

GUSTAVO:
“You’re saying he’s wounded?”

MOSS:
“I’m saying he’s leaking.”

(beat)

MOSS:
“And for the first time…
the ghost bled —

he left a part of himself behind.”

RAY’S PHONE BUZZES.

He answers without emotion, still watching the chaos at the crime scene.

RAY (flat):
“Ray.”

SAUL (V.O.)
(voice tense, clipped — like he's trying to sound composed but can’t keep the fear out)
“Sir… the sketch just came in… from the suspect…”

RAY (quiet, unfazed):
“Yeah?”

SAUL (V.O.):
(voice trembling slightly, almost breathless)
“You… you’re not gonna like it.”

RAY (sharp, dry):
“Why — he made the artist draw a bogeyman?”

SAUL (V.O.):
(blurts, a little too fast)
“No, sir. It’s human…”

(beat)

SAUL (V.O.) (quieter now, shaken):
“But… sir you just come and see for yourself.”

Ray says nothing.
Just lowers the phone and slips it back into his coat.
Turns to the others. Calm. Cold.

RAY:
“We have a face.”

CHAPTER 6

FBI FIELD OFFICE – DAY – 6:32 AM
Bright sunny

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS – SAME TIME

TRAFFIC LIGHT — **green.**

BOOM —
A convoy of **NINE VEHICLES** explodes through the intersection:
4 BLACK SUVS — tinted, roaring like beasts.

3 POLICE VANS — lights slicing the rain, sirens barking in clipped bursts.

2 WHITE FORENSIC TRUCKS — clean, clinical, but fast as hell.

Engines **SCREAM.** Tires slice puddles.
Civilians jerk back — coffee cups spill, phones rise to film.
HORNS BLARE.
Rain hisses under wheels.
The whole city feels like it's **flinching.**

A drunk guy, soaked and wobbling at the crosswalk, watches the entire convoy blow past —
wind slamming his coat.

MAN (drunken awe):

"…Shit. That's either the President — or whoever runs him."

HELICOPTER BLADES WHIR ABOVE.

Traffic halts. People run to the sidewalks. Some just stare — frozen.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – DAY

The building looms behind flickering security lights.
Rain streaks down the stone walls like **blood on armor.**

A wall of armed agents is already forming out front.
Cameras **FLASH.** News vans screech to a halt down the

block.

Doors **BURST OPEN** — AGENT KELLER storms out, trench coat soaked, yelling into a comms unit.

KELLER:
"Get that damn sketch secured! I want every agent inside — NOW!"

The convoy **SLAMS** to a stop in a choreographed screech.
SUVs, vans, and trucks all hit brakes in **violent unison.**

Doors **FLY OPEN.** Out come:
— AGENT MOSS — rain in her eyes, grave and unreadable.
— GUSTAVO — white-knuckled, something clutched tight in his coat.
— RAY — steps out last. Calm. **Too calm.** The kind of calm that makes people nervous.

PEOPLE BEHIND BARRICADES WHISPER:

CIVILIAN 1 (staring):
"…Is that the guy?"

CIVILIAN 2 (low):
"…Why they got forensics in there?"

CIVILIAN 3:

“…That ain’t how cops move. That’s how wars start.”

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – LOBBY – CONTINUOUS

GLASS DOORS **SLAM OPEN.** The team stomps in — dripping, unblinking.
Footsteps echo. Jackets soaked. Guns holstered but ready.
Agents all turn. Conversations die mid-word.
Everyone in the building feels the **gravity shift.**

A young agent jogs up, nearly tripping on wet tile.

YOUNG AGENT (panting):
“They just finished the sketch. You won’t believe this —”

KELLER (sharply):
“Show us.”

FBI FIELD OFFICE – SKETCH ROOM – 6:39 AM

A sterile room. Cold. Silent.
The A/C hums overhead, low and steady like a morgue fridge.
Fluorescent lights buzz faintly.

MOSS stands at the center, gripping the sketch — both hands.
It's still damp from the printer, ink slightly bleeding at the

edges.

Around her:
— RAY, arms crossed, unreadable.
— GUSTAVO, hunched forward, eyes locked.
— KELLER, jaw clenched, lips thin.
— Two more plainclothes agents, tense.
— AGENT SAUL, mid-30s, sharp and jittery, steps in with a tablet.

He doesn't sit. Just stands, catching his breath.

SAUL (quiet, shaken):
“We ran it everywhere. Every state, every agency. Interpol. Homeland. Facial rec from every surveillance cam in a hundred-mile radius…”

(beat)

SAUL (shaking head):
“…Nothing. No matches. No ID. It’s like he doesn’t exist.”

Silence.
You can hear the hum of the air vent. The soft clink of water dripping from someone's jacket.

MOSS slowly lowers the sketch.
His eyes narrow. He steps forward — closer to the table — and lays the sketch down.

ANGLE ON SKETCH:
— A white male, early 50s.
— Clean-shaven, but with sharp cheekbones.
— Long, straight hair, tucked behind the ears.
— Nose slightly crooked, like it was broken decades ago.
— Eyes empty — not dead, but unfinished, like the artist refused to fill in the soul

FBI FIELD OFFICE – SKETCH ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The sketch lies on the table like a relic.
The agents just stare. Like it might blink.

GUSTAVO exhales, frustrated.

GUSTAVO:
"Well this is a dead end. I thought it'd be simple — get a sketch, boom, game over."

KELLER paces slightly, eyes flicking between the faces and the paper.

KELLER (dry):
" How do we even know the witness gave us the right guy?
For all we know, this could be his granddaddy.
Or someone who screwed him over in prison.
That guy was clearly not normal. "

MOSS (sharp, firm):
" He saw the killer.

And this— ” *(taps the sketch)* “—this is the killer’s face.
That, I’m certain.
Now it’s our job to find him.”

A beat.

RAY leans in slowly.
Takes the sketch into his hand.
Stares at it. Longer than the others.

The hum of the A/C grows louder.

RAY (softly):
“ **This is the first time in my life I'm feeling this strange feeling.** ”

GUSTAVO (confused):
“ **What?** ”

RAY (still staring at the sketch):
“ **I feel so sure I’ve seen this man.**
I know this face…
I’ve had drinks with him…
…but I have no idea who he is. ”

Silence.

The others glance at each other — suddenly, a shiver runs through the room.
The sketch remains still.

But somehow, louder than ever.

FIELD OFFICE – SKETCH ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The silence lingers.
A soft buzz from the ceiling light.
Somewhere, a drop of water lands on the tile.

MOSS doesn't look up.
She's still staring at the sketch — eyes narrowed now, calculating something deeper.

Then, sharp:

MOSS
(to no one in particular)
" **The man who made the call.**
The one who claimed an Asian creep was photographing little kids like prey at a school bus stop. "

Heads turn.

MOSS (to Saul):
" **Find him.**
I want him in here.
I want him interviewed. "

Ray blinks, confused.

RAY:
“ Wait — you think he’s involved?
But… he reported the crime.
Why the hell would the killer report it first, then do the killing? ”

Moss slowly lifts her gaze.
Cool. Controlled.

MOSS:
“ Exactly. ”

A pause.

MOSS (even):
“ Because whoever we’re dealing with —
he’s not just hiding.
He’s steering. ”

The room shifts — something uneasy crawling under their skin now.

MOSS:
“ He planted the report.
Then watched us react.
He wanted us chasing shadows while he made his move. ”

KELLER steps forward, grave now.

KELLER:
“ You’re saying… the guy who called us — is the killer? ”

MOSS:
“ Yes or maybe just another echo.
Another move on his board... ”

(She looks down at the sketch again.)

MOSS (low):
“ We’re not hunting a man.
We’re hunting someone who knows what we expect — how we think... ”

MOSS (sharp, firm):
“ Maybe he wears prosthetics. Latex.
A different face every time —
To vanish,
A convenient precaution. ”

Ray clenches his jaw.
Still holding the sketch.

RAY:
“ Get the call log.
I want the full transcript.
I want his voice analyzed. ”

MOSS (low, steady — almost to herself):
“ This face... ”

(she taps the sketch once, firm)
“ **…This is the killer. No doubt.** ”

No room for question.
No room for debate.

MOSS (measured, eyes sharp):
“ **We have his blood — which means we’ll have his DNA.**
Once it’s matched, we’ll know exactly who he is.
And now, with a face and physical evidence on record...
He took damage today.
We’re getting close — and I bet you he can feel it. ”

The agents fall into silence —
even Keller tightens his jaw,
while Ray keeps staring, something dark swimming behind his eyes.
Gustavo exhales, but says nothing.

SAUL (eyes on the screen, voice clipped):
“ **Running the report trace now.**
I’m tracking the guy who reported him —
we’ll have him in here in minutes. ”

Outside, the sunlight glares a little too bright through the windows —
hot, white, clinical.

Inside, only the sketch remains —
flat on the table,

but somehow towering over them all.

MEILIN'S APARTMENT – MORNING – 8:07 AM

Bright, quiet.
Sunlight spills in through the half-drawn curtains — white, almost clinical.
A soft breeze shifts the edge of the tablecloth.
Silence reigns, thick but gentle.

MEILIN sits across from **EVAN** , still in sleep clothes, her eyes soft but tired.
A light breeze rolls in, carrying distant traffic sounds.

At a small breakfast table near the window:
EVAN and MEILIN sit across from each other.
Both quiet.
Both still shaking off the night.

Two steaming cups sit between them.
Coffee rises gently, threading the air.

MEILIN (playful, mock-annoyed):
" **The bad part is that I have to go to the office… while you go back home, sleep like a spoiled cat, and wake up fully recharged.** "

EVAN:
" **I earned it.** "

MEILIN:
“ You caused it. ”

She lifts her mug, eyes him slowly over the rim.

MEILIN:
“ Now I’ll have to explain to my coworkers why I look like I got hit by a bike — or a bus.
Maybe I’ll say yoga injury.
Less embarrassing than, ‘My boyfriend folded me in half and didn’t let me sleep.’ ”

EVAN:
“ Hey — not my fault you’re built like elastic.
You bend like you’ve got lust braided into your spine.
I’m just the poor tiger trying to survive the night. ”

(He takes a slow sip, eyes locked on her. There’s heat in his voice now — not playful, not safe.)

MEILIN:
“ Don’t put it all on me.
You weren’t exactly gentle.
You touched me like you were trying to set something on fire.
And I let you. ”

(She doesn’t blink. Doesn’t back off. Her voice is low, almost reverent — like confessing a beautiful crime.)

EVAN:

“ Because you burn too.
You just hide it better. ”

(A moment. Coffee cools. But the air doesn’t.)

MEILIN (CONT’D):
“ You still doing that thing?
Dates and cream on an empty stomach? ”

EVAN:
“ Yeah. Every morning. ”

MEILIN:
“ Makes sense now.
Six times, Evan. ”

EVAN:
“ You didn’t seem to mind last night,
Five not six. ”

MEILIN:
“ No.
Six. I counted. ”

(Evan lifts his coffee, faint smile.)
(His eyes drop to her hands — curled around the mug. Nails painted deep red.)
(Something flickers in him.)

EVAN:

“ Why don’t you tell me how?
That way I’ll know for next time. ”

(Meilin slowly looks up. Expression unreadable.)

MEILIN:
“ Okay, that’s it. I’m out. ”

(She gets in position as if about to stand.)

EVAN:
“ Relax.
I only do that at night.
Daytime? I’m just Evan. ”

(He pauses. Softer now. His eyes still on her.)

EVAN (CONT’D):
“ But I love the red nail polish you have on your hands and feet, Meilin. ”

Evan looks at her with hunger in his eyes.

(She sits on her chair, doesn’t stand.)

MEILIN:
“ Evan… ”
(a beat)
“ Stop. ”

(She doesn't turn. Water runs. The morning feels suspended, heavy. The air between them tightens.)

EVAN:
" **You think it's the dates.**
The cream.
Some morning ritual. "

(He exhales. Not loud. Not calm either.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
It's not that.
It never was.
It's in my bones.
My blood.
This thing…
That pulls, that burns, that doesn't care what hour it is or what's proper.
It's always been there.

(He's not smiling now. His voice lowers, the words almost too intimate for daylight.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
"I was just a kid.
Too young to name the feeling.
But it burned."
Alone in a room I shouldn't have been in.
Something flickered inside me.
It wasn't innocence.
It wasn't curiosity.

(His fingers trace the rim of his coffee cup — slow, unconscious.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
It was hunger.
The kind that makes your hands shake before you even know what hunger is.

(Pause. Meilin doesn't move. But she's listening now — not with her ears, but her entire body.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I've carried it like a curse.
This pulse in my spine.
This heat under the skin.
It doesn't ask permission.
It just wakes up — and wants.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
That's why I don't fuck like you do.
That's why I touch the way I touch.
Because when I'm with you…
for a little while… it stops screaming.

(He finally looks at her. And she finally turns — just enough to meet his eyes. Her lips are parted. Her breath held.)

MEILIN

That’s the most terrifying thing I’ve ever heard.

EVAN (softly, almost smiling)
Good.
Glad you understand me, love.

(A beat.)

*(Evan reaches for his phone.
A soft buzz cuts through the silence — screen glowing: UNKNOWN NUMBER.)*

(He glances at it. Answers without standing.)

EVAN (into phone)
Hello?

LINA (V.O.) (warmly)
Evan, hi.

EVAN
Wow… you awake at this time?
So how you doing, tigress?

(Meilin, sipping her coffee, freezes mid-drink. Her eyes lift — not casual anymore. She starts to fully notice Evan’s tone, his words, his facial expressions.)

(Evan clocks it. Feels the shift. He straightens slightly, gets serious. Takes a sip of his coffee.)

EVAN
So… why you called?

LINA (V.O.)
I'm doing great, tiger!

(The word "tiger" comes through the phone — clear. Meilin hears it. Loud.)

(Evan suddenly chokes. Coughs — coffee sprays slightly. He turns, coughing hard, and sees Meilin now. Her eyes don't match her face — her gaze is fire. Jealousy. Pure, sharp.)

EVAN (covering, voice low)
So what you wanna talk about, cuz?

LINA (V.O.) (playful confusion)
Cuz?
Who's cuz?

(pause)

Tell Uncle Paul hi from me.

EVAN
Who… Paul?

(Meilin's eyes narrow. Then suddenly, her expression

relaxes just slightly — she eases.)

LINA (V.O.) (softly)
You're with her, aren't you?

EVAN
Yeah, little sister, I watched last night's game.
So?

(His voice has urgency now — low, warning.)

LINA (V.O.) (serious, shifting tone)
Meet me at my home tonight.
Director Hawthorn... called.
PROJECT LPQ-04.

LINA (V.O.) (venom-sweet)
And since I'm your cuz...
Tell your biznatch you'll be out late tonight,
playing house-house with me,
asshole.

(She hangs up.)

MEILIN'S APARTMENT – MORNING

(The moment Lina hangs up, Evan lowers the phone. The world feels silent.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Damn it.
I got hit by surprise.
If I was smart from the start, nothing would've happened.
Shit!
That hot chick's call came too fast.
Too sharp.
She called me tiger. Loud.
And Meilin heard every syllable.

(He can feel her watching him now. The heat. The shift. The silence pressing like a knife to his throat.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Control your face.
Don't blink. Don't look away.
You're not Evan right now — you're the version she trusts.

(But it's too late.
His face twitched.
That one flicker of emotion — shock, happiness — leaked.)

(Meilin sees it. And her voice comes out, quiet. Measured.)

MEILIN
You must be really close with your cousins…
Since you don't have any brothers or sisters.

(Evan shifts. Slowly. Lowers his eyes, lets the guilt crawl

into his expression.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Don't fight it. Let her see something.
Pain is easier to accept than lies.

(He lifts his head. Voice soft.)

EVAN
Yeah…
She feels just like a sister, not cousin.

(He lets the words hang. He knows they're enough — but his eyes betray more. He shows her sadness. Not too much. Just enough to pull her in.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Good. She saw it. She felt it.
Now she wants to understand, not interrogate.

(But Meilin doesn't stop.)

MEILIN
Evan?
Who is she?

(A beat. Evan turns to her, blinking once — pure confusion on his face. The act begins.)

EVAN

Who?

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Perfect. Play dumb.
Lean into disbelief.
Make her question if she's being jealous, not you being guilty.
Make her think something else is going on — something she missed.

MEILIN
Cousins don't talk like that.

EVAN
She is my cousin.
I'm telling the truth, Meilin.

(He says it slowly. Controlled. Holding eye contact. He adds weight to each word — truth becomes a weapon.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Watch her pupils.
She's hesitating. That's the window.
Now… turn it!!

(He exhales, loud. A frustrated, defeated sigh.)

MEILIN
What are you sighing about?

(Evan lowers his head. Rubs the back of his neck. He lets the tension roll off like a man overwhelmed.)

EVAN
Got you!!!

(INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
They want me back.

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Don't say too much. Let her lean in.
Let her feel like something else is going on.
She's into something big. Secret.

EVAN
It's about a project.
Something I worked on. Years ago.
Top-level. Off-grid.
They used her to reach me.

(Meilin shifts slightly — doubt cracking. He sees it.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Yes. She's biting.
Now offer her the part she needs: purpose. Belonging.

EVAN
It's called LPQ-04.
If I go back, I make real money.
But I don't want to.
Not when I've finally got something real.

You.

(Evan leans forward — lets the mask soften, makes his voice tremble just slightly.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Look at her. Boom! She bought it.
Her attention is completely shifted.
Now she sees you choosing her.
That's what she wants. That's what keeps her blind.

(Meilin nods, slowly. Eyes searching — but softer now.)

(Evan watches her, inside his mind: cold, calculating.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
You felt something was off, Meilin.
But not enough.
Now you'll bury it.
You'll defend me from your own suspicion.

(He smiles gently.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
That's checkmate.

MEILIN
Evan, what's it about?

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)

Curious, aren't you?

EVAN (SHOWING MEILIN HE'S FOCUSED WHILE SAYING)
Well, it's something I can't tell you right now.
I'll tell once it's completed.
What I can tell you is that I have my...

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Now deliver the final blow.
Knock her suspicion out!
I love this game!!
Glad I messed up at the start.
Hahahahaha!!!!!!!

(EVAN shows emotion of conflict on his face)

EVAN
Conscience tells me at day: do it.
And at night it starts to eat me — don't do it.
Meilin, I'll tell you about the project at our first childbirth, okay?

(Meilin now relaxes. Sees Evan's face, his eyes — and gets convinced.)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Truth mixed with lie is more truth than truth itself.
Hah!!! Got you, Meilin — hahahahaha!!!!

(Evan's aggressive laugh almost horror.)

MEILIN
Tell me now, Evan.

EVAN
I tell you — you tell others — and then boom.
Game over for me.
Plus, I don't think I'll do it.

MEILIN
Why?

EVAN
Because I'll have to stay away from you for quite some time.
That I don't think I want.
I'll miss you at nights too much.

(Evan gets up to charge at Meilin.)

MEILIN (fully relaxed, shy, says while smiling)
Tonight?

(While smiling, she gets up, grabs her keys.)

MEILIN
Okay, time to get up. I'm leaving for office.

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
Hah!! Want to suspect me?
I'll make you suspect yourself.

Hah!!!! Ahahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!

MOSS'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – 8:11 AM

Morning light filters in.
Rain taps faintly against the windows.
The room is quiet. Orderly.

MOSS sits at his kitchen table — clean-shaven, neatly dressed, buttoned shirt, sleeves rolled.
Coffee mug in hand.
The newspaper lies folded beside him, untouched.

PHONE BUZZES on the table.
He picks it up. Caller ID: RAY

Moss answers instantly.

MOSS
Yeah?

RAY (V.O.)
(low, strained)
Moss…
I hate to drop this on you, but…
my sister passed away this morning.
I need to fly to Australia. She was alone there. I'm the only family left.

(quiet pause)

I'll try to be back in three, maybe four days. A week max.

Moss sits still for a second. Processing.
He exhales through his nose.

MOSS
(sincerely)
Ray… I'm really sorry. That's awful.

(small pause)

You go. Handle it.

(beat, then firmer)

But come back quick, alright?
We've got a killer out there — a true monster.

RAY (V.O.)
I know.
Trust me, I wouldn't leave if it wasn't this serious.

MOSS
I know you wouldn't.

(pause)

I'll keep things steady here. Keller's been sharp.

Gustavo’s on edge but focused. We’ll hold the line.

(quietly)

You take care of what you have to.

RAY (V.O.)
Appreciate it, Moss.
Truly.

(beat)

I’ll call as soon as I land.

MOSS
You better.
And Ray—

RAY (V.O.)
Yeah?

MOSS
I’m sorry for your loss.
Take care of yourself.

CLICK.

The call ends.
Moss lowers the phone.

Sits for a second, staring into the steam rising from his coffee.
He doesn't touch the paper again.
Just sits there, thinking.

Then leans forward. Grabs his phone. Dials.
Moss stays still for a beat.
Then exhales — slow, quiet — like trying to push something heavy out of his chest.

A sigh.
Not relief.
Not grief.
Just weight.

He sets the phone down gently.
Then reaches for the folded newspaper.
Unfolds it.
Tries to read.
His eyes scan the print — but don't really absorb.

Moss grabs his coat off the rack — just as a voice calls out from the hallway:

WIFE (O.S.)
"Hey, love — just a heads up…"

WIFE steps into the room, tying her robe, brushing her damp hair back.

WIFE (CONT'D)

“My mom’s flying in tonight. Just three days. She’ll be staying with us.”

Moss freezes mid-button.
Turns.
Smiles — the polite kind.

MOSS
“Oh. Yeah. That’s… great.”

WIFE
(smiling back)
“Try to be nice this time, okay?”

She walks off without waiting for a response.
Moss holds the smile until she’s gone.
Then drops it.
Fast.
His eyes deadpan.

MOSS (V.O.)
No. No, no, no… not that piece of dusty furniture again.
Three days?!
Christ. I should just sleep at the office. Foldout chair.
Empty hallway. Bathroom stall. Anywhere but here.

He sighs.
Puts the coat on fully.

MOSS (under breath)
“Three damn days...”

He grabs his badge from the counter.
Heads for the door.

Sunlight taps the windows like a slow, sarcastic drumroll.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – MOSS'S OFFICE – 9:36 AM

Harsh daylight presses against the glass.
The office hums softly — agents moving in the halls, keyboards clacking, distant phones ringing in clipped bursts.

MOSS sits at his desk.
Alone.
Back straight.
Eyes locked on the case board: photos, maps, victim timelines.
Red string slashes across the board — desperate logic trying to connect the unconnectable.

He holds a pen.
Not writing.
Just tapping it in slow, uneven rhythm.

His coffee's gone cold.

A knock.
The door creaks open.

SAUL leans in — eyes sharp, jaw tight, tablet in hand.

SAUL
Sir…
We've got a name.

Moss turns slightly. One brow lifts.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Evan.

(pause — weight hangs in the air)

Evan Drael.

(beat)

He's……. Ray's son.

Moss stills.
No reaction. No flinch. Just… stillness.

MOSS
You sure?

SAUL
Yeah.

(small shrug)

I seriously doubt he's the guy —
but you told me to flag everything.
So I called him in for questioning.
He's on his way.

A long, heavy silence.

Moss sets the pen down.
Leans back slowly.

His face shows nothing — not shock, not suspicion.
Just… thought.

MOSS
Good.
When he arrives —
(send a glance)
—I want to see him myself.

SAUL
Understood.

Saul nods once and slips out.
The door clicks shut.

Moss stares ahead.
The rain outside grows louder — like it knows something he doesn't.

He doesn't move.

Just sits there — still, sharp —
like something inside him has cracked open
and is waiting to leak.

The room is quiet again.

Moss sits frozen, eyes fixed forward — but he isn't seeing the case board anymore.

He whispers under his breath, almost to himself.

MOSS
(softly)
Who are you…
Where the hell are you hiding?

He blinks — once, slow.
The sound of rain fades.

MOSS'S FLASHBACK

FLASHBACK — KING COUNTY MORGUE – AUTOPSY ROOM – NIGHT – 7 DAYS AGO

Fluorescent lights buzz above — cold and sterile.
The room is filled with quiet movement: gloved hands, metal trays, hushed footsteps.
A body lies center table — pale, opened, tagged. The most recent Fog Killer victim.

MOSS and **RAY** stand side by side at the foot of the table. Both stone-faced. Focused.

Across from them, the AUTOPSY DOCTOR — **DR. SHEINBERG** , 60s, sharp-eyed, weathered from too many years and too many corpses.

He removes his gloves slowly.

DR. SHEINBERG
Can I talk to you two… privately?

Ray raises an eyebrow. Moss frowns.

RAY
What's going on?

DR. SHEINBERG
Just a minute.
(almost an order)
Everyone else — clear the room, please.

The assistants hesitate — then obey.
Footsteps fade.
The door shuts.

The room is quiet now.
So quiet, it hums.

Sheinberg looks between them. Serious. Careful.

DR. SHEINBERG
Well…
The thing is — I only told you one side of the picture so far.

(beat)

I didn't want to say the rest in front of the others.

RAY
What picture?
What are you trying to say?

Sheinberg folds his arms. Looks at both men — slowly, like weighing their reactions.

DR. SHEINBERG
There's a strong possibility…
a very strong one —
that the Fog Killer is someone from within.

MOSS
What?

RAY
What's your evidence?
My boys are all clean.

DR. SHEINBERG
No one's clean, Detective.

Let me explain.

(pacing slightly)

The Fog Killer's signature slash — the one across the bottom-middle throat — it's brutal.
Clean, yes. But deep. Forceful. Controlled.
It takes real power.
Not just skill — wrist strength. And that's rare for someone older.

MOSS
So what are you saying… it's a young guy?

DR. SHEINBERG
Most probably or
Not young. Not old either.
I'd guess early to mid 50s.
That narrow window where strength hasn't faded — but patience has sharpened.

(pause)

And here's the terrifying part:

When do we let our guard down the most?

(beat — silence)

DR. SHEINBERG (CONT'D)
Think about it.
You're alone. It's late.
You see a cop car.
A familiar face in uniform.
He waves you over. Says: "Hey — come here. I need help. My car broke down."
You walk over — trusting.
You're not in defense mode. You're completely exposed.
The victim moves into the hunter's zone.

And then — bang.

(He suddenly SNAPS — lifting his PEN and slashing in the air, quick and clean — right across both their throats. He lands the pen right on target bottom mid throat.)

Both Moss and Ray flinch — hard. Shocked.

DR. SHEINBERG (CONT'D)
That's the lethal hidden power of surprise, gentlemen.

(he steps back, calm again)

DR. SHEINBERG
Imagine if that were a blade.
You'd both be dead.
No scream. No sound.
Just pure shocking horror standing in front of you.

(beat)

So yes — it's either an older man who's kept his strength…
Or it's someone inside law enforcement.
Possibly even someone from your own station, Ray.

Because the FBI didn't join this case until after the killings began.

RAY
That's nonsense.

DR. SHEINBERG
Is it?

(beat)

Because to me?
Everyone's a suspect.

DR. SHEINBERG
Sever the trachea — the scream dies in the throat.
Hit the carotid — they're unconscious in ten seconds, dead in sixty.
That's not guesswork. That's math.

Only trained cops know how to leave no trail.
You think some retiree sat up every night studying forensics just to pull this off? I doubt it.

(A long silence.)

MOSS
(low, steady)
Keep this between us.

(turning to Ray)
If word gets out…
We lose trust.
We lose manpower.

RAY
(nods slowly)
Got it.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Rain suddenly starts pouring heavy on the windows.
Thunder roars loud.

Outside, the bullpen hums — agents and uniformed officers move with urgency and focus.
Phones buzz. Coffee steams. Papers shuffle.

MOSS watches through the blinds.
They look determined. United.

But to him…
They all look like suspects now.

Something tightens behind his eyes — a flicker of

unease. Of doubt.

The door creaks open.
SAUL steps in — calm, composed, tablet in hand, but his tone carries weight.

SAUL
Sir.
He's arrived.

(Moss looks up — no visible reaction.)

SAUL (CONT'D)
He's in Interrogation Room Two.
Gustavo and Keller are with him.

(pause, dry tone)

So far it's less an interrogation and more... catching up.
They've got tea.

(Moss sets his pen down. Rises.)

MOSS
Tea.

He adjusts his cuffs. Steps out from behind the desk.

MOSS (CONT'D)

Let’s watch how friendly this gets.

He moves past Saul — steady, unreadable — heading down the hall.

Fluorescent lights flicker overhead.

MOSS and **SAUL** walk side by side — fast, focused. Their footsteps echo down the corridor. Outside, thunder growls low and distant.

MOSS
(quiet, without turning)
So how was he…
when he got here?

SAUL
(pause)
Relaxed, sir.
Too relaxed, maybe.
No tension. Like it’s not his first time in here.
Probably came around before — dropping things off for his dad, chatting with Keller, who knows.

MOSS
Hmph.

They both pick up speed.
Turn right — their pace sharpens.

Nine steps down the next hallway —
1... 2... 3…

BOOM —
A violent crack of thunder shakes the windows —

MOSS GETS ANOTHER FLASHBACK

FBI FIELD OFFICE – WAR ROOM – 3 DAYS AGO – NIGHT – 8:43 PM

Fluorescent lights overhead.
A digital clock on the wall ticks down, glowing red.

The room is packed — agents, techs, officers — standing around a massive whiteboard cluttered with maps, photos, weather charts, red ink markings.

MOSS stands at the head of the room, sleeves rolled, jaw locked.
Rain taps lightly on the window behind him — the storm hasn't hit yet, but it's coming.

A giant satellite map of Seattle and King County dominates the board, with 23 red Xs marked across it.

GUSTAVO steps in through the side door, breathless.

GUSTAVO

We’re all here, sir.

MOSS
Good.

(turns to the room)

MOSS (CONT’D)
Tonight…
we’re going to lay a trap for the half-goat bastard.

A few agents exchange wary glances. The air tightens.

RAY
(skeptical)
Lay a trap?

MOSS
Yes.
Our killer is very smart.
Highly capable.
But like everything — he has one flaw.

(he stabs a finger into the board)

MOSS (CONT’D)
He’s predictable.

(a beat)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Out of caution — habit, maybe ritual —
he only comes out to kill when it's raining,
or when rain is guaranteed within a few hours.

(he circles 14 date stamps on the board)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Fourteen days. No rain — no killings.
Dry skies? He vanishes.

But tonight…

(he taps a weather map)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Thunderstorms are projected across South Seattle and Renton by 3 AM.
This is our window.

(the room grows still)

MOSS (CONT'D)
We've already coordinated with 23 civilian volunteers.
Female, all matching his prior victim profile.
They'll be stationed across these high-risk zones — bus stops, alleys, trailheads.
Under full surveillance.
Nothing left to chance.

GUSTAVO
How many units total?

MOSS
One hundred and twenty-three officers.
Undercover, rooftop snipers, forensics, K9 teams, medics.
This is the biggest net we've thrown.

(a beat)

And yes — you're all in it now.

(he checks his watch)

MOSS (CONT'D)
You've got seven minutes.
Gear up.
We move out by 9:00 sharp.

(he steps forward, gaze sweeping the room)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Tonight — we don't run from the dark.
We drag it into the light.

The agents break. Urgency explodes through the room — footsteps, radios, doors swinging.

But Moss stays still — eyes locked on the board.

MOSS (CONT'D)
Tonight…
We drag the monster out by the throat.

(beat — his voice drops, lethal calm)

MOSS (CONT'D)
This time...
We trap the demon in his own trap.

FLASHBACK ENDS

FBI FIELD OFFICE – TWO-WAY MIRROR HALLWAY

Thunder rolls.
Rain slams against the windows.

MOSS stands outside the interrogation room, staring through the glass.

EVAN sits inside, calm — relaxed — talking with the agents.

Moss watches.

The hand gestures.
The relaxed posture.
The micro-expressions — a twitch at the mouth, the faint

smirk, the way he blinks.

Evan’s voice — measured. Smooth. Cold underneath the charm.

MOSS
(quiet, sharp)
That’s him.

SAUL
What?

MOSS
(louder)
It’s him.

(turns, eyes burning)

MOSS (CONT’D)
He’s the Fog Killer!

CHAPTER 7

FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – MORNING – 9:14 AM
Harsh overhead light. No windows. One table. Three chairs.

EVAN sits alone. Calm. Elbows resting on the table. Shirt ironed. Hair slick. He stares at the mirrored wall like he's the one watching.

DOOR OPENS.
MOSS steps in — tall, confident, not rushing. Authority rolls off him like smoke. Behind him, **AGENT SAUL** lingers in the hallway.

SAUL
Sir…?
(uncertain)

MOSS doesn't answer. Doesn't stop.
He steps fully into the room.
Closes the door with a click.
Approaches.

EVAN stands slowly — polite. Smile calm, eyes unreadable.

MOSS
Mr. Drael.
(Moss offers his hand)
Good morning.

EVAN (shakes)
Agent Moss. Always a pleasure.

MOSS (nods once, hand still in Evan's grip)
Mmm…

Powerful grip.
(Smiles faintly)

MOSS
Agent Keller. Agent Saul.
If you don't mind stepping out…
(A beat — power in the silence.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Detective Gustavo and I will be handling the interrogation…
with Mr. Evan Drael.

SAUL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

MOSS pulls out the chair across from Evan — sits slowly. No folder. No papers. Just eyes.

MOSS
Let's talk, Mr. Drael.

EVAN
Sure, please call me Evan.
(He leans back — relaxed. But his eyes flick, fast, toward the mirrored glass.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Just wondering one thing first.

MOSS
Go on.

EVAN
Am I here because I'm a witness?
A suspect?
Or because of the call?

GUSTAVO (relaxed, stepping in)
Oh, it's nothing. We're just following up on some procedural—

MOSS (cutting him off, fierce)
Tell me about the school bus incident.

(A beat. Evan stiffens slightly — barely.)

EVAN
Do I have to? Really?
I already told Gustavo and Keller.
I feel so disgusted and bad while telling it.

MOSS
If you don't mind, I'd like to hear everything in detail — from why you didn't give off your name…

MOSS
If you don't mind, I'd like to hear everything in detail — from why you didn't give off your name…

(Moss reaches into his coat pocket. Places a small black digital recorder on the table. Clicks a button — a soft BEEP echoes.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
For the record —
Special Agent Moss, Detective Gustavo present.
Time: 9:17 A.M.
Subject: Evan Drael.

(He leans back slightly, folds his arms.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Now...
Let's begin with the school bus incident.

EVAN (exhales, gaze darting to the red light on the recorder)
Is that really necessary?
You have that disgusting rats mobile — just crack the password and you'll understand yourself.

MOSS (serious stare to Evan)
Begin.
From the start.

EVAN (smiles faintly, tilts his head slightly toward the camera)
I was out walking... 6:12 A.M.
Completed a forty-minute run.
That's when I saw him — seated there, still...
Like some harmless child playing innocent.

(He pauses. A flicker of something in his eyes — regret, or something wearing its mask.)
A memory hit me — sudden.
I remembered striking him once.
Because I thought he was leering at my girlfriend… staring at her chest.
I wasn't sure.
Maybe he hadn't.
Maybe I overreacted.
But the guilt lingered.

MOSS (cuts in, voice low but firm)
Your girlfriend's name?
Can we speak with her?

EVAN (his smile fades. Jaw tightens slightly. Tone sharpens — still composed, but there's heat underneath)
Sorry — you can't.
We had a serious fight because of all that.
We only recently patched things up.

(He leans forward a bit. Voice quieter now, but edged with restrained anger.)
I didn't even tell her about that sick fuck.
Because she has a soft heart.
Too soft to hear what I saw.

MOSS (fiercely)
We will find her.

EVAN (evil smile, both hands joined — fingertips

touching like a villain in thought)
You don't have to talk with her.
You have me.
I can see it in your eyes, Agent Moss —
you want a suspect.
Very……very badly. Don't you?
(Evan says calmly with evil smile)

Sometimes you come and drag in a poor Vietnamese granny for questioning.
Sometimes there's some naked pervert sprinting through crowded streets,
your FBI agents chasing him like pervert dogs in heat.
And then there's the poor homeless mute.
I'm amazed you haven't started suspecting your own damn people by now.

(A beat. Then Evan snorts, scoffs.)

GUSTAVO
"Evan, stop, man! What are you doing — trying to get arrested for verbal abuse of the FBI?"

EVAN
(Laughs)
Oh…… please……..You're already being humiliated the bloody fuck out on media —
for your incompetence to stop the killings,
for racial bias —
(grins) yeah, the Vietnamese granny —
and now you're gonna arrest me?
For what, huh?

MOSS (quiet, but voice like a blade)
Quite the rage I see boiling in you, kid.
You might think you're smarter than me.
Smarter than the others you've played.
And I've seen men like you rot in steel cages,
their souls eaten away day by day,
waiting for the needle...
for the high voltage electric charge...
for the long walk down a hallway that smells like bleach and death —
just to be burned out of existence like the vermin they are.

EVAN (leans back, cold grin)
Oh…

KELLER (bursts in)
Agent Moss. Detective Gustavo.
You need to come out.
Urgent matter.

(Moss and Gustavo exchange looks. Moss lingers a second longer, eyes locked on Evan. Then he rises, follows Gustavo out.)

KELLER (steps forward, calmly pulls out a chair. Places it directly across from Evan. Sits.)

MOSS and **GUSTAVO** step out of the interrogation room. The hallway feels tight — fluorescent lights buzz above like static.

SAUL (tense, voice sharp)
Sir… what the hell are you doing?!

MOSS stays silent. Just stares at him. Unmoving. Eyes cold.

SAUL (urgent)
That Asian pervert's mobile just got unlocked.
His story checks out.
His phone is filled with sick, disturbing shit — secret footage, voyeur trash, deep web subscriptions.

(Saul shoves a printed report into Moss's chest.)

SAUL (looking at Evan)
Sir this guy's record is clean — no prior, clean neat.

(Beat.)

SAUL (eyes narrowing)
Detective Gustavo…
I'd like to speak to Agent Moss alone.

GUSTAVO (glancing between them)
Of course.

(He walks off.)

SAUL (steps in closer, drops his voice)
Sir… you have nothing on him!

Zero.
He’s walking.

(Beat.)

And when Ray comes back and finds out we were trying to pin his own hot-blooded son as a serial killer — without real evidence?

(Voice lowers further — deadly serious.)

SAUL (CONT’D)
It’s gonna be a goddamn war.
FBI versus Seattle PD.
This whole thing will explode in the press.
You’ll burn.

(Still, Moss says nothing. Just listens. Stone.)

MOSS (stone-faced)
That boy’s eyes don’t lie.

SAUL
Neither does evidence.

(Saul exhales, eyes narrowing.)

SAUL (CONT'D)
You're chasing delusions, sir.
And you're gonna drag all of us into the delusion game

with you!
Sir, I suggest you go back to your office right now.

MOSS (calmly)
The blood test will come in.

(He looks at Saul — steady, quiet, almost gentle.)

MOSS (calm, collected, peaceful)
My old man — 84, in his final nights — used to say to me...
that we humans, just like animals, feel something the moment we meet someone new.
Instinct.
He said it only happens once — right at the beginning.
And that instinct?
You must never ignore it.

(Moss's gaze drifts toward the interrogation room — calm. Almost... peaceful.)

Today, Saul…
Fifty years later…
What he said finally makes sense to me.

SAUL (frowning)
Sir…?

(Moss looks toward Evan through the glass. A faint, strange smile creeps across his face — satisfied. Relieved.)

MOSS
We'll soon meet again.

(He walks off — calm steps. But just before turning the corner, he stops.
Turns slowly — voice lower now, almost a whisper. A truth, or a warning.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
An average person only knows others by what others show him.

(Then he leaves.)

SAUL (to himself, quietly)
I'm glad the old geezer didn't get any motherfucking instinct that I'm the killer.
Why the hell do they put people like him in charge?
Should've been me leading this damn investigation.

KELLER (calmly, turning off the camera and recorder)
My condolences, Evan.
I just heard about your aunt.

EVAN (nods faintly)
Thanks.

KELLER
You're free to leave.

(Evan begins to stand, but Keller raises a hand.)

KELLER (CONT'D)
Just one thing —
Where were you on the dates of the murders?
Any alibi? Times? Places?

EVAN (shrugs, casually)
Oh, I'm sorry.
I don't keep a journal of where I was on the day someone gets brutally murdered.

KELLER (stands — voice sharper now, no smile)
Oh really?
Neither do I.

(A tense pause — thick air between them. Then, suddenly — Keller steps forward and brushes Evan's hair back with her hand.)

KELLER (straightens)
It's me — not Moss.
No need to be a dick, okay?

(Silence. Evan watches her a beat longer. Then walks out saying *bye, take care.*)

The glass doors slide open. **EVAN** steps out, alone. Rain spills from the sky in clean, steady sheets.
He doesn't flinch. No umbrella. Just walks into it — calm, composed, vanishing into the city like smoke.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM – SAME TIME

GUSTAVO enters. Finds **KELLER** leaning against the wall, arms crossed, watching the rain smear against the window.

GUSTAVO
Quiet the temper huh?
(beat)
I doubt he's the guy.

KELLER (not looking at him)
Umm... maybe.
Maybe not.

GUSTAVO (frowns)
What?

KELLER (turns slowly to face him)
I've known him.
Above average intelligence.
Bold. Calm under pressure.
Lives alone with his half-corpse of a father.

GUSTAVO (cuts her mid-sentence)
Hey! That's Detective Ray you're talking about.

KELLER (ignores him and continues)

No job. No known income.
(beat)
He's either an anomaly...
Or a monster hiding in plain sight.

GUSTAVO
So what now?

KELLER
I messed up his hair — deliberately. Wanted to see how he'd react.
If he were the killer, he'd freeze. Analyze it like a machine. Try to compute why.
If he weren't, he'd flinch, complain — something human.
Guess what he did?
Exactly what our guy would do if he was brought in: stood there, cold... processing.

(she pushes off the wall, walking)

You take two agents.
Unmarked car. No uniforms.
Eyes on him.

KELLER (fully fierce)
Go.

Gustavo nods. Sharp. Exits frame fast.
Keller stays at the window. Watching. Thinking. Rain reflecting across her eyes.

LINA'S HOUSE – NIGHT – 7:56 PM

A cold wind cuts through the wet trees.
Rain clings to the quiet street like mist.

EVAN walks toward a tall wooden house.
Dark exterior. Faint glow in the windows.
His coat soaked. Hands buried in pockets. Head low.
A phone pressed to his ear.

MEILIN (ON PHONE)
Okay, so our company just landed this huge project.
It's insane — all hands on deck.
Me and the team will be there till midnight, maybe later.
(beat)
So just head home tonight, okay?
We'll catch up tomorrow. Promise.

EVAN
Yeah. Right.

(He ends the call before she can say goodbye.)

He stops at Lina's gate.
Looks up at the house — tall, still, waiting.
Then steps forward.

EXT. LINA'S HOUSE – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Crickets hum in the warm summer air.
Moist heat hangs heavy.

EVAN knocks once.
A moment later, the door opens.

LINA stands in slim jeans and a fitted grey tee.
Hair tied back. Eyes sharp.
A soft yellow glow spills from behind her.

LINA
Took you long enough.

EVAN
Yeah, I know. I was gonna come earlier, but something came up.

INT. LINA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

The door shuts with a firm thud.
They walk in silence — past an antique record player, an old box TV with long antennas, shelves, and faded photo frames.
They reach a narrow staircase and descend.

BASEMENT MINI-LIBRARY – MOMENTS LATER

A small, humid room stuffed with old books.
A round wooden table, two chairs, a small bar in the corner.
Overhead: a tall red lamp, glowing like blood.

LINA
Sit.

(She goes to the cabinet, pulls out something aged and dark. Begins pouring.)

EVAN sits, eyes on her. The red light casts tired shadows across his face.

EVAN
Is this where you bring all the damaged men?

LINA
Only the ones who know they are.

(She sits across from him. The glasses glow amber.)

EVAN
(looking around, quiet)
Let's go up.
This place is creepy.

LINA
(chuckling)
You’re the last person I expected to say that.

EVAN
Exactly why it creeps me out.

(A soft skip in the jazz record upstairs. Faint crackle bleeds through the ceiling.)

LINA
Fine. Upstairs.

(She rises, glass in hand.)

EVAN
Wait.

(She pauses. He gestures.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Bring the bottle.
(turning, annoyed)
And turn off that jazz. Sounds like a dying cat in a bathtub.

LINA’S LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The jazz spins low and scratchy.
At the edge of the room, a little girl stands half-hidden.

CHLOE , six.
Oversized cartoon tee. Juice box gripped like a shield.

LINA
(sweet but firm)
Chloe, honey... turn that off for me?

She nods. Tiptoes to the turntable.
Flick. Silence.

Rain pounds harder outside — swallowing the world in silver blur.
Inside: warm lamps, thick shadows.

Evan and Lina sit across from each other.
Only the ticking wall clock.
And the storm.

EVAN
Who’s the kid?

LINA
My niece.

(He offers a hand — one finger extended.)

EVAN
Hey. Wanna shake?

(Chloe hides behind Lina.)

EVAN
Didn't think I had a scary face.

LINA
She's scared of everyone. Not just you.

(turns to Chloe)

Go in your room, baby.

(She nods, scurries down the hall.)

LINA
So — yes or no?

EVAN
I told him yes. Big one.

(Sips. Breathes through his nose.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Talked to him just thirty minutes before I came.

(scoffs)

EVAN (CONT'D)
His voice — practically begging me to show.

LINA
Oh really?

EVAN
(dead serious)
Project LPQ-04 exists because of me.
Would've been shut down years ago otherwise.
He knows it. They all do.

(Drinks. Slams glass gently down. Red lamp flickers.)

LINA'S LOUNGE – NIGHT – 43 MINUTES LATER

Chaos.
Two empty bottles.
A glass tipped over.
Shoes off. Shirt buttons open.
Laughter — uneven, reckless.

LINA slouched on the couch. Hair loose. Glass in hand.
EVAN leans forward, eyes glassy.

EVAN

I'm not arrogant.
I'm just… statistically accurate.

LINA
(snorts)
You sound like a drunk economist.

EVAN
I sound like an underappreciated genius.

(She laughs hard — then stops. Mood shifts.)

LINA
So what do you actually want, Evan?

(Rain taps. Evan stares at the floor. The sharp wit fades.)

EVAN
I just want to be around people who know who I really am.

LINA
That's rare.

EVAN
Maybe.
But I'm tired of pretending I'm something soft.

(Silence. Lina watches him now — sensing this is real.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Two years ago… my cousin came to visit.
We were walking — just walking down this long, quiet street.
Laughing like idiots. Loud. Real. Stupid.

(He gestures vaguely, his eyes far away.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And then…
I caught it.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
This flicker — just a microexpression on his face.
He turned and looked at me while I was laughing…
and his face changed.

(Silence. Rain tapping. Lina doesn't move.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Like he saw something in me.
Something that didn't match the laughter.
His whole face just… tightened.
Eyes wide.
Like fear. Or dread.

(He nods to himself, slowly.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
It was gone in a second.
He smiled right after. Kept walking.
Just like always. Like nothing happened.

LINA
But you saw it.

EVAN
I felt it.
That exact moment — like he suddenly realized something about me.
And didn't know how to process it.

LINA
What do you think he saw?

(Evan looks at her. Eyes tired. Honest.)

EVAN
I don't know.
That's the part that eats me.

(He leans forward, elbows on his knees.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Maybe it was intensity.
Maybe it was something I don't even know I carry.
Something dark. Or cold.
Or maybe… just the real me.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Whatever it was — he saw it.
And in that split second... he was scared of me.

(Silence. Thick.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And ever since that day, I've wondered—
what the hell did he see that I still can't?

(He drinks. Not for fun now. Just to silence something inside.)

LINA
(quiet)
You think there's something wrong with you?

EVAN
(smiles — but there's no joy)
No.
I know there's nothing wrong with me.

(He leans in slightly. Voice low — not angry, but sharp.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I think people feel it when they're near me.
That I don't operate on their level.
I'm not trying to be better — I am.

(beat)

More aware.
More fearless.
More... whole.

(Lina watches him now, still. Like a hunter listening to a storm.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And somewhere in them — some ancient part — they know.
They sense that difference.
That I'm not struggling like they are.
That I'm already beyond the things they're still trying to name.

(He chuckles — not bitter, just tired.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And it terrifies them.
Or maybe... maybe it exposes them.
Makes them feel smaller just by standing next to me.

(He stares into the middle distance.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
You know what I'm truly sick of??

(He leans forward now, elbows on knees, eyes sharp in

the soft light.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Sitting in rooms with old relatives, childhood friends, cousins —
listening to them go on and on about absolutely nothing.
Their jobs, their marriages, their little gossip loops.
Zero depth.
Zero self-awareness.

(He shakes his head, almost disgusted.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And there I am — sitting there like a goddamn mannequin —
nodding along like some background extra in their sitcom.

(mocking, deadpan)
"Oh yeah, totally."
"Yeah, makes sense."
"Right, right — you're totally right."
"I see."
"Yes, yes."

They're like verbal sedatives.
I say them just to keep the peace — just to avoid the explosion.
And it's always during the dumbest goddamn conversations.

(He lifts his drink, downs the rest.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I've said those words so many times I could write them on my tombstone.

(Silence.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
It's like I go on autopilot.
Smile. Nod. Pretend I'm engaged.
Meanwhile my brain is screaming — screaming — because I'm wasting oxygen pretending I belong there.

(He sits back. Lets that sit.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
(mocking tone)
Them talking about politics — like they understand everything while in truth they don't have a damn clue.
Talking about psychology — using words they don't even know the meaning of.
Talking about other people's lives — like they've solved them, when they don't even know their own shadow.

(He leans in again, more agitated now. Eyes sharp.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And I sit there.
Watching these average brains try to sound profound.
Pretending they're deep. Woke. Balanced.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And I nod.
"Yes, yes. You're totally right."
God, I feel like I'm choking on those words.
Every time I say them, it's like I'm killing a piece of myself just to keep them comfortable.

(He exhales. Hands tense. Voice softens — but it's darker now.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
And the worst part?
They never notice.

(He finally looks back at Lina. Calm again. Coldly reflective.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
They walk away thinking they connected with me.
That we had some deep talk, some brotherly bond.
Meanwhile, I'm counting the minutes till I can leave and breathe again.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Because if I ever spoke the truth —
the real truth about how I see the world...
how I see them...

(He leans back. Lets the silence thicken.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
They'd burn me at the stake.

LINA
(still, unreadable)
That's a lot of rage for someone so… evolved.

(Evan studies her. Something in her voice is sharp — but not hostile.)

LINA (CONT'D)
You say you're above everyone else.
But you're still here, drinking with me.
Still chasing validation.
Still needing to say it all out loud.

(She sips slowly, watching him.)

LINA (CONT'D)
That doesn't sound like someone who's ahead.
Sounds like someone who's... tired.

EVAN
(eyes narrow — voice rising, sharp, fast)

You…
You!!
Shut up!!!!!!!!
You stupid bitch!!!!!!!!!

(A two-second silence. He stares at her — chest rising, fists clenched.)

(Then — voice drops just a bit. Still loaded. Bitter. More sharp and fast.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
...As if you can ever understand!!

EVAN (CONT'D)
(voice low, composed — like a man stating a universal law)
"It's not ego. It's alignment.
They should feel it the moment I walk in — that I don't belong in their tier.
I'm not asking for reverence. I'm asking for awareness.
They should sense they're standing beneath something... higher.
The weak should instinctively defer to the stronger mind.
That's not arrogance — it's balance.
And all I ask… is a little silence.
And a bowed head."

(His eyes are wild now — but not drunk-sloppy. More like a storm trying to stay caged.)

(The room is silent. Heavy. Lina doesn't move — stunned.

Watching him like she just saw a new side of something dangerous.)

LINA
(quiet — steady, but unsettled)
Evan... whatever this is — it's not just the alcohol anymore.
You need to stop.

(Evan shoots her a look. His eyes — wide, unblinking — look like they're about to explode out of his skull.)

(He pushes his chair back, fast. The legs scrape hard against the floor.)

EVAN
(voice flat, jaw tight)

(He stumbles as he takes his first step — trying to hold onto what's left of his pride.)

(Then—)

(Evan takes one step — limps. His balance slips. He catches the edge of the chair.)

EVAN
(gritting his teeth)

Fuck...

(He tries again — slower — but his legs aren't listening. He stumbles, grabs the table for balance.)

(Lina steps toward him, hesitant at first. Then firmer. She reaches out, steadying his arm.)

LINA
(soft, but edged)
You drank too much.
You're not used to drinking, are you?

(Evan turns his head toward her. His eyes are wild again — bloodshot, sharp, unfocused.)

(He yanks his arm, not forcefully, just defiant.)

EVAN
Let go of me...

(beat — then suddenly —)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Let go of me, you dumb bitch!

(A pause — then he bursts out laughing. Loud, twisted, guttural.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
(laughing uncontrollably)

(Lina steps in closer, gently placing a hand on Evan's chest.)

LINA
Come on... sit down before you fall again. Just—let me help you.

(Evan suddenly shoves her back — brutally, full-force. She stumbles, hits the edge of the chair, and drops to the floor.)

LINA
(grunts, breath knocked out)
Evan!

(And then—)

BAM!

A small glass cup smashes straight into Evan's forehead — sharp crack.

He jerks back, gripping his head. A thin cut opens — blood starts trickling.

He spins around.

Standing near the hallway, just a few feet away —

Chloe.

Still.

Silent.

Frozen.

She’s not crying. Not moving.

Just staring.

Eyes wide.

Another glass cup still in her little hand — fingers locked tight.

The one she threw lies shattered on the floor.

(Evan touches his forehead — feels the warm blood running down.)

His breath hitches. Eyes flare wide.

Something shifts.

A jolt — raw, electric — rushes through him.

Adrenaline.

BOOM.

His body straightens. Legs firm. Shoulders square.

The drunken sway vanishes.

His eyes clear — focus sharp as glass.

He's sober now.

Fully.

He wipes the blood from his face, breathing heavy — no longer staggering, no longer laughing.

LINA'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT – 9:17 AM

Rain still whispers outside.

The front door closes with a soft click.

A middle-aged **DOCTOR** walks down the steps, umbrella in hand, but just before leaving, he turns back to Lina in the doorway.

DOCTOR
(serious, calm)
The cut was deep. He lost a lot of blood.
Keep him here tonight — make sure he doesn't move around too much.
No stairs. No driving.
Let him sleep. Hydrate him when he wakes.
If the bandage soaks through, call me again.

LINA
(nods)
Got it. Thank you.

(The doctor walks off into the rain.)

INT. LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Evan sits on the couch.

Bandage on his forehead. Shirt stained with blood.

Still. Calm. Fully alert.

LINA

(arms crossed, watching him)
So? What did he say?

EVAN
(flat)
Deep cut. Lost blood.

(beat)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Told me to stay here.
Not move too much. Rest.

LINA
Yeah...
You're lucky it didn't hit your eye.

(Evan doesn't respond. His gaze stays forward — cold, distant. Something unreadable behind the eyes.)

LINA
(arms folded, steady)
So? What did he say?

EVAN
(flat)
Deep cut. Lost blood.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Told me to stay here.
Not move too much. Rest.

LINA
Yeah...
You're lucky it didn't hit your eye.

(Evan doesn't respond. Just stares ahead. Cold. Quiet. Bandage soaked faintly red at the edge.)

Then, after a moment—

EVAN
(low)
I'll get going.

(He pushes up from the chair. Steady but stiff.)

LINA
(turning, fast)
Wait — your stitch might open.

EVAN
It's fine.
I've called a friend.
He's parked near the old tree spot off 14th.

(He reaches for his coat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
That turn near the gas station — it's flooded.
His car couldn't get through.
So I'll walk and meet him halfway.

LINA
(slowly, eyes narrow)
Huh.
I thought you didn't like being around friends?

(Evan freezes. Doesn't turn.
But something in his shoulders changes.
His face — caught in profile — shifts. Just slightly.
A crack in the mask. Remorse. But no words.)

(Lina watches him. Quiet. Then... she steps forward — closer than before.)

LINA (CONT'D)
(soft, steady)
I'm sorry.

(A long pause. The air doesn't move.)

LINA
(softly)
Sorry.

(Evan turns. Lina is behind him, arms crossed, leaning against the wall. Her eyes softer now — not angry, just charged.)

LINA
We all have our moments of madness.
I do understand.

(She steps closer. Real close. Inches from him.)

(Evan gives a polite smile. Gentle. Graceful.
He nods slightly — turns to leave.)

(Suddenly, her hand touches his shoulder. Gently.
Friendly. But firm.)

LINA
The Tree Spot's just a five-minute walk.

EVAN
(sensing the shift in her tone)
The rain might really pour if I wait too long.
I'll get going.
And… I promise — I didn't mean a single word.
It was just alcohol. Driving me insane.

LINA
(quiet, sharp — doesn't buy it)
Right...

(He turns again. Begins to step away.)

LINA (CONT'D)
(voice firm, low)

You're leaving because you feel shamed.

(Evan stops. His back still to her.)

LINA (CONT'D)
You know…
I can give you a chance to make up for today.

(Evan turns slightly. Curious.)

LINA (CONT'D)
I feel scared…
Sleeping alone at night.
In that room.

(beat)

We've got two single beds.
We can both sleep.
Together.

(She steps around him. Calm. Measured. Then meets his eyes — full force.)

EVAN
I have a girlfriend.
And you…
You're clearly a bit too open minded.
Just ask the kid to sleep with you?

LINA
(seductive tone)
No, Evan.
The kid won't make me feel safe.
I'll feel safe if you sleep in my room.

Thunder sound high —

A violent crack of thunder rips through the sky, deep and close — like the world just split in half.

The windows shake.

The room pulses with light — then darkness.

EVAN
(sighs)
Okay, I'll get going now. It's starting to really pour.

LINA
Just one night, Evan…

(She comes closer to him, touches both of his hands with her hands — both of their hands outside, skin touching each other's.)

(She inches closer. Voice lowers. Slow. Measured. Dangerous.)

LINA (CONT'D)

You have to make up for tonight.
By staying.
Cuz?
Just one night.

(Her tone is no longer soft — it's velvet over a blade.
Not a plea. An offer. A challenge.)

(Evan watches her.
The honesty — or the illusion of it — coils like smoke around him.
This isn't seduction. It's ritual.)

(She leans in. Just enough for the heat to pass between their lips.)

LINA (CONT'D)
Let's start playing...
house-house.

(Silence.
The air thickens.
Whatever game this is — it started long before this night.)

(Their silhouettes flicker in the dim light.
Thunder groans outside.
Rain hammers the windows.)

(Evan sees the hunger in her eyes.
Undeniable. Wild.)

(Lina grabs both his wrists.
Shoves him back — hard against the wall.)

(Evan takes a deep breath — his body tense, but he doesn't resist.
He submits.)

(She kisses him on the cheek.
Once.
Again.
Then leans toward his lips—)

(But Evan moves first. Flips her fast — slams her back against the wall.
Dominant now. His body fully touching hers.)

(His mouth lands on her neck.
Her chin.
Her ear.
Rough. Focused. Devouring.)

(She gasps — flips him back, just as fast.
Now her hands explore.
She kisses his throat.
Her mouth trails up and bites softly, leaving a kiss mark.)

LINA
(whispers, breath hot against his ear)
I'm going to break you with my hands and my mouth — until you're dripping, shaking, and shouting my name beneath me.

(Evan growls — flips her again.)

(She crashes into the wall.
But she's not resisting.
Her face, body — wild, open — surrendered, like Nala in the wild.)

CHAPTER 8

EVAN
"You're not ready for how hard I'll make you scream tonight."
(He slides down — finds the buckle.
Unfastens her belt.
Undoes the button.
Starts to slide her pants down —)

BOOM!
A blast of thunder outside.
The windows quake.
The light flickers — then holds.
(Evan freezes.)
(His fingers still on the waistband.)
(His eyes — suddenly wide, haunted.)

FLASHBACK:
Just last night.
Meilin — wrapped loosely in a towel, droplets still clinging to her skin.
The shower hadn't cooled her — **not really.**
Her body steamed in the summer air.
She looked up at Evan — eyes soft, but blazing.
The same way Lina looks at him now.
Like she **knew exactly what would happen.**
He reached for the towel —
not with haste,
but with **reverence.**
As if unveiling something **forbidden.**

FLASH—
Their mouths met.
Not kissing — **colliding.**

Fingers knotted in hair.
Bodies pulled tight, fevered.
They slammed into walls. Sank into sheets.
Her moans muffled in his mouth.
Her teeth sank into his shoulder.
She bit down every time she came.
And he —
he shattered six times inside her.
Felt it still —
in his back, in his knees, in the silence between them.

FLASH—
Her face — afterward —
drenched in sweat, hair wild,
eyes half-lidded, glowing.
She stared at him like she **owned him.**
Like she'd touched something inside him no one else could ever reach.
He'd never felt so exposed. So… seen.

FLASH—
His hand sliding up her thigh, slow, certain —
gripping her like a promise.
Exactly where it rests now, on Lina.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

BACK TO PRESENT:
(Evan blinks.
Still frozen.
The belt still dangling in his hand.)
(He tilts his head downward. Breathing heavy.
Like a man waking up from hypnosis.)

LINA
(breathless, impatient, urgent)
What's wrong?
Don't stop?
(She reaches for him — tries to pull him back.)
(Evan pulls away — gently but firmly.)
(He reaches down, begins to fix her clothes — pulls her pants back up.
Buckles the belt.
No longer touching like a lover — like someone returning stolen heat.)
(Then he pushes himself back, staggering slightly, like struck.)

EVAN
(voice low, broken)
No…
(He tilts his head — left, then right — as if trying to shake the image.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
This is betrayal.
I won't betray her.
(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
No.

(Silence.
Only the sound of rain.
Lina — stunned. Watching him.
Breathing like a storm that never landed.)

(Then —)

CHLOE
(from behind — just a few steps away)
I'm hungry.
(They both turn —
Chloe stands there.
Silent. Barefoot. Blinking in the dark.)
(Evan steps back. no jacket — just his breath and the weight of the moment.)

EVAN
(soft, final)
Bye, Lina.
(He walks out.
The door clicks shut.
The rain devours the silence.)

SOUTH SEATTLE – OPEN GRASSLAND – 8:23 AM
Rain thrashes the grass like punishment.
Fog drips from the sky in curtains, swallowing the world in silence.
And in the center of that green, endless nowhere—
she waits.
A body.
Not hidden. Not discarded.
Displayed.
Media vans choke the road. Flashbulbs ignite like lightning.
Reporters shout over the roar of rain — a feeding frenzy.

A black SUV swerves in — doors fly open.
MOSS steps out, face hard, shirt plastered to his chest.
GUSTAVO follows, rain in his eyes.
KELLER lingers, her breath catching as she sees the scene.

MOSS
(voice slicing through chaos)
What the hell is this?!
(shouting to no one, to everyone)
Who the hell leaked this to the goddamn media?!

Cameras lurch forward. Microphones stab through yellow tape.

REPORTER #1
Agent Moss! Another Fog Killer victim?

REPORTER #2
Same field. Same posing. Is this his signature location?

REPORTER #3
Was she really 83? African-American?

MOSS
(roaring)
Back the hell off! This isn't a press circus — it's a murder scene!

He storms past the barrier. Keller and Gustavo follow.

GUSTAVO
(quiet, shaken)
Jesus Christ.
There's not a single footprint near her. It's like... she was dropped from the sky.

KELLER
No drag marks. No tire tracks.
And her feet—look. They're clean.

MOSS
He carried her.
(beat)
Lifted her like a child.
Held her. For hours.

They reach the body.
The rain mists over her, softening the horror.
She lies naked in the grass like something sacred.

An 83-year-old woman.
Arms bent behind her head — like she's basking under sun that isn't there.
Legs stretched long. Ankles crossed — dainty. Elegant.
Her skin blued by cold.
Her mouth —
wrenched open into an unnatural scream.
The tongue is gone.
But there's no blood.
Only a wet, gleaming void where life should've been.

She doesn’t look dead.
She looks... **posed.**
Like a mannequin left in a dream someone forgot to wake up from.

KELLER
(leaning in, voice low)
Sir...
It must’ve taken incredible force to do this.
The jaw — it’s been snapped open after death.
Hyperextended. Clean. No struggle.
Strong hands.
Male. Or someone who knows how to use pressure like a weapon.

GUSTAVO
Or... he used leverage. Tools.
(beat)
But even then — you don’t get this kind of silence unless you’re calm.

MOSS
Controlled.
This wasn’t rage.
It was craft.

KELLER
It’s not a message, is it?

MOSS
(flat)
No.

It’s a signature.
Like a fucked-up artist signing his masterpiece.

GUSTAVO
(crouching, voice darkening)
Look at her hands...
They’re not stiff. No rigor.
(beat)
But not because it's worn off.
He broke it.
Each finger — bent back, straightened again.
Like... like he was resetting a doll.

KELLER
(whispers)
So he waited?

GUSTAVO
He waited.
(voice drops to a whisper)
She was dead for hours...
And he just sat with her.
Alone. In the fog.
Somewhere.
Imagine that.
No panic.
No rush.
Just silence.
The killer —
knee-deep in stillness —
posing her, perfecting her, under moonlight.

MOSS

(silent, jaw clenching)

GUSTAVO
And this —
(points at the lips, the fingers, the feet)
This wasn't disposal.
This was performance.
Every limb adjusted. Every angle chosen.

KELLER
(sniffing faintly)
Is that... perfume?
(They all freeze. Rain hissing against plastic. A scent under the bloodless air — something sweet. Lavender.)

GUSTAVO
(voice hollowing)
He cleaned her.
Maybe even dressed her.
Then stripped her again.
Layer by layer — like unwrapping a gift.
(beat)
And this?
This pose?
It's not death.
It's desecration.
No— worse.
It's possession.
(Long silence.)

MOSS
(quiet fury rising)
Gustavo — did you follow Evan?

GUSTAVO
Yeah. All three of us.
He went to his girlfriend's. Stayed inside. Lights on, curtains drawn.
After an hour... we pulled back.

MOSS
(rage boiling)
You what?

GUSTAVO
He wasn't moving. We figured—

MOSS
You left him?

GUSTAVO
He must still be there...

MOSS
Then what the hell are we doing here?
(turns hard, voice cracking like a whip)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Go. Now.

Gustavo turns. Swears under breath.

GUSTAVO
(low)

Won’t be long before they start looking at me...

MOSS lingers one last second.
Looks down at her.
Rain pooling in the hollow of her neck.
A glisten on her lips — like she’s still breathing.
He swallows.
Then turns away.

SNOWY MOUNTAIN – SOMEWHERE FAR ABOVE THE WORLD

The wind tears sideways through the white, **howling like a thing with a voice.**
Evan climbs.
The snow is deep — knee-breaking, breath-stealing.
Above him: jagged ridgelines, ice-slick boulders, and a sky scraped white with frost.
Below: everything he left behind.
His boots slam into ice, fists digging into stone.
His body leans forward — low, sharp, efficient.
Every move is power. Precision. Purpose.
The air cuts, but he doesn’t flinch.
The slope steepens, but he speeds up.
He climbs like he’s chasing something.
Or like something’s right behind him.
Muscles burn. He doesn’t care.
Fingers bleed. He doesn’t notice.
Only one thing matters: **up.**
A ledge. He grips, pulls, launches.
The summit’s still ahead — high, jagged, brutal.

He bares his teeth.
Come on.
The wind screams.
He climbs harder.

LINA'S HOUSE – FRONT PORCH – DAY

Rain beads on the porch railing. Wind combs through the trees.
MOSS stands with GUSTAVO and KELLER. All three are soaked but still — eyes on the door like it's watching them back.

MOSS
(grim, muttering to the others)
I want the name of the son of a bitch who leaked that body to the press.
Now.

Before anyone can respond—
The front door creaks open.

CHLOE stands there. Barefoot again. Holding a half-eaten apple.
She blinks up at them.

GUSTAVO
(smiling gently)
Hey, little one.

May we come in?

Chloe stares, silent.
Then—

LINA steps into view behind her, towel drying her hair. Bare shoulders. Calm expression. Razor-edge behind the eyes.

LINA
Morning.
Can I help you?

MOSS
(flashes badge)
Agent Moss. FBI.
This is Agent Keller, Agent Gustavo.
We need to talk with you about your boyfriend, Evan.
(Beat.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
May we come inside?

Lina meets his gaze — steady, unreadable. Then steps aside.

LINA
Of course.

(They enter.)
DOOR CLICKS SHUT.

SNOWY MOUNTAIN – MIDWAY RIDGE – DAY

The kind of mountain that kills men for sport, then swallows the body in silence.
The climb is steeper now.
Colder. Thinner air.
Evan stops.
Reaches into his pack — pulls out a wind mask, tightens it over his face.
Then the ice gear — crampons, picks, harness.
Clicks, straps, steel on stone.
He exhales — thick steam in the sunlight.
Ready.
Then —
a sound.
Barely a whimper. A breath. Something small.
He turns.
Just off the path — half-buried in snow, trembling —
a white tiger cub.
Still alive.
Eyes blinking. Muzzle crusted with frost.
One paw stuck beneath ice.

Evan freezes
No tracks. No den. No reason.
Just a myth — breathing.

He steps off course.
Kneels. Lowers his gloves to the snow.
Peels off his mask. Slowly.
The cub stares up at him — scared, silent, beautiful.
Evan slides his hand beneath the ice — carefully, expertly —
frees the paw.
The cub twitches, but doesn't bite. Doesn't run.
Evan lifts it.
Small. Heavy. Muscles coiled like secrets.
He holds it against his chest. Feels the heartbeat — fast, real.

EVAN
(quietly, with a grin)
I'm gonna make a lot of money out of you.

The cub blinks.
The wind howls.

LINA'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – 9:00 AM

Rain hisses against the windows.
MOSS walks slow. Eyes scanning everything — walls, corners, rugs.
Ray and KELLER follow, quiet, alert.

MOSS
(coiled calm)
Nice place.

LINA
(smiling faintly)
Thank you.

They move toward the lounge.
Plush furniture. Expensive scent in the air.
The kind of room that's been staged to feel lived-in.

Moss stops.
Tilts his head.
Something catches his eye on the hardwood floor — a faint dark smear trailing near the armrest.

MOSS
(quiet)
This blood?

LINA
(doesn't blink)
Yeah. Evan's.
(Beat.)

MOSS
Explain.

LINA
He was **drunk.**
Started **shouting.**
Got a little **out of control.**
She shrugs — casual, practiced.
LINA (CONT'D)

My niece threw a **cup** at him.
Caught him **above the eyebrow.**
Lots of **blood.**
I cleaned most of it, I guess.

Moss kneels beside the stain.
Runs a finger through it.
Still **tacky. Fresh.**

He looks up at her.

MOSS
When did this happen?

LINA
Last night.

KELLER
(crossing her arms)
He stayed **here?**

LINA
(slight edge)
What's this all about?

MOSS
Please—have a **seat.**
(She hesitates, then sits. The agents follow.
Moss's eyes drift again to the blood on the floor.
He doesn't speak right away.)

MOSS
Your boyfriend, Evan...
is now a **suspect** in an ongoing **serial murder investigation.**

LINA
(blinks)
I'm sorry, **what?**

GUSTAVO
(smiling faintly, casual tone)
Fog Killer.
Or—if you believe the tabloids—" **Half-Goat Killer.** "

LINA
(laughs)
You think it's **Evan?**
(She keeps laughing—harder now. A real laugh. Sharp, almost mocking.)
Evan?
He's the **smartest** guy I know.
He wouldn't go insane and start killing people like it's some stealth sport.

(A long beat.)
She looks at each of them—still smiling, but smaller now realizing how serious they are.

LINA (CONT'D)
You're **serious.**

KELLER

Dead serious.

LINA
(sits back)
No. No, this is insane.

MOSS
So help us clear him.
Where did he go this morning?

LINA
This morning?
He... **left last night.** Around eleven—
(She cuts off.)

Beat.
All three agents lock in.
No one says a word. But everything **changes.**

LINA
(soft, to herself)
Fuck.

(Moss doesn't move. He doesn't blink.)

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MIDWAY RIDGE – 9:33 AM

Evan holds the white tiger cub in his arms.

Its breath is **shallow.** Eyes fixed on his.
He looks back at it — really looks.

EVAN
Go back to your home.

(He lowers the cub gently onto the snow.)
It blinks once—
then turns,
and disappears into the white.

Evan watches until it's gone.
Then he straps his gear tighter—
and **climbs.**

LINA'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – DAY

MOSS
You two are boyfriend and girlfriend, **right?**

LINA
No. We're **friends.**

MOSS

(raising an eyebrow, giving Lina a suspicious look)

Call him.

Tell him we need to know where he is.

(Lina exhales. Pulls out her phone. Dials.
Puts it on speaker.)

PHONE
The number you are trying to reach is **currently unavailable. Signal not found.**

(Silence.)

KELLER
No response.
Why didn't he **stay?**

LINA
He just… wanted to **leave.**
Said he needed **air. Time. Whatever.**

GUSTAVO
(tilting his head, smirking — eyes flick briefly to her legs)
That's **strange.**
If I were him… I wouldn't walk away from this place.

(beat — voice lowers, smoother, darker)
If a man walks away from you...
he's either already living in the **dark—**
or learning to **love it.**

(A heavy pause.)
Lina still hasn't blinked.

MOSS
(coughs — not from his throat, but from authority)
(Gustavo leans back, smirk fading. Message received.)

MOSS
(quiet, deliberate)
So why did he **leave?**

LINA
(beat — exhales)
He came here to talk about something **personal.**
We both got **drunk.**
And… we were **alone.**
(she looks at them, half a smile — tight, defensive)
You get the picture.
(then—softer, quieter)
And he left because…
well, I guess…
(her voice breaks just slightly — not weakness, but something real)

LINA (CONT'D)
He didn't want to **betray** his Chinese girlfriend.

(Silence. Thick now. The agents shift in their seats.)

Moss's jaw tightens. Keller glances at him. Gustavo arches a brow.
No words. Just the look between professionals who've

seen this before.
They're all thinking the same thing:
She doesn't know much.
This is **bullshit.**
A messy **love triangle** dressed up like a defense.
And we're wasting time.

MOSS
(leans forward, tone clipped now)
If Evan contacts you—anything, even a missed call—
you let us know **immediately.**

LINA
(flat)
Understood.

They all rise. Moss heads for the door. Gustavo follows.
But Keller lingers.

KELLER
Wait.
(She pulls out a sketch — a composite of the suspect.)
(She holds it out to Lina.)

KELLER (CONT'D)
Do you recognize this person?

LINA
(glances, casual)
No. Never seen him.

(She goes to hand it back—
but stops.)

Her brow furrows.

LINA (CONT'D)
Wait…
(She stares closer. Her voice drops.)
It's…
It's so **off,** but—
it's like I **know** him.

(Gustavo and Moss turn back, watching her now.)

LINA
Not by name.
Not even by face, exactly.
(beat)
But this feels like someone surely from my childhood.
(She looks up. Uneasy.)

HIGH-ALTITUDE DANGEROUS SNOWY MOUNTAIN – SUMMIT – DAY
The sun is blinding.
White light floods the peak.
Snow gleams like crushed glass beneath a sky so blue it feels unreal.

Evan stands at the top.

Still.
Breathing heavily.
His chest rises and falls like he’s holding something sacred inside.
All around him —
silence.
No sound but the wind, high and thin.
No sign of the world below.
It’s as if he’s stepped out of time.

He looks out.
The horizon stretches forever — untouched, unreachable.
He’s feeling.
Alive. Victorious. Alone.

(He reaches slowly into his jacket.
Pulls out a single, matte-black camera.
Lifts it with care.)

CLICK.
One photo.
A quiet seal on the greatest moment of his life.
He lowers the camera.
Closes his eyes.
And lets the sun rest on his face.

Peace. Stillness. Pure breath.

Then—
a sound.
High. Sharp. Piercing.
Barely audible at first — but wrong.

Not wind.
Not wildlife.
Not the metal creak of gear.
Something else.

EVAN
(eyes snap open)

Silence returns.
He scans the ridgeline.
Nothing. Just snow.

But then—
There it is again.
A high-pitched frequency. Wavering. Close.

His body tenses.
Instinct kicks in.
(He reaches down. Slides a hand into his jacket. Unclips the small climbing axe. Holds it low, blade down.)

The sound warbles. Louder now. Closer.
It's not natural.
It's not wind in a crevice.
It's not of this place.

Evan's breath shortens.
His eyes dart across the white.
Every shadow feels like it's hiding a shape.
Every gust feels… intentional.

He backs up one step. Then another. His legs are trembling, whole body shaking.

EVAN
(quietly, to himself)
What the hell is that…

The noise pulses again — like a scream trying to stay invisible.
Evan grips the axe tighter.
His feet plant.
He's preparing.
For what?
He doesn't know.
But **something is coming.**

LINA'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – CONTINUOUS

(Keller is folding the sketch back into her folder. But Moss —
He's looking at something across the room.)

A cluttered study table.
Open notebook.
Printouts.
Highlighted forensic reports.
Marked FBI case profiles.

Moss walks over. Silent. Picks one up.

Studies it.

MOSS
You studying Bureau material?

LINA
(glances over — cautious)
Yeah.
During my military years, it was always the dream.
Never got far.

(Moss turns. The light in his eyes has shifted—calculating.)

MOSS
I can get you in.

(Beat. She blinks.)

MOSS
One phone call.
That's all it takes.

LINA
(skeptical)
What's the catch?

MOSS
Not a catch.
A project.

(He gestures.)

MOSS
Gustavo. Keller.
Give us a minute.

(They exchange looks — then nod and step outside without a word.)

(Moss sits across from her. Calm. Deliberate.)
He crosses one leg over the other — that arrogant pose.
Pulls out a cigarette.
Lights it.
Exhales.

The silence stretches.

MOSS
You ever think about intelligence work?

LINA
(curious)
Like what—covert?

MOSS
Like listening.
Watching.
Playing dumb when you’re ten steps ahead.

(beat)

MOSS
You interested in spying?

(She tilts her head. Unsure if he's joking. But he's not.)

LINA
(quiet)
On who?

(Moss smiles. Just slightly.
He taps ash onto the floor.)

MOSS
On your lover.

CHAPTER 9

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – DAY

The **wind claws** at the sky.

Evan… **frozen** at the summit.

His legs… **trembling** .

That sound again.

High-pitched. Warbling.

Sharp enough to **pierce bone** .

Not human.

Not animal.

Just wrong.

Light — **white** .

Blinding.

Snow **screams past his ears** like whispers from another world.

His fingers… **clenching the axe tighter** .

His breath… shortening.

His whole body… shaking.

EVAN
(under breath)
This is it.

Something is coming.

Not a man.

Not a beast.

Something ancient.

Something aware.

AND THEN —

SCREAMING.

Shrill.

Unhinged.

Echoing against ice and stone like **a banshee come to**

collect a soul .

From the mist —

A figure explodes.

White coat.

Black boots.

Hair wild. Eyes burning.

MEILIN.

EVAN
(hoarse… stunned)
No…

She doesn’t stop.

She **slams into him** — full speed.

Chest to chest.

They hit the snow —

a tangle of **limbs and heat and frost** .

And then…

VOICES.

From behind her.

Boots thudding.

Figures in the white.

Five… six… maybe more.

DR. KWON emerges.

Heavy jacket. Scarf tight. Goggles perched.

Face **red with windburn** —

but calm.

Measured.

Behind him…

A formation.

Asian and American. Men and women. Serious gear.

Silent. Watchful.

Meilin… **on top of Evan** .

Her legs — tangled with his.

Her chest — pressed to his heart.

Their breaths…

hot. fast. tangled.

Like a storm trying to **seduce itself** .

Mouths inches apart.

Lips open.

Trembling.

Not touching.

And then —

She feels it.

The **pounding** .

Too fast.

Too wild.

Dangerously high.

His heartbeat — **slamming against her ribs** like a war drum.

Evan shaking.

Breath — **short. sharp. slicing in and out of him** like he's drowning in thin air.

A **horror panic attack** building.

She looks at his face —

and freezes.

Eyes wide.

Not with love.

Not with joy.

With shock.

And under that —

Rage.

Pure. Unfiltered. Volcanic.

Ready to explode.

She hugs him.

Tight.

Possessive.

Claiming him.

Leaning to his ear.

Her voice — soft.

Deadly.

MEILIN
(whisper)
You thought… after years of living with you… you could still fool me, huh, Evan?

(Her breath — **hot against his neck** .)
I followed you that night… to see who your cousin is.

And I saw you.

Meeting that slut.

Kissing her neck.

Wanting her.

I saw everything.

(She **smiles against his skin** .)
This is revenge.

Now we're even.

Don’t create a scene.

Evan freezes.

Breath halts.

Face — blank.

Then…

Shock.

Fury.

A slow, **terrifying pressure** behind his eyes.

His body moves **before thought** .

He shoves her off.

Hard.

MEILIN
(grunts — snow)

Evan stands.

Staggering.

Heart pounding.

Chest heaving.

Face — twisted.

DR. KWON appears.

Wind-burnt. Faint smile.

Like he's seen **a private joke** .

DR. KWON

Happy birthday, student.

Footsteps.

Closing in.

The wind still **howling** , but now —

Smiles.

Laughter.

Backslaps.

CLIMBER #1 *(American girl, 19)*
(laughs, nervous)
Surprise! Happy birthday!

CLIMBER #2 *(Korean man, early 20s)*
It's your big day, Evan!

CLIMBER #3 *(shy)*
It was all Meilin's idea… not ours.
We said it was too much.

MEILIN
(brushing snow, standing)
It's both yours and Professor Kwon's birthday today.
Come on — you didn't think I'd forget?

DR. KWON
(grinning)
Yeah, man… sorry.
We really shook you up.
Didn't expect that reaction.

EVAN
(staring — cold)
Happy birthday to you too.

(A **thin smile** .)

Eyes — **deadly** .

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)

I **wish** I had a **machine gun.**

I'd **mow you all down.**

Right here. Right now.

No mercy. No warnings.

Just **fire.**

And **blood.**

And **silence.**

I'd watch each of you **drop.**

Piece.

By.

Fucking.

Piece.

(He exhales.

Smiles again — even thinner now.

No one notices the **storm behind his teeth.**)

FBI FIELD OFFICE – MOSS’S OFFICE – DAY

Rain taps the **windows.**

MOSS sits behind his desk — jaw set, eyes **cold.**

KELLER stands across from him, arms **folded.**

MOSS

Lina **agreed.**

She’ll spy on her **sweetheart.**

GUSTAVO

Wait, what?

MOSS

It wasn’t easy.

She declined right away — flat **no.**

But then I said, if she does it, it'll only help us **rule him out.**

I told her — since you believe he's innocent, what's the **harm?**

(Beat.)

MOSS (CONT'D)

We're inside **now.**

(leans back)

Now we wait… and **collect.**

A beat of silence —

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – 10:01 AM

Two cakes sit on a foldable table — frosting stiff in the **cold.**

One says " **HAPPY BIRTHDAY EVAN!** "

The other: " **KWON 52 – STILL CLIMBING.** "

Laughter hums around the camp.

Paper plates pass.

Candles flicker in the **wind.**

EVAN and DR. KWON stand side by side, each holding a **knife.**

MEILIN lingers near, quiet now, watching EVAN without speaking.

She feels it — the **hate pouring off him.**

He hasn’t looked at her **once.**

EVAN

(cutting the cake, voice sharp but low)

Dr. Kwon…

How the hell did you all even get **up here?**

DR. KWON

(grinning, already chewing)

Old friend of mine had a **heli.**

Dropped us off at the southern ridge.

From there — simple climb.

We'll use the same way **back.**

EVAN

(sarcastic)

Of course you **will.**

He steps back, forcing another smile as someone snaps a photo.

He catches a flicker of movement from the corner of his **eye...**

Someone lifts a **camera.**

CLICK.

EVAN turns — annoyed, at first — but then **freezes.**

The woman lowers the lens.

Small. Delicate.

Dressed in black **fleece.**

Hair tied back.

Big eyes behind wind-scratched **glasses.**

No sound.

Just a shy, silent **wave.**

It’s her.

The mute **girl.**

His old study **partner.**

From an American urban edge — one of those half-broken neighborhoods where the streetlamps flicker and the silence hums louder than any **traffic.**

Her apartment had always felt temporary, like the world hadn’t decided if it would let her **stay.**

No father. No mother. No **family.**

Just **her.**

He used to go there after **school.**

Books open. Heads down.

No words exchanged — only pencils scratching and pages **turning.**

She'd brew tea without **asking.**

He'd take it without **thanks.**

It wasn't coldness.

It was **ease.**

They didn't talk much.

But it was never **awkward.**

He never pried.

She never **offered.**

And yet — she always left the door **unlocked.**

And now —

she's **here.**

EVAN

(soft, stunned)

You…?

She doesn’t **speak.**

Just lifts her hand again —

a quiet **wave.**

Tentative. **Familiar.**

EVAN stares.

For a second, he forgets to **breathe.**

Then—

he **smiles.**

Not the fake **smile.**

Not the one he uses on suspects, lovers, friends.

A **real one.**

EVAN

(quietly, still stunned)

I always wondered what happened to **you.**

We were such good **friends...**

(A pause — the kind that holds years in its **silence.**)

He looks at her again.

Still no words from her.

Just that same quiet presence.

Unchanged.

Then —

MEILIN steps in from **behind.**

Wrapped in a coat now.

Still flushed from the cold and the **chaos.**

But her voice is softer.

Vulnerable.

MEILIN

I called **her.**

I thought...

you'd be happy to **see her.**

(Evan glances at her — guarded — then back to the **girl.**
)

The mute girl takes one small step **forward.**

Then another.

And reaches out — arms **open.**

No hesitation.

Not romantic.

Just the kind of hug that says **I missed you** without needing to prove anything.

EVAN

(stiff for a moment — then lets it **happen**)

Yeah.

It’s good to **see you.**

(His arms wrap around her. Slow. Gentle. Real.)

The hug **ends.**

She steps back — smiling now, cheeks pink from cold and something **deeper.**

Her hands begin to move — graceful, **practiced.**

EVAN

(squinting, soft)

I… I don’t remember all of **it.**

A voice cuts in — gentle, male — from **behind.**

YOUNG MAN

(translating, with a small **grin**)

She says…

“I missed **you.**

I had a picture of you in my **home.**

If someone asked, I told them — he’s my **brother.”**

(beat)

“She says… let’s stay in **touch.”**

(Evan goes **still.**)

His chest lifts once — sharply.

Like he forgot how to **breathe.**

He looks at her again.

No words this **time.**

Just a **nod.**

A flicker of something in his **eyes.**

Not sorrow. Not rage.

Something **older.**

EVAN

Yeah.

Let's.

(She smiles wider.

Then signs again, fast — like wind through **trees.**)

YOUNG MAN

She says…

"You still hate **birthdays?"**

(Evan snorts. A ghost of the old grin appears.)
EVAN
Hate 'em more now.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – MOSS'S OFFICE – NIGHT
The blinds are drawn.
The only light comes from the bluish glow of a flat-screen TV mounted on the wall.
MOSS sits alone behind his desk.
Coat off. Tie loose. A drink untouched beside him.
His eyes locked on the screen.

MOSS
(His eyes locked on the screen.)
Jaw twitching. Rage brewing.

TV NEWSCAST – LIVE BROADCAST (RECORDED FOOTAGE)
A polished anchor sits in front of a clean studio desk, tone smug, eyes gleaming with mockery.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
"Today — another victim.
Eighty-three. African-American.
Same grotesque signature.
FBI and South Seattle Police — once again, no suspect, no leads.
Just failure."

A pause.

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"And just days ago —
in a bizarre FBI misfire —
footage has surfaced of federal agents in full pursuit…
of a naked, bald, barefoot man through an industrial district.
Sources say the man was later released with no charges."

CUT TO:

GRAINY PHONE VIDEO
A shirtless, underwear less, bald Asian man bolts across

a crowded intersection —
screaming in a language no one can place.

Behind him:
RAY, SAUL, DREW, and GUSTAVO in full FBI jackets —
chasing like angry mall cops.
Slipping. Tripping.
One even throws a coffee cup.

Laughter erupts in the studio audience of the news segment.
"Sources confirm the fugitive was not connected to the Fog Killer case…
just a person who wanted to masturbate in open air."

BACK TO MOSS.
His jaw tightens.
Not blinking.
The anchor continues — gleeful.
"Meanwhile, Special Agent-in-Charge Moss has yet to make an official statement — but insiders say morale at the Seattle Bureau is ‘on thin ice.’"

Moss lifts the remote.
Clicks mute.
The room goes dead silent.
His reflection stares back at him in the screen —
cold, cornered, and furious.

MOSS
(loud at the speaker)

Send me Gustavo.
Now !!

Rain streaks the windows like claw marks.

MOSS stands, furious, pacing behind his desk. His face — tight with rage. His fingers — twitching with restraint. KELLER watches silently from the side, reading the temperature like a weathered barometer.

The door bursts open.
GUSTAVO strides in — soaked, wind-blown, breath sharp.
He looks at Moss — and knows. Something is about to erupt.

MOSS
(low, cold)
Run a full check.
Everyone.
All of them.

(Gustavo frowns.)

GUSTAVO
Everyone? Even—

MOSS
(hissing)
Yes. Charles. Sarah. Every goddamn person with clearance.

(He steps close now. Eye-to-eye. No blink.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Listen to me. Listen closely.
Someone leaked the murder scene again. To the goddamn press.

(The heat rises in his throat — and then he erupts.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
(spit flying)
Whoever that leech is — I want them dragged like shit into this office!
I don't care if it's your boss, your priest, or your mother's golden retriever—
You bring me their head, Gustavo.
Do you hear me?!

GUSTAVO
(nods once, sharp)
I hear you.

MOSS
Go.
GO!

(Gustavo turns, fast — door slamming behind him.)

Moss exhales — steam and fury. His eyes stay locked on the door.

If rage could burn through steel, there'd be nothing left but ash.

GUSTAVO
Yes, sir.
I'll bring that mouse right to your feet.

(He turns sharply — door swings open — exits.)

INT. FBI HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS
Gustavo walks fast. Jaw clenched. Breathing tight.

Then — just low enough for no one to hear:

GUSTAVO
(under breath, dark grin forming)
Didn't think the old man would flip this hard over it...
Hell — I just needed the cash.
Easy money.

He smiles

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAINTOP – LATE AFTERNOON
Wind curls off the ridges, hissing low.
A foldable Go board is balanced on a crate.
Two Asian men sit across from each other.
They play in near silence.
Only the click of stones and the whisper of now between moves.

One of them — mid-20s, sharp-boned, fidgety — is clearly losing.
His hand trembles as he sets a black stone.

The other — older, thick-browed, confident — leans back, then smirks.
He stands suddenly, muttering in Korean.

OLDER PLAYER (in Korean, smirking)
“항복하지.”
“Resign.”

He slowly stands.
Brushes snow off his knees.
Then stretches with theatrical ease.
Turning his back with smug detachment:

OLDER PLAYER (in Korean, over his shoulder)
“다리 좀 굳었네. 좀 걸어야겠어.”
“My legs are jammed. I’ll walk it off.”

He strolls toward the snowy edge of the summit — casual, cocky, like victory’s already his
A few climbers chuckle softly. The mountain wind whistles.

EVAN, sitting nearby, sips from a steaming mug.
He sets it down. Stands.
Walks over — slow, deliberate.
He leans in behind the younger player.

EVAN
(quiet, intense)
“You’re dying, and you don’t even know where the wound is.”

The younger player turns — surprised. A little rattled.

EVAN (CONT’D)
“Your moyo’s collapsing.
You lost the whole center when you flinched at move 147.”

YOUNGER PLAYER
(tense)
“I know…”

EVAN
“But you can turn it around.”

YOUNGER PLAYER
(quiet, desperate)
“How?”

EVAN
(whispering like a blade)
“With a single decisive move…
you risk the whole board.”

YOUNGER PLAYER
(frowning)
“If I play that, he’ll capture. I’ll lose.”

EVAN
(nods, calm)
“Correct. If he does.
But I’ve been watching him.
His style — it’s hyper-aggressive. He doesn’t secure. He expands.
He’ll ignore the bait and continue pressing the right side — he’s fixated on domination.”

A beat. The younger player hesitates.

EVAN (CONT’D)
“But if he doesn’t bite…
if he keeps pushing right…”

(leans in, eyes gleaming)
“You strike.
Diagonal cut — here.
Then here.
Snap connection.
You split the board — isolate his center.
You strangle him, and he bleeds out.”

YOUNGER PLAYER
(voice trembling)
“That’s suicide…”

EVAN
“Then die like someone who fought.
You’re already losing.
Play the move.

Risk everything on one move.”

The **younger player** stares at the board.

Silence.

Then —

Click.

He plays the move.

Bold.

Wild.

A gamble.

The **older player** returns — smirking — sees the placement.

Sits.

Eyes flick to Evan.

Then the board.

A faint frown.

Then — as predicted — he continues his assault on the right.

YOUNGER PLAYER
(under breath)
"He didn't take it…"

EVAN
"Now watch."

Click.

Click.

Click.

Snap.

The board shifts.

Like a living thing, it **tilts** .

The moyo collapses — but **not** the younger's.

The older player realizes too late —

he's cut.

Split.

Suffocating.

Gasps ripple through the watchers.

Someone murmurs:

"What the hell just happened?"

Final move.

Stone placed like a **bullet** .

The older player stares.

Then slowly… pushes the board away.

OLDER PLAYER
(in Korean, flat)
"...승복**."** *(I resign.)*

The younger player exhales — like he just came back from the dead.

Looks up at Evan — stunned, grateful, still processing.

KWON steps forward, grinning like a proud uncle.

KWON
Wow, Evan.
You're good.
Didn’t know Americans knew Go.

EVAN
(shrugs)
I do.
I love it.

Chess? Once you hit 1400, it dies.

Turns into **pattern regurgitation** .

Memorized traps.

No thinking.

No soul.

But Go?

Go is **war** .

It’s **seduction** .

It’s the only game that **feels you back** .

It **breathes** .

It **remembers** .

"Chess wears the mask of genius, but underneath it ticks a dead machine — repetition dressed as brilliance, memorization mistaken for meaning."

"Go is a graveyard of selves — every stone a memory, every line a reckoning.
It demands more than intellect.
It asks for history.
For hunger.
For the part of you that still bleeds.
It isn't played — it's endured.
And when it ends, you're not the same.
Because Go remembers.
And it mourns what you had to become to survive it."

KWON (CONT'D)
You know who I am?

EVAN
(sips, deadpan)
Yeah. Your professor…?

KWON
(grins wider)
I'm last year's national defending Go champion.
This year — I defend again.

EVAN
No way. You're joking.
You're Blood Dragon?

KWON
(smiling)
Yes.

EVAN
Damn!
I've seen his games on the analysis board.
Analyzed the end sequences.
I should've seen the video.

KWON
(laughs)

Guilty.

EVAN
Wow.
I should've watched your games closer.

KWON
At this point, I feel like no one can beat me.
You know what people call me?

"They call me Jang Ryu. Lee Chang-ho reborn."

EVAN
Your playing style is the same as him.
You know… I watched your last game.
If I were Cho Hun-hyun, I would've beaten you clean.
Your middle game's weak.

(A pause. The wind hushes.)

KWON
(confused, quietly)
Evan… are you drunk?

(Evan just sips from his mug. Doesn't answer.
His smile fades.)

EVAN
NO. I'm dead sober.

KWON
(smiling, cocky)
You really think you can beat me?
Me?
Lee Chang-ho reborn?

EVAN
(staring him dead in the eyes)
I don't think.
I know I will.

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME – 🕒 11:03 AM

A wooden board rests on a flat stone slab, dusted with frost.

Two steaming mugs.

A Go board between them — black and white stones arranged like ancient armies preparing for war.

Wind **tears** across the summit.

The air **crackles** .

Twenty-one figures in jackets and boots.

Faces half-covered.

Breath misting like smoke.

All eyes — locked on the two seated men.

Evan — still as stone.

Eyes narrowed.

Heartbeat steady.

Dr. Kwon — smiling like a man with nothing left to prove.

A small digital clock ticks beside the board.
🕒 **11:03:00 AM**

The sound echoes — like a **blade tapping marble** .

Meilin sits beside Evan — shoulder to shoulder.

She’s not watching the board.

She’s watching **him** .

And she sees it — an intensity she’s **never** seen before.

Not once in six years.

BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME – 🕒 11:04 AM

Snow **swirls** .

Silence grips the summit like a **held breath** .

DR. KWON leans forward.

Calm.

Poised.

Deadly.

He lifts the first **white stone** .

Studies the board for half a heartbeat —

and sets it down.

CLICK.

Upper-right. 3-4 point.

Classic.

Bold.

Controlled.

Then he speaks — not to the crowd, but to the man across from him.

DR. KWON
(in Korean-accented English)
My teacher always told me —
A game… is a duel.
You fight with full power.
That's the only way to honor your opponent.

A beat.

Evan doesn't flinch.

He lifts a **black stone** — slow.

Surgical.

Smiles.

Not cocky.

Certain.

EVAN
(smooth)
I'm my own teacher.

CLICK.

Upper-left. 3-4 point.

The mirror image.

He's **mirroring** Kwon.

Move for move.

Corner for corner.

Shape for shape.

DR. KWON (V.O.)
(while placing another stone — outwardly calm, inwardly seething)
Oh, I'm gonna beat you, Evan.
Nice and slow.
Thought you were clever, huh? Sitting there like some Ice King.

(he smiles gently at the board — but his thoughts tighten)

You two are breaking, Evan. I can feel it.
How about this — how about I win this match… and make her the prize?
You set her up for me, huh?

(he places another **white stone** , sharp and decisive)

Her lips all over mine.
Her red-polished hands curling around my serpent — slow, like she owns it.
Your eyes watching.
That'll be the real victory.

(another stone — surgical)

I'll beat you with the board…
And off the board.

MOVE 11 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – GO BOARD – 🕒 11:14 AM

CLICK.

Move 11 lands.

Kwon tightens a soft enclosure on the lower left.

He doesn't show it —

but inside, the **heat** is rising.

DR. KWON (INNER MONOLOGUE)
(calm on the surface, venom underneath)
What's wrong, Evan?
You won't even come in for a little skirmish?
No shoulder bump? No blood test?

You just drift and dodge…
Shadow-play in the corners.

(he smiles faintly as he sets another stone)

Coward.
Poor bastard's scared.
Scared to touch.
Scared to commit.

You're dancing around me, Evan —
but I smell it. The fear.

(beat)

You don't want a fight.
You want to survive.

🕒 11:22 AM – MOVE 22 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

CLICK.

Kwon presses the 22nd **white stone** into the board — clean, confident, deliberate.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue, italicized)* :
Umm… so he does know how to play.

Alright. I'll give you that, Evan.

You've got the mirror act down. Cute.

But that's not Go. That's hiding.

That's fear dressed up as discipline.

DR. KWON (inner monologue)
You won't last. You can't.

You don't have the engine.

You're just waiting to crumble.

And when you do — you'll run home to your little **Asian friends** ,
bragging about how you *"held your own"* against the **White Dragon** .

Pathetic.

Keeps **mirroring** me like a coward, hoping I slip.

Go on. Keep it up.

I'll rip your **center wide open** by move thirty.

Kiss your fake calm goodbye.

EVAN
(sipping his drink, voice casual — but cutting)
You play just like Lee Chang-ho.
Fully defensive… then kill in the endgame.

KWON
(raises an eyebrow)
You've got a decent game going here with me.
You're good.
Why didn't you ever go all in with Go?

EVAN
(chuckles, eyes still locked on the board)
I did.
Part-time.

I was really good.

Would wipe out every player in the training camps.

Then one day, this teacher pulls me aside.
Tells me he's willing to train me personally.
Says I've got the instincts.

Wants me to go full-time.
Like monk-life full-time.
No distractions.
Twelve hours of Go a day.
No TV.
No girls.
No sex.

(beat — a dry grin)

I looked him dead in the eye and said:

FUCK… YOU!!! MAN!!!

CLICK. *(places his next stone with force)*

Left it soon after.

🕒 11:26 AM – MOVE 26 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT –

MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

Kwon presses his **26th stone** down with a sharp **CLICK** — center-left.
A **pressure move** .

KWON
Still think you can beat me?

EVAN
No… I knew who you were from the start.

The **Blood Dragon** .
Lee Chang-ho Version Two.

(raises an eyebrow — just slightly)

I only said I didn't recognize you because I knew you'd never agree to a match otherwise.

But I wanted this.
I wanted to face the future.

A defending champion like you?

(pause, smirks)

KWON (CONT'D)
Oh, you got me there.

🕒 11:47 AM – MOVE 28 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

The board sits still.

Wind brushes over the summit like **breath on glass** .

Evan hovers over the stones… then —

A **hand** .

MEILIN places her hand on top of Evan's left —
soft, cold from the mountain air.

A quiet **plea for connection** .

He pulls back — fast. Reflexive.
A flicker of **heat** behind his eyes.

She grips it again.
Firm this time.
Refusing to be dismissed.

EVAN
(low, controlled)
Meilin… if you please…

I think Jane — my mute sister — doesn't understand what's going on.

She's watching the game with no idea what we're doing.

Go to her.

Explain it to her.

(a beat)

Leave me alone.

I'm having trouble focusing.

A long silence.

Then —

MEILIN
(slow, under breath, in Chinese)
狗娘养的混蛋……你个冷血的鬼。
Gǒu niáng yǎng de hùn dàn… nǐ gè lěng xuè de guǐ.

(Fucking rat… you cold-blooded ghost.)

She stands.

Walks away.

🕒 11:53 AM – MOVE 31 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

CLICK.

Another white stone lands — sharp, fast, surgical.

DR. KWON presses the digital clock.

He doesn’t look up.

He doesn’t need to.

DR. KWON (inner monologue)
Oh yeah, Evan… now your pretty little mirroring ends by force.

Default.

I’ve shifted the **tempo** .

I’ve started the **strangulation** .

This is where the prey stops copying… and starts gasping.

Come and fight back, bitch.

Wind lashes the summit.

The crowd leans in, sensing a turn in the game.

Even Meilin, watching from the distance now, feels the **pressure shift** .

Evan doesn't blink.

His fingers hover over the stones — **still poised** .

🕒 12:06 PM – MOVE 35 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

CLICK.

A single black stone lands.

Not part of any formation.

Not part of any fight.

It just… lands.

Near one corner of the board —
a quiet quadrant Evan hasn't touched.

Kwon glances at it.

It's not a **weak spot** .
He doesn't have weak spots.

His entire board is locked down — fortified like a **castle** .

But that corner…
That one spot…

It's not perfect.

Not broken.

Just… slightly less solid.

99.99% secure.

And that's where Evan plays.

Not on the gap —
next to it.

Almost random.

Almost meaningless.

But not quite.

A breath passes.

Snow drifts over the summit.

Nobody speaks.

DR. KWON (inner monologue – narrowing)
That's not a threat.

It's not even close enough to damage anything.

So why play there?

His eyes flick to Evan —
stone-faced, still, unreadable.

DR. KWON (inner monologue – sharper)
Ignore it. Just ignore it.

It's nothing.

But if he builds off it later—

No.

No, it's just noise. **Right?**

But the thought is there now.

Planted.

Growing.

🕒 12:10 PM – MOVE 36 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

CLICK.

Another black stone.

Same story.

No attack.

No defense.

Not linked to anything on the board.

Just… close to the last one.

Same area.

That same corner.

Now there are two.

Two stones.

Two eyes.

Two ghosts watching from the edge.

The crowd stirs.

Mugs sit untouched, steam curling into the wind.

Meilin glances over —

Confused. Curious.

Across the board, **Kwon’s smile fades.**

His fingers hover over the white stones — **but don’t move.**

Minutes pass.

He leans in.

Back straight.

Brow creased.

Eyes calculating.

He runs simulations in his head.

Ten moves ahead.

Twenty.

Thirty.

Still… nothing.

No pattern.

No trap.

Just those **two stones — watching.**

DR. KWON *(inner monologue – tight, surgical)*

Still not a threat.
Still not connected to anything.
But now there are two.
Two that don't belong.

Two that just sit there — like they know something I don't.

He studies Evan again.

Still calm.

Still silent.

Still smiling… just a little.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue – tightening)*

If I respond, I give him control.
If I ignore it, I give him mystery.
Either way… he wins something.

(He blinks once.
A bead of sweat rolls down his temple.)

Then—

DR. KWON
(quietly, to himself)
Ignore it.

He places a white stone in the far corner.

Clean. Safe. Mechanical.

A textbook defensive move.

But his eyes drift back…

twice now.

🕒 12:13 PM – **MOVE 37** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

The wind howls.

Clouds twist above — **a slow, circling sky.**

The board seems to breathe between them.

Stones frozen like soldiers before a war.

Evan leans in — silent, surgical.

He picks up a black stone.

And **smiles.**

Not smug.

Not cocky.

Cold. Crooked. Calculated.

The smile of someone who knows a secret no one else can see.

CLICK.

The sound cracks like a bullet through glass.

A black stone drops — **not random. Not vague.**

Precise. Predatory. Final.

It lands in the same area as the two earlier stones.

But this one?

This one is a knife.

A full invasion.

Silence.

Meilin’s eyes widen.

Someone in the crowd exhales — **sharp and loud.**

A ripple moves through the air.

Across the board — **Dr. Kwon stares at the move.**

It's not a distraction.

It's not a bluff.

It's war.

His pupils shrink.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue)*

So that's what this is…
Kill or be killed.
You want blood, Evan?

(beat)

Fine.

He locks his hands together.

Leans in.

Calculating.

His eyes flick to those two earlier black stones —

the ones he dismissed.

The ones he thought meant nothing.

Now he sees them.

They weren’t noise.

They were warnings.

Ghosts.

Traps waiting to be sprung.

He scans the board —

all the possible outcomes, the chain reactions, the traps within traps.

Every line of attack.

CLICK.

Move 38 — defensive.

But not confident.

More time passes.

CLICK.

Move 39 — Evan responds.

Sharp. Clean. No wasted motion.

CLICK.

Move 40 — Kwon pushes back.

Trying to lock down the damage.

Trying to close the wound.

🕒 12:18 PM – **MOVE 41** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

Kwon freezes.

His eyes widen.

Breath stalls in his chest.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue)*

I see it.
Oh… fuck me. I see it now.
He laid the fuse twelve moves ago.
This isn't just an attack —
It's all connected.
I'm holding a bomb…
and I didn't even smell the smoke.

He sets his next stone.

Slower now.

Careful.

Almost with respect.

Because now he knows:

Evan isn't just talented.

He’s dangerous.

🕒 12:29 PM – **MOVE 42** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

Kwon shifts his focus.

He stops trying to strike back.

Now… he fortifies.

No bold moves. No flashy counters.

Just **cold, calculated defense.**

He plugs holes.

Strengthens weak lines.

Closes exits.

Every move now is a patch — sealing off the wound Evan tried to open.

He’s thinking ahead — three steps, five, ten.

Building a wall before the fire spreads.

The board slows.

The pace changes.

No more explosions — just **quiet, methodical repair.**

The crowd leans in.

Everyone feels it.

The match is tightening like a noose.

🕒 12:31 PM – **MOVE 47** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

The wind hisses through the cliffs.

Snow dances across stone.

The board doesn't move.

It waits.

The stones are frozen in place, as if afraid to breathe.

Kwon stares at the grid — his voice **razor-sharp** inside his skull.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue)*

You thought I wouldn't see it, didn't you?
Move 35. Then 36. Quiet little placements… right near your planned attack.
Then you struck at 37 — sudden, surgical.
But it wasn't random. It was all connected.

He narrows his eyes.

Evan sits there — head lowered, motionless.

Silent.

Losing ground.

DR. KWON *(softly, to himself)*

You lit the fuse…
and thought I'd never find the match.

CLICK.

Move 47 — Kwon hits back.

Not a block.

A precision counter.

The stone slices through Evan's formation — **like snapping a spinal cord.**

The board shifts.

The rhythm turns.

The hunter and hunted have switched places.

🕒 12:36 PM – **MOVE 54** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT –

MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

The wind cuts colder.

Clouds spiral overhead.

A bead of sweat trembles on Kwon’s brow.

Evan has been retreating.

Quietly.

Consistently.

From Move 47 to now — he’s been **giving up ground, stone by stone.**

He’s not fighting anymore.

He’s defending.

Backing away.

Bleeding out.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue)*

You're fading. You're broken.
You stopped moving at 54 — because you've got nothing left.

🕒 12:36 PM – **MOVE 56** – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

And then — Evan halts.

Kwon sees it — a faint crack in Evan's position.

Barely visible.

But it's there.

Small. Weak. Tempting.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue – leaning in)*

This is it.
I press now — crush the ribs, split the spine. End this.

CLICK.

He strikes again —
sharp, fast, relentless.

Stones slice into Evan's territory —
like a scalpel through soft tissue.

He doesn't glance at Evan.
Doesn't need to.
He's already buried him.

🕓 MOVE 62 – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – MOUNTAIN PEAK – GO GAME

Dr. Kwon leans in —
eyes locked on the board.
Breath shallow.

He's gone deep —
his last few moves have **sliced into Evan's territory.**

One more push, and it's over.

But then…

Something's off.

The stones don't make sense.
A shape he didn't expect.
A rhythm he didn't plan.

His eyes scan the board again —
Move 59… 60…

61…

And then—
62.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue – heart freezing)*
Wait…

His eyes race across the grid.
Left to right.
Top to bottom.
Back again.

—no, no no no—

KWON'S HEART RATE:
→ 93 → 108 → 126 → 143 → **156.**

He stares in horror.

His entire formation —

everything he just built — dead.

He looks up.

Evan is smiling.

That cold, crooked smile.

The one you wear **after the body stops twitching.**

The smile of someone who **already knows the ending.**

Evan lifts his right hand.
Slowly. Calmly.

Turns it over.

Forms a fist.

KWON *(barely a whisper)*

“No…”

BOOM.

Evan slams his fist onto the board —
like a judge dropping the gavel.

The board rattles.
The stones tremble.

The wind seems to pause.

DR. KWON *(inner monologue — breathless)*
He doesn’t need to count the score.
He doesn’t need to place another stone.

It’s done.

He’s already lost.
Everything.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – WAR ROOM – DAY 5

Fluorescent lights hum overhead.
Rain smears the windows **like greasy fingerprints.**

Stacks of files.
Caffeine.
Sweat.
Frustration.

JAMES *(Assistant Director, 50s)*
Red-faced. Fuming.

Paces in front of a whiteboard cluttered with photos of victims, timelines, maps — and one eerie **SKETCH** in the center.

JAMES *(slamming his palm on the table)*
Day five. **Five!**
The sketch is everywhere — national outlets, Twitter, goddamn YouTube thumbnails — and we haven't gotten one single call.

What the hell are you all doing?!

MOSS, SAUL, KELLER, GUSTAVO
All silent.
Tense.

JAMES *(voice rising)*
Four victims. The press is circling like vultures.

I've got senators asking why the FBI can't track a freak **with a carving fetish.**

If we don't make progress now, **the next body's on us.**

He glares at Moss —
eyes burning.

JAMES
You vouched for some Evan Drael.
You let him walk.

You said you'd monitor him.

Now he's out there and you don't even know **where the fuck he is?!**

Moss opens his mouth — says nothing.

JAMES
I want results.

Not theory.
Not character profiles.

Results.

He storms out, slamming the door behind him.

Silence.

Keller steps forward — calm and direct.
She drops a folder on the table.

KELLER
Evan's alibi for the third murder checks out.

MOSS
Where was he?

KELLER
On a subway train.
He boarded two hours before the victim died.

Impossible to kill and be on that train at the same time.

No one speaks.

KELLER
And Ray called.
Said he's sick. Won't be back for another week.

Gustavo sighs.
Saul runs a hand down his face.

KELLER
The blood sample?

Contaminated — mixed with mud, rainwater.

No usable DNA profile.

MOSS *(deflated)*
So we're blind again.

KELLER
Not exactly.

We can match it — if we get a suspect.

Take their blood, run a direct comparison.

If it matches...
We'll know.

We'll know it's him.

Everyone looks at Moss.

He doesn't move.

Just stares at the sketch.

The eyes.
The faint smirk.

The devil they almost caught.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – NIGHT – MOMENTS AFTER JAMES LEAVES

The room is heavy.
Tension like a noose around everyone's necks.

Agents begin to gather their things in silence.

MOSS *(sternly)*
Hold up.

Everyone stops.
Turns.

MOSS
Keep your damn chins up.

You walk out of here looking defeated, you kill morale.
You kill morale, people stop thinking.
They get sloppy.

That's what the killer wants.

(pause)

So I want heads high.
You understand?

Walk out like we're one move from catching the son of a bitch.

Everyone nods.
Muted.

MOSS
Now get out of here.
Close my door behind you.

And nobody — I mean **nobody** — disturbs me.

They leave.
The door clicks shut.

Silence.

Moss stares at the files.

Then — without warning — **he explodes.**

MOSS *(lunges up)*

BAM!!!

Files fly across the room —
paper fluttering like dead birds.

THUD!

He punches the wall — full force —
again and again.

MOSS *(teeth clenched, animal rage)*
FUCK!!!

He paces like a caged dog,
growling under his breath,
veins popping in his forehead.

He grabs a mug —
hurls it at the window.

Glass spiders —
doesn't shatter.

He breathes.

Then —

PPPPT.

His phone buzzes.

He looks at it.
Clears his throat.
Answers.

MOSS *(picks up, voice tired)*
Yeah?

WIFE (O.S.)
Oh honey, where are you? Why aren't you home yet?

MOSS
I—

WIFE (O.S.)
Don't forget to bring meat tonight.
My mom's coming again.
Five days, remember?

Where are you right now?

(pause)

MOSS *(eye twitching, breath sharpening)*

Silence.

Then—

MOSS *(voice rising)*
I WAS FUCKING YOUR MAMA'S MAMA AND HER BITCH, YOU PIECE OF FUCK—!!!

He **SCREAMS** , full volume,
absolutely losing it—

MOSS
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!

He throws the phone.
It hits the wall.
It survives.

Silence.

He stands there.
Breathing hard.

Bleeding slightly from the knuckles.

He looks at the floor —
paper, broken pens, shattered coffee pot.

CHAPTER 10

🕒 **EVAN – MOVE 3**
(inner monologue)

I'll mirror you.

I know you like aggressive players. **Blood dragons.** You want a brawl.

But I'll play like a corpse — **cold, silent, rotting in symmetry.**

At first, you'll think I'm scared of you.

Then… you'll accept that I'm good, when you see the mirroring isn't random.

It's control.

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 34 – INNER MONOLOGUE

Okay... I can't mirror you any further.

You're too damn good.

Even with perfect symmetry, you've started to **strangle me — slow, clean, silent.**

If this continues, I lose.
Head-to-head, tactic for tactic — **I lose.**

You've studied more than **500 variations.**
You calculate **five, six moves ahead** before your hand even touches a stone.

You are a **literal machine.**

And that's exactly why **I'll beat you.**

I'm not going to fight you.
I'm going to let you **fight yourself.**

Your memory.
Your hunger for perfection.
Your addiction to control — I'll turn it inward.

Let your own brilliance blind you.
Let your calculation bury you.
Let you die by the very logic that made you **flawless.**

Time to let the machine eat its own core.

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 36 – INNER MONOLOGUE

Now comes the Ghost Signal.

I'm going to place a move here — random, pointless, **two times in a row** — right near the zone I plan to attack.

To anyone else, they're **junk stones.** Useless.
But to you?

You'll notice.

Not right away — but soon.

Because I've already proven I can play.

So now **every stone** I place must mean something, right?

You'll start calculating why I did it.

First, you'll shrug it off.
"Maybe he's nervous."

Then later, at **Move 37** — when I launch the full-scale assault — you'll remember this **weird shape** I left behind.

You'll start to wonder...

Was that a setup?

And then the trap springs — not because of my attack — but because your brain **can't ignore** the possibility that there was meaning.

You'll connect dots that were never meant to connect.

And that alone will be enough to **beat you.**

Your **genius... is my weapon now.**

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 37 – INNER MONOLOGUE

Now.

First move — **ghost.**
Second move — **ghost.**
Nothing but **static in the fog.**

And now...
Third move — **fire.**

CLICK.

He drops the stone — fast, loud, merciless — **right between the two ghost stones.**

You didn't expect this, did you, **Kwon?**

You thought I was still in retreat.
You thought I was absorbing.
Hiding.
Waiting.

But I just **flipped the entire game** on its head — in one move.

A full-force, all-out, **unpredictable assault** — launched

right in the middle of noise you discarded.

That smile on your face? **It's gone now.**

Because you just realized — **I'm not reacting anymore.**

I'm controlling everything — **even your confusion.**

Let's see how well your **machine-brain** handles **shock.**

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 42 – INNER MONOLOGUE

Boom.

It worked.

You're defending now — **for an attack that doesn't even exist.**

You've taken the bait.
You saw the two ghost signals.
You connected them to my assault — and now you're **building your walls in the wrong direction.**

But the real strike?
That's not coming here.
Not yet.

You're defending a **ghost, Kwon.**
A shadow I painted just for you.

And this... this false defense you're building?

It's going to **twist your shape.**
Create **tiny fractures.**
Openings you won't see until I'm already inside.

You think you know what I'm planning.
But the truth is — **you don't.**

You've never known.

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 52 – INNER MONOLOGUE

Alright... this is it.

The decisive moment.

Kwon is still defending — for an attack that only exists **in his own mind.**

Two ghost signals.
A single real strike.

And now they're all connected — not on the board, but **in him.**
In that **machine-brain.**

I see the weak spot now — it's right there, open.
If I shift, cut, and start strangling him now?

It might work.

But... **nah.**

(leans back slightly)

That kind of aggression might work against a **human.**
But he's **not human.**

He's a **machine.**
Hyper-disciplined.

If I overplay, he'll survive, hold, and **crush me in the endgame.**

I've seen it happen — **dozens of times.**

So there's only one choice left:

I wait.

I wait for him to counterattack — and when he does, **I**

retreat.

Fast. Passive. **Signal weakness.**

He captures.
I retreat more.
Show him **I'm scared.**

But only to a point.

🕒 EVAN – MOVE 52 – INNER MONOLOGUE

At the exact boundary — **where my trap is set — I halt.**

I defend. **Strong. Clean. Cold.**

And in that moment of **shifting pressure** — when momentum clouds his judgment — **if he lunges at the trap area...**

Game over.

That's when I hit.
Not where he expects — but at the **weak area he left behind** while defending a fantasy.

And when I cut him — when I **split him in two** — that's

it.

Standard play takes over.
He'll bleed slowly.
No way back.

But... **if he doesn't take the bait?**

If he pauses?
Calculates?
Sniffs the trap?

Then I strike anyway — at the **real weak point** , created by his phantom defense.

And when that starts to fail... **I resign.**
Save some face.
Walk out with my spine intact.

(pause)

Let's do it.
All or nothing.

CLICK.

Move 52 hits the board — quiet. Controlled. **A whisper before a war.**

🕒 EVAN – TRAP SPRUNG – INNER MONOLOGUE

Hah—

You did it.
You fucking did it.

You carried out the attack on the trap area — out of pure momentum.
Out of arrogance.
Out of that **cold engine** inside you that couldn't stop itself.

HAH! I got you, sucker!
You're going to lose!
You're REALLY going to lose!!!

I set this goddamn graveyard with ghost signals, fed you fantasy, played dead — and **YOU CHARGED INTO IT LIKE A MACHINE WITHOUT BRAKES!!**

AHHHHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!

I'LL DEFEAT YOU!!!

No comebacks. No endgame recovery.
I'm going to snap you in half like dry bamboo — **right here, right now, on this mountaintop, under this sky!**

Let’s go, you beautiful stupid machine — **THIS IS MY BOARD NOW!!!**

🕒 MOVE 89 – FINAL MOVE – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT – GO GAME ENDS

CLICK.

[INTENSE HALLUCINATORY OUTBURST – But Not Yet Revealed]

Cameras clicking.
Murmurs rising.
The mountaintop **shivering with whispers.**

SPECTATOR 1
"Kwon just lost..."

SPECTATOR 2
"By a huge margin..."

SPECTATOR 3
"Who the hell is that guy?"

Kwon stares at the board.
Frozen.

Sweat beads down his temple.
Color gone from his face.

EVAN *(rising from his chair, eyes blazing)*

Hahahahaha—
YOU LOST.

By a landslide, you overclocked robot.

I beat your ass so hard you're gonna need **software updates.**

All those years studying, memorizing joseki, simulating human behavior like some **Lee Chang-ho v2 bullshit** — And I just tore it all down with **two ghost stones and a smile.**

SUCK ON MY DICK, KWON!!!

So much for *"child prodigy."*
So much for *"machine logic."*

Go run back to mommy and cry into your textbooks, sucker!

HAHAHAHAHA—!!!

[SUDDEN SNAP — REALITY RETURNS]

Silence.

Evan is still in his seat.
Calm. Straight-faced.

He quietly stands.
Straightens his collar.
Walks to the board with quiet precision.

He extends his hand — **clean, professional.**

EVAN *(out loud, composed)*
"Decent game. I enjoyed it."

Kwon, stunned, manages to lift his hand for the shake.
No words.
No fight left.

Evan nods politely and walks away.

[Jain approaches.]

EVAN *(leans in, whispering in her ear)*
"Poor guy... he'll be alone in bed tonight... hugging a pillow... crying his eyes out."

He laughs — quietly.
Just for himself.

IN FLIGHT – TWO HELICOPTERS – EVENING SKY OVER BLACKTOOTH

Rotor blades scream above.

Inside, twenty-four agents, reporters, analysts, and operatives sit strapped in — eyes locked on the same man.

EVAN.

The Go board is packed away, but its **ghost** still lingers in everyone's mind.

Whispers cut through the noise:

"You see Kwon's face?"
"What did he do?"
"Explain it. Come on."

A Japanese reporter leans forward, voice half awe, half desperation:

JAPANESE REPORTER
"I'm with NHK.
Please — just tell us how you did it.
That was the biggest upset since Lee Sedol's retirement."

A long silence.
Evan finally exhales.

He doesn't look up.
Doesn't smile.

He just speaks — calm, cold — **like explaining how to tie a shoelace.**

EVAN
"Alright."

(pause — his eyes fixed on the darkening horizon)
(pauses, calculating)

First, I used the **mirror approach.**

I knew Kwon liked aggressive players — **blood dragons.** He wanted a brawl.

So I gave him **nothing.**

I mirrored every move.
Not perfectly — just enough to make him think **I knew what I was doing.**

In reality, I was buying time.

I knew eventually the symmetry would collapse — and when it did, **I'd need something lethal.**

So I used what I call the **Ghost Signal.**

Two stones.

Placed near the area I might attack.

Not in any useful position.
Just… **off by a fraction.**

To anyone else, they'd look **random.**

But not to him.

He's **too good.**
Too disciplined.
Too addicted to **finding meaning** in every move.

He noticed the ghost signals — not consciously at first.
But they **started whispering** to him.

Then — on the third move — I launched a **full-scale assault.**
Total aggression.
No buildup. No pattern. **Just fire.**

It shocked him.

And under that shock, he made the connection:
"Ah, those two stones — that was the setup!"

He started defending that area.

But that wasn't my plan at all.
I'd **never planned** to attack there.

By defending ghosts, he left his **real territory** vulnerable.

Now — I could've struck right then.
But I knew it **wasn't enough.**
Not against him.

So instead, I set a **trap.**

I waited.
I let him counterattack.

And the moment he did — **I retreated.**
Fast. Passive.
Played scared.

He captured some territory — thought he was in control.

Then I halted.
Right at the edge.
Right where the **trap was set.**

And under the pressure — the momentum — **he lunged.**
Didn't even realize it was bait.

That's when I cut.
Split his formation in two.

From there… just **standard play.**
He bled slowly.

And he knew — **no way out.**

(pauses)

I didn't beat him at **Go.**
I beat his **brain.**

I watched over a hundred of his games before this.
I knew his **patterns.**

I knew that if I could shift the game from him playing Go **against me**
To him playing Go **against something that only existed in his own mind** —
I had a chance.

And that's what I did.

Mirroring.
Two ghost signals to follow.
Sudden attack.
Retreat.
Trap.

He was fighting **ghosts.**
I was just watching him **fall.**

In Go — **doubt kills.**

FBI FIELD OFFICE – WAR ROOM – NIGHT

Moss still stands amidst the wreckage.
Papers everywhere.
His breathing finally starts to steady.

Then—

CRASH!!!

The door bursts open.

KELLER storms in — eyes wide, flushed with urgency.
GUSTAVO behind her, panting from the sprint.

GUSTAVO *(breathless, voice trembling)*
Sir—
It's a miracle.

MOSS *(spins around, eyes bloodshot)*
What?

GUSTAVO
A victim.
Fog Killer.
Thirteen years ago—

Female. She was in a coma.
Critical condition.
Presumed permanent damage.

KELLER *(steps in, calm but shaken)*
She woke up.
Today.

Full cognitive recovery.
She's lucid.
Terrified — but aware.
She remembers everything, Moss.

GUSTAVO
Sir — a sketch artist is on the way.
ETA under an hour.
This time, we'll have the bastard's face. **For real.**

KELLER
She's already giving details — precise ones.
Face shape. Hairline.
She says **she'll never forget his eyes.**

Keller and Gustavo still stand there, hearts pounding from the miracle news.

Moss doesn't move.
His eyes are fixed on the **old sketch.**

Then—

FBI FIELD OFFICE – WAR ROOM – NIGHT

The tension is still thick in the air — the TV just went black.

Keller, Gustavo, and Moss stand in silence.
Papers still scattered from the earlier eruption.

Then—

DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

SAUL rushes in — pale, sweating, shaken like he's seen death itself.

SAUL *(shouting)*
SIR!!

Moss turns, startled.

MOSS
What is it?

SAUL *(panting, voice cracking)*
Detective Ray never left America.

He's not in Australia —
He's here.
In the States.

MOSS *(jaw tightens, stunned)*
What...?!

GUSTAVO *(stepping forward defensively)*
Hey, what the hell are you accusing him of?

SAUL *(breathless, desperate)*
Sir — I was just double-checking background reports — timelines, flights, anything linked to Evan.

And then I saw it:
The day Ray supposedly left for Australia...
There were no flights.
All departures were grounded due to torrential storms.

Departures from Dulles, JFK, or LAX.
I verified with **aviation logs.**
There was **no way** he flew out.

MOSS *(dead quiet)*
... **Keep talking.**

SAUL
So I got curious.
I pulled the **phone records** —

Remember that call Ray made to **Keller** ?
Said he'd need **more time** ?

He said he was calling from *"a village near Melbourne"* ?

KELLER *(nodding)*
Yeah — his voice was breaking up.
It sounded **remote.**

SAUL
Sir.
That call was placed from a **phone booth.**
One kilometer from this building.

(Silence hits like a slap.)

GUSTAVO *(softly)*
Jesus...

KELLER
He **faked** the whole thing.

SAUL
Location ping was exact.
Ray's voice — his excuse — **all a performance.**

MOSS *(eyes burning, stepping forward)*
It all fits now.

(His voice hardens, turning cold and thunderous.)

MOSS
His sister died right in the middle of the investigation —
The perfect reason to vanish.

How **fucking convenient.**

And we let him.

The Fog Killer slipping through our fingers — **again and again** —
Because the man helping us hunt him...
was never gone.

(He looks at the sketch on the board. Then to the second sketch. His voice drops to a near growl.)

MOSS
It's Ray.
Or **Ray and Evan** — together.
A two-headed **snake.**

(His fists clench. Then he turns fast, all command now.)

MOSS
Bring me **four fresh tactical units.**
Two helicopters.
I want thermal. Night gear.

We're going on a **goddamn Ray Hunt.**

(Beat.)

MOSS
And I want him **alive.**

You hear me?
Alive.

(He stares ahead, cold fire in his eyes.)

MOSS
I want to look that bastard in the face when I ask him one question—

(He walks past the team. Stops. Turns slowly.)

MOSS
Why?

LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

City lights bleed in through **floor-to-ceiling glass walls** , casting reflections across the immaculate black floors.

ON TV – LIVE NEWS BROADCAST – ASIAN NETWORK FEED

Muted news footage from **Blacktooth Summit** plays.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

"Earlier today, history was made atop Blacktooth Summit, where former unknown Evan Drael shocked the international Go community by defeating South Korea's Dr. Kwon — dubbed the 'second coming of Lee Chang-ho' — in a brutal, psychological masterpiece."

Cut to game footage:
Evan — **composed, distant.**
Kwon — pale, hands trembling.
The board — **shattered.**

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"Evan employed what he called the Ghost Signal — a three-move psychological trap: two seemingly meaningless stones placed near a threat zone, followed by a sudden, unorthodox assault.
The brilliance lay not in the pattern — but in forcing a master to over-defend an illusion."

JAPANESE COMMENTATOR (SUBTITLED)
*"It was surgical.
Insane.
Beautiful.

He turned the board into a **mirror maze** — and Kwon got lost inside it."*

INT. PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

Evan sits on a designer couch — **alone.**
TV light flickers across his face.

He clicks the remote.
Silence returns.

He stands.
Sleeveless black shirt.
Bare feet.

Moves toward the massive glass wall — the whole city **glowing below him.**

He gazes down, expression unreadable.

Then —

KNOCK. KNOCK.

He turns.

DOOR OPENS: MEILIN
Soaked from rain.
Hair clinging to her face.

Silent.

Evan stares. Doesn't speak.

She steps forward. **Hugs him.**

(Beat. He doesn't move. Doesn't hug back.)

She steps inside anyway.
The door **hisses shut.**

She looks around.

MEILIN *(quiet, stunned)*
This place…
How the hell can you even afford it?

EVAN
Let's just say I got in on a **project.**

MEILIN
What project?

EVAN
You'll have to **wait** to find that out.

(Beat. She inches closer.)

MEILIN

Evan…
I'm sorry. About that day.

EVAN *(sighs, gestures)*
Come. Let's talk.

They sit at a sleek glass table.
Two chairs.
Two cups of tea.
Steam curls between them.

EVAN
You spied on me.

MEILIN *(quiet)*
I thought—

EVAN
I think we need a **break.**

(Silence.)

MEILIN
What?

EVAN
Two, maybe three months.
Just time apart.
It'll be better for us.

MEILIN
You still have that woman's kiss mark on your neck.
And you say this with **no shame** ?

EVAN
Meilin, you nearly gave me a **heart attack** that day.
You shattered something.

MEILIN *(snarling)*
I know your heart.
It could've taken it.

EVAN
Maybe.
But I don't want to test it **again.**

(He stands. Calm. Final.)

EVAN
I need air.

He walks back to the glass wall.
The city sprawls below like a **digital organism.**

Behind him — silence.
Meilin stares at his back, shaking.

FBI FIELD OFFICE – NIGHT – ESTABLISHING

Two **BLACK HELICOPTERS** roar overhead, searchlights sweeping across the **dense woods** below.

Floodlights blaze across a sprawling command post: **satellite trucks** , **armored SUVs** , **FBI tents** , and **tactical teams assembling** .

Over **120 PERSONNEL** prepare for a **statewide manhunt** .

INT. COMMAND TENT – NIGHT

Maps.
Live drone feeds.
Radio chatter.

MOSS stands at the center — jacket off, sleeves rolled, **eyes burning** .

At his side: **GUSTAVO** , calm but tense.

MOSS
We need to find Ray. Fast.
If he's an accomplice to the Fog Killer — he could already be **marked for death** .
And that killer? **He doesn't leave loose ends** .

GUSTAVO *(low)*
Sir… do you think it's both **Evan and Ray** ?

(Beat. Moss doesn't answer. Eyes still locked on the board.)

KELLER enters — sweaty, frustrated.

KELLER
Sir — we've got a problem.
A lot of local PD aren't cooperating.
They think this whole "Ray's a suspect" angle is **bullshit** .

MOSS *(firm)*
Who's not cooperating?

KELLER *(listing off)*
Seattle South precinct.
Some of the state troopers.
Couple sheriffs too.

MOSS

Leave them.
Take only the ones willing to **hunt evil** .
The rest can sit in the dark and **pray they're right** .

(Gustavo nods, starts making calls.)

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD – NIGHT

The rotors spin.
Tactical teams load in.

Aerial drones launch from the ridge.

MOSS (V.O.)
Ray's smart. Trained. He knows how to vanish.
But this time...
We're not playing **catch-up** .

The choppers lift.
The ground teams roll out.

OPERATION OBJECTIVE: *CAPTURE RAY DRAEL*

LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

Evan stands at the glass wall — arms crossed, backlit by the glittering skyline.

Behind him—
A soft, stifled sob.

He turns.

Meilin.
Tears shimmer in her eyes now — **real ones** .
Her jaw clenched.
Breathing uneven.

Evan's expression softens.
He walks over, slow, measured.
Picks up a tissue from the counter — holds it out.

She doesn't take it.

EVAN *(quietly)*
This isn't a breakup.
Just a reset. Three months.
That's all I'm asking.

MEILIN *(firm, voice shaking with rage)*
You only want that so you can **do her** .

(Evan flinches. Silence stretches.)

MEILIN (CONT'D)
Tell me.
Who is she?

(She steps closer now — her voice breaking, but her stare sharp as glass.)

MEILIN (CONT'D)
Tell me how you know her.
Tell me **everything** .

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS – NIGHT – MONTAGE

1. RAY'S HOUSE – SEATTLE SUBURBS
Doors **BLAST OPEN** — flashbangs inside — armed agents storm in.
Empty.

2. RAY'S BROTHER'S HOUSE – TACOMA
SWAT teams swarm the perimeter.
Back door kicked in.
Nothing. Just a flickering lamp and **old photos** on the wall.

3. A REMOTE MOUNTAIN CABIN – OLYMPIC FOREST
Infrared drones overhead.
Boots crunch on gravel.
Guns raised.

CLEAR.

INT. COMMAND TRUCK – MOBILE HQ – NIGHT

Monitors flicker.
Maps.
Live feeds from three **failed sites** .

MOSS stands at the center — fury barely contained.
GUSTAVO , **KELLER** , **SAUL** nearby — exhausted, confused, tight-jawed.

MOSS *(shouting)*
Where the fuck is he?!

KELLER
He wiped his trail, sir. Every signal cold.
Even the rental cabin had **fake plates** .

GUSTAVO
We checked his financials, his brother's bank activity, old phone logs —
everything's clean.
Too clean.

SAUL
Maybe he's dead.

MOSS
No. He’s not dead.

(Beat. Moss slams the table.)

MOSS
He’s hiding. On purpose. Which means—
Either he’s innocent.
Or he knows who the killer is and he’s **scared** .

(Just then — the flap of the command tent opens.)

AGENT DREW *(30s)* rushes in — breathless, holding a tablet.

AGENT DREW
Sir.

MOSS
What is it?

AGENT DREW
I found him.

MOSS *(steps forward)*
Talk.

AGENT DREW
We reran all drone telemetry through our predictive A.I. Cross-referenced terrain familiarity, gas station footage, facial heatmap masking, plus biometric gait scans from old army files.

(He taps the screen — zooms in.)

AGENT DREW (CONT'D)
This is it.
An abandoned ranger station — North Cascades.
No phone signal. Off-grid.
But he's there.
Right now.

(Beat. Everyone freezes.)

GUSTAVO
How sure are we?

AGENT DREW
Ninety-three percent.
And climbing.

(Beat.)

MOSS *(quiet, cold)*
Mount up.

KELLER *(full adrenaline)*

We're raiding?

MOSS
We're capturing.
No chances. No warnings.
We go in clean — and we bring him in **alive** .

EXT. AIRFIELD – NIGHT

Two **BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS** prep for takeoff — blades spinning like war drums.

Tactical teams board.
Flashlights.
Drones.
Rifles.

Moss tightens his vest. Steps inside.

MOSS (V.O.)
Ray… wherever you are...
This ends tonight.

HELICOPTERS ROAR into the sky.

LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

The city lights flicker behind them — distant, indifferent.

Meilin stands rigid — tears sliding down her cheeks now.

EVAN *(slowly)*
She and I are **childhood friends** .
We met when we were eight.

(A long pause. Evan looks away.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
That's all.
I don't think you need to know the rest.

Meilin's voice trembles — desperate, breaking.

MEILIN
Please… Evan. Just tell me.

(He doesn't respond. Silence thickens.)

EVAN (CONT'D) *(soft, warning)*
You sure?
Don't say I didn't warn you later…

(Still silence.)

Then — **she snaps** .

MEILIN (CONT'D) *(shouts)*
TELL ME, DAMN IT!!

(Evan flinches — finally meets her eyes.)

A long, dark pause.

Then — he exhales.
Voice low.
Almost a whisper.

EVAN
Okay.
Here it goes…

CHAPTER 11

NORTH CASCADES – NIGHT

Two **BLACK HAWK HELICOPTERS** cut through the sky

— thunder in the dark.

They descend like vultures, rotor blades slicing the mist.

Ground lights flicker below: **Ray Drael's house** — isolated, two stories, old wood, overgrown garden, shadows curled around its edges.

INT. HELICOPTER 1 – NIGHT

MOSS sits strapped in, helmet off, jaw clenched.

Beside him: **KELLER** and **SAUL** — armored, rifles ready.

SAUL *(shouting over the rotors)*
Sir — just received the report.
The sketch artist has initiated the drawing.
The surviving victim from thirteen years ago is fully lucid — she's describing everything in detail.

We match that with Ray — and that's it. Everything adds up. Case closed.

MOSS *(low, flat — eyes locked on the shadowy house below)*
Let's bring him in.

(The pilot's voice crackles through comms:)

PILOT (V.O.)
"ETA thirty seconds. Landing behind target structure."

Moss stares ahead, eyes burning.

MOSS *(grim)*
No wonder you couldn't catch the Fog Killer, Ray.
It was you... the whole damn time.

Keller watches him, quiet.
Saul tightens his grip on the rifle.

MOSS (CONT'D)
Everything adds up now.
Dr. Sheinberg was right.
(scoffs)
Should've never trusted you.

(He leans forward, addressing the full cabin.)

MOSS (CONT'D)
Listen up! I want Ray Drael alive.
No crossfire unless you're fired upon.
We are not lighting this house up like Waco.

SAUL *(quietly)*
Understood.

(The helicopter touches down.)

Doors burst open.
Tactical boots hit gravel.
The team fans out — guns raised, lasers slicing through the dark.

INT. HELICOPTER 2 – NIGHT

Inside: **GUSTAVO** — face like stone.

Across from him, **DREW** taps into a live drone feed on his tablet.

GUSTAVO *(sharp)*
You still confident he's inside?

DREW
Ninety-six percent now. Thermal is faint — but it's human.
He's alone.

GUSTAVO
Good.

PILOT (V.O.)

“Touchdown in ten.”

EXT. RAY’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Both teams merge silently, flanking the structure.

Moss signals. Tactical agents raise shields. Flashbangs prepped.

MOSS *(to all)*
Final warning. No gun battles.
We breach, isolate, subdue.
This bastard plays mind games — do not let him start one.

Keller nods.
Gustavo watches the windows, tense.

MOSS (CONT'D)
On my mark.
(beat)
MOSS *(shouts)*
FBI!
FBI!
OPEN THE DOOR NOW!
(beat)
MOSS *(to team)*
Go.

BAM!! — The front door is smashed open.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE – ENTRYWAY – NIGHT

Agents pour in, shouting:

AGENTS
FBI!! HANDS IN THE AIR!
CLEAR THE CORNERS!
SHOW YOUR HANDS!

Flashlights sweep across an eerily tidy home.

Old leather couch.
Family photos.
Empty whiskey glass on the table.

Gustavo signals to **Drew** .

GUSTAVO
Check thermal.

Drew scans — heart pounding.

DREW
He's here. Upstairs. Far end room.

MOSS *(into radio)*
Upper floor. East hall. Go.

Boots storm the staircase.

INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

The skyline burns orange behind glass.

Meilin sits in silence — legs crossed, perfectly still.

Evan stands across from her, glassy-eyed — voice low, like someone confessing a dream that's rotted from the inside.

EVAN
Lina and I got together when we were twenty.
Back then, sex wasn't affection.
It was survival.
Twice a day, minimum.
We treated climax like oxygen — not luxury, but survival…

(He smirks — bitter, half-dead.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
It wasn't love at first sight. It was obsession.
We didn't say *I love you* .

We said *harder* , *faster* , *again* .

For a year, it was perfect.
Then everything... stopped.

(He swirls his wine — but doesn't drink it. Doesn't dare.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Then one night, Lina shows up at my apartment — trembling, like she'd just walked out of a car crash.
Says she went home for a charger. Opened the wrong door.
And there was her mother — naked, on her knees — tongue deep in the neighbor's wife, moaning like it was some sick opera.

(He pauses — eyes narrowing, voice colder.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Kitchen tiles. Legs spread. Afternoon sun turning sweat into glitter.
Nothing hidden. Nothing tender.
Just wet skin, open mouths, and sounds that don't belong in daylight.

(He glances at Meilin — flat tone, razor underneath. Pause.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I told her it was fine — that her mom was just bisexual, that it was normal, natural, human.

But something inside her cracked. Quietly.

EVAN (CONT'D)
After that… nothing.
She'd lie next to me like I was made of blades.
I'd kiss her shoulder — she'd flinch.
Try to hold her — she'd cry.
Foreplay turned into funeral silence.

(He taps the rim of the glass.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Three months. Not even a kiss.
But she started getting better. Smile came back.
And then it happened again.

(He leans back — tight jaw, distant.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
She goes to her parents' place. Opens the bathroom door.
Her dad's inside. Pants around his ankles.
Her mom's sister on her knees — eyes open, tongue out like a goddamn communion ritual.
And he's—

(He pauses — lowers his voice to a rasp.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
—he's finishing.
All over her face.

Like it was a family tradition.

Meilin says nothing. Just watches.

Evan laughs — dry, ugly.

EVAN (CONT'D)
That's not a misunderstanding.
That's not *you're overreacting, honey* .
That's trauma with a GPS coordinate.

(Beat.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
After that, she couldn't even look at me shirtless.
Summer came — I'd take my shirt off, she'd go pale.
Said it made her nauseous.
Said she didn't believe in sex anymore.
Said she was the kind of girl who "just doesn't need it."

(He scoffs — bitter.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I became radioactive.
Untouchable.
And if this were a normal relationship, I'd have ghosted her, blocked her, walked away.

(He glances at Meilin.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
But I loved her.

We were so compatible — once.
And I thought, *maybe she'd heal.*
Maybe if I stayed patient… she'd come back.

Beat.

EVAN (CONT'D)
So one night, we're alone. My place.
I play an **Asian erotic movie** on TV — slow burn, tasteful, hardcore.
She relaxes. So I take my chance.
Slide close. Touch her. Kiss her neck.

He swallows hard. Shame creeps in.

EVAN (CONT'D)
She freezes.
I press anyway — gentle, slow, hopeful.
I thought maybe… hands-on therapy.

But she snapped.
Bit my lip hard. **Drew blood** — *lots of blood.*

Pause.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Then she started apologizing.
Over and over.
Like it was her fault I still wanted her.
Like I was punishing her with affection.

He looks down at his hands.

EVAN (CONT'D)
After that… six more months.
No sex.
Just long conversations in public spaces where I couldn't touch her without scaring her.
It was like dating a ghost.

Long silence.

EVAN
Well, Meilin…
Then it happened.

MEILIN
What happened?

Evan sets the wine down. His voice lowers — not softer — darker now, threaded with something raw.

EVAN
When I was eight, there was this woman who worked at the library.
Her name was **Sarah** .

I never knew much about her — just that she had this quiet kind of grace.
I'd go there after school, pretending to browse, but really I was watching her.

She didn't know. She had no idea.
No words were exchanged. No contact at all.
Just me, a kid with a crush too innocent to understand.

(beat)

I didn't know what those feelings were.
Just that every time she walked by, the air shifted.
Her voice, the way she smiled at the books, the click of her heels on the floor —
I built a whole world around her, where it was just me and her,
and nothing else mattered.

(beat)

Years passed. No contact.
But those memories stuck.
Like a secret song I couldn't forget.

(quietly)
Then recently… we ran into each other again.
Not by accident, I think.

First at the mailbox.
Then in the stairwell.

Then over wine — her place, mine — it didn't matter.

She was alone.
I was more than alone.
Two quiet houses.
Two quiet people.

It felt like the universe was giving me permission.
To touch a past I never got to hold onto.

But I didn't know what she saw when she looked at me.
A man?
Or just the kid she never noticed?

So I waited.
For a signal. A glance. A pause too long.
Anything that said, **"I see you now. And I want to."**

Because the obsession never left.
Her scent still hits me like a drug.
The way she moves — slow, deliberate, heels like soft hammers on tile —
It makes me dizzy.

I'd sit across from her, pretending to listen,
while imagining her knees brushing mine,
her lips parting just slightly…

I was patient.

But every night she sat close,
every time her hand brushed mine when she poured the wine —
I started to believe maybe it wasn't just in my head.
Maybe she felt it too.

I was ready.
I'd watched every glance, every pause,
every glass of wine that turned into two.

One night, I decided.
No more waiting for signs.
I was going to make my move.

But that day…
We bumped into her friend at the supermarket.
Blonde. High heels. Fake smile.

She looked at me, then at Sarah.
"Who's he?" she asked.

Sarah said, without hesitation —
"Oh, that's my nephew."

Nephew.
Not friend.
Not neighbor.
Not just someone helping out.

Nephew.

And just like that —
Everything shattered.
All the heat, all the charged silences, the wine, the stories, the glances —
Gone.
Ash in a breath.

She didn’t even blink when she said it.
Like she’d rehearsed it.
Like it was easier to rewrite me into something safe than face whatever was happening between us.

In her head… I was still that kid.
The boy staring from the library stacks,
dreaming of a world where it was just her and me.
To her — I never grew up.

For a while, I hated her for that.
But more than anything…
I hated myself.
For believing I ever had a chance.

After that… I started to avoid her.
No waves from the balcony.
No texts returned about rain or nonsense.
No care.

Because I had no interest in chasing a woman who only saw me as family.
The fantasy was dead.

But what was left?

Her voice. Her smile. Her scent.
All of it made me feel pathetic.

She sensed it.
Of course she did.
Women like her — they know.
They can feel the shift in the air before it happens.

She asked me once, outside the elevator,
“Did I say something wrong?”

I smiled. Said,
“Don’t worry. I’m just busy these days.”
And let the doors close in her face.

But the truth?
She didn’t say something wrong.
I’d built a lie tall enough to drown in.

After that, I went back to Lina.
Still a disaster.
Worse maybe.

She preached some gospel about not needing sex —
detachment as evolution.
Meanwhile, I was starving.
Emotionally.
Physically.

Then one night it rained hard.
Sideways wind. Flooded curbs.

I got locked out. Keys left god knows where.

And who was standing under her porch light, towel in hand, calm pity in her eyes?
Sarah.

She said, **“You can wait inside.”**
I said I’d only stay a minute — someone was coming.
Lie.

The first few minutes were harmless.
Warm light. Her couch. Tea.

She was in a silk robe, fresh from a shower — hair damp, lavender thick in the air.

Then it happened.
She turned to grab something. The robe shifted.
Dim light hit her in just the right way — like a painter had been waiting for this moment.

I saw her fully.
Not naked.
But enough.

Her shape. Her skin.
Her thighs still glistening from rain or lotion or both.

And just like that —
The fantasy came roaring back, ten times louder.

And shame crept in.

I stood up. Tried to hide my erect dragon with my hand.
Mumbled something about my friend waiting.
Said I had to go.

Didn’t wait for her answer.

But that was the moment.
I bet she knew.

She saw it — in the way I left too fast, in the tension,
in the way I avoided her eyes.

She knew I wanted her.

After that, she started avoiding me too.
No waves. No shared glances.
Two ghosts living across from each other.

We kept that distance for weeks. Maybe months.

Then one rainy day, I got cut.
A clean slice across my shoulder, bleeding.

I was stumbling to my building when I heard her voice.

SARAH (O.S.)
“What happened?”

I said it was nothing — brushed up against a sharp car mirror or something.

She didn't blink.
Said, **"I've got a first aid kit upstairs. Come in."**

I didn't argue.
Easier than patching myself up alone.
Maybe part of me wanted to see her again.
One last time.

Her place smelled like **coffee and wet wood.**
She told me to **take my shirt off** to treat the cut.
I said sure—logical, normal, **clinical.**
But the second her **fingers touched my skin—**
My whole body **lit up.**
Not fire— **electricity.**
Tiny shocks down my spine.

She dabbed the alcohol gently—whisper-soft, steady hands—
But my jaw **clenched.**
Because the way she touched my shoulders—
It wasn't first aid.
It felt like **foreplay.**

I stayed still. Barely breathing.
Tried not to look at her face.
Tried not to show how hard it was not to move, not to pull

her close.

When she was done, I stood too fast. Said I had to go.
Tried to thank her quietly.
Then—my hand brushed her foot.
Bare. Red nail polish. Still wet from the shower.

She was seated across from me—legs folded, eyes watching.
My fingers touched her toes.
Just a second.
She didn't flinch. Didn't pull away.
She looked at me. Calm. Certain.
And said,

SARAH (softly)
"Your hands are so cold, Evan."

Dead silence.
I said, "Yeah… it's cold."
But my brain split in two.

One half screaming,
"Pull your hand back. Leave. Make this clean."

The other half just watching her.

Her foot stayed where it was, relaxed.
Her ankle flexed just enough for the arch to show—red polish glinting in the soft amber light.

And then—
I did it.
Not logic. Not courage.
Impulse.

I wrapped my hand around her foot.
Not rough. **Firm. Certain.**
She didn't pull away.
She looked at me—and smiled.
Not wide. Not surprised. Just knowing.

SARAH (smiling)
"What are you doing?"

My voice low, shaky, honest:
"Your feet are warm. They make my hand warm."

She tilted her head slightly.
Didn't answer right away.
Just watched me.
Like deciding whether to end this or let it burn.

I didn't stop.
Brought in my other hand.
Wrapped both feet in my hands.
Warm. Soft. **Deliberate.**

We were locked in place.
Me on the floor. Her on the couch.
Both still—aware of the storm that just shifted inside the room.

Her smile faded.
Not fear.
Focus.
Like something **sacred** entered the air.
Neither of us dared to breathe wrong.

Then she sat up slowly.
No panic. No hesitation.
Just **grace.**

She leaned forward. Took my hands—soft, steady.
Fingers wrapped around mine. Thumbs brushing the veins in my wrist.
Eyes locked.

SARAH (softly)
"They're warm now."

No laugh. No teasing.
Just that.
"They're warm now."

In her eyes—
Not permission. Not invitation.
Something deeper.
Like she was holding a mirror—asking if I was finally **ready.**
To become the thing I'd always fantasized to be.

Then…
She saw it.
No hiding now.

The heat. The pulse.
The truth straining through fabric like it had a voice.

Her eyes dropped—just for a second.
When she looked back up, her smile wasn't sweet.
Slow. Devastating. **Desire.**

SARAH (whispered, reverent, smiling)
"You're…"

Her eyes locked on the bulge in my pants.
The erect dragon, fully risen.

Then she leaned in.
Closed the space like it was always meant to disappear.
And kissed me.

No games. No edges.
Just heat. Contact.
Two decades of silence detonating in one sacred act.

Her lips—warm, slow, certain.
Not hungry. Not hesitant.
Claiming.

My hands on her ankles.
She rose—never breaking the kiss.
Gripped the back of my neck like she'd waited years to taste me.

I breathed her in.
Lavender. Skin. Soap. Home.

She broke the kiss long enough to whisper:

SARAH (whispers)
“Don’t be gentle. I know what you’ve been holding back.”

Her gaze flicked down to my belt.
I undid it slowly. Dropped my pants.
Revealed everything I’d kept hidden.

Her eyes drank it in—no shame.
Only quiet hunger.

She lay back, arms above her head—
Offering a memory to be rewritten.

I climbed over her.
Both hands joined finger x finger.
Body hovering just above.

Her lips brushed my jaw.

SARAH
“Go slow. Let me feel all of it.”

EVAN (V.O.)
I told her I liked fast.
I told her I had stamina like wolves have hunger.

She took hers off.
Then I saw it—
Flooded. Swollen. Ready.

BOOM. IMPACT.

Her moan cracked something inside me—
A sound I'd never pulled from any woman before.

When she realized I was ready for round five, her eyes widened.
She arched, gasping.

When she saw I wasn't done—
Round five was just beginning—
Her eyes went wide, playful, terrified.

SARAH (breathless, wild)
"This one's the last, okay?
It must feel so good to be young."

I said nothing.
Rolled her over like a secret unveiled.
Raw. Ancient. Absolute.

Her back arched, breath faltered,
And before me:
Her temple of heat—glistening like **divine invitation.**

EVAN (V.O.)

No more patience.
No more childhood ache.
No more waiting for a sign.
Just **fire.**

I thrust—

And my **erect dragon** , caged twenty years,
Roared to life.
Sank deep.
Claimed the temple.

Round six.
Then seven.

I chased not **orgasm—**
But **rebirth.**
A record written in sweat and ruin.

She tried to crawl away—
Whimpering, sobbing, pulsing under me.

SARAH (moaning, undone)
"No more… please… I can't—"

But I wasn't finished.
Not until the past was purified.
Not until every breath she took sounded like **my name.**

At first she begged for escape.
By the end, she begged for **more.**

Then the moment came.

SARAH (whispering like gospel)
"No need for condoms…
After childbirth, I can't anymore."

It wasn't permission.
It was ritual complete.
Final seal.

I reached for it.
The old way.
Ancestral method.

Raw mustard oil.
Tucked under her sink like memory in a bottle.

I slicked it slow. Reverent.
Like an executioner oiling his blade.

And then—

BOOM.
Detonation.
Flesh. Soul. Spine.

Seven times.

Every round a curse lifted.
Every stroke a scar reversed.

When I collapsed beside her—
Chest heaving, hands shaking—
I wasn't the boy anymore.

I was the **dragon.**
Tamed nothing.
Claimed everything.

She turned to me, dazed, wrecked, glowing—
Like she'd made love to a god she used to watch in the library.

SARAH (breathless)
"You marked me…
No one else ever will again."

SARAH (breathless)
There's no going back now.

SARAH (barely a whisper, smiling through ruin)
"I never thought sex could feel this intense and good."

LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

The room is **dead silent.**

Evan’s chest rises and falls — sweat along his neck, eyes dazed, still somewhere in that memory.

Then—

SLAP.
The sound is sharp. Final. Like a whip cracking across glass.

MEILIN
(voice shaking, barely restrained)
“You are twisted, sick.”

Evan’s head turns with the impact.
A red print blooms across his cheek.

CHAPTER 12

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT – NIGHT
Dim light. Wine half-finished. Rain ticking against glass.

MEILIN
(sharp)
What the hell is wrong with you?

She turns, walking toward the door.

EVAN
(grabs her from behind, murmuring in her ear)
Cute bitch

MEILIN
Evan—

He presses into her — aggressive, breath hot on her neck. Lips graze skin. A power move disguised as

intimacy.

EVAN
(low, dark)
I know you're wet.

MEILIN
(quiet, firm)
Stop. Evan… I'm warning you.

He doesn't stop. Moves deeper. Breath thickens.

MEILIN
(stronger now)
Evan—

WHAM!
She slams her elbow into his chest. He stumbles — crashes to the floor, winded.

Silence.

She turns. Sees him down, gasping. Chest rising fast.

MEILIN
(gasping)
Shit... are you okay?

She kneels beside him.

Evan looks up — blank face — then **GRABS her and FLIPS her onto the floor.**

EVAN
(mocking, tilting his head — wide-eyed, childlike)
What is this, hmm...?
You want sex?
Or you wanna play pretend?
The "force me" game?

MEILIN
(cold, steady)
I want you to get off me.

A long stare. The heat drains from the room.

He releases her. Stands up. Voice flat. Eyes dead.

EVAN
Leave. Don't come back.
You're no fun anymore.

MEILIN
(angry, voice trembling)
Oh. So now you're mad?
Why the hell did you tell me all that?

EVAN
You asked for it.
You dumb bitch!
It's just a memory of my 21-year-old version, okay?

It doesn’t mean anything to me.
Only you do — but you’re acting like this?!

She steps closer, trembling with fury.

MEILIN
(venomous)
Did she feel better than me?

Beat.

EVAN
(slowly, dead serious)
Not even close.

Beat. He turns away.

EVAN
She was just lust.
You are a lethal fusion of lust plus emotion — love.
And you’re so, so much hotter and cuter than her.

He steps forward and kisses her — sudden, raw.

Meilin pushes him away — not roughly.

He pulls her back. This time, she doesn’t resist. Not for five seconds.

Then — **boom** — she grabs him. Hard. Her breath hits his cheek.

MEILIN
(growling)
Then give me your tongue.

She kisses him — furious, unfiltered. Her hands claw at his shirt. He responds with equal force.
They collide. Kissing turns violent. Buttons snap. Fabric tears. Bodies slam into walls. A wine glass shatters — wine bleeds red under the dim light. Neither notices.

They fall into it — stripped down to something feral.

Evan breathes hard, panting against her shoulder.
Her nails dig into his back.

Then — just as he's about to break —

EVAN
(barely audible, whispering into her ear)
You're everything I want. You're chaos. And I've never needed anyone like this — like you.

(beat — as he comes)
"I love this... no, I love you, Meilin."

A raw groan —
—then he releases. Gasping. Unraveled. Silenced by the

force of it.

Meilin moans louder. Holds him tight as he releases, tense. Breathing fast.
Her face — loved, unreadable, slightly trembling.

Evan kisses her forehead — looks into her eyes.

MEILIN
(soft, calm, smiling)
“Tell me what happened next?”

INT. RAY’S HOUSE – SECOND FLOOR – NIGHT

Boots thunder up rotting wood. Moss leads the team, rifle up, laser dot scanning ahead.

INT. EAST HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Dim hallway. Old wallpaper. Faint ticking — a grandfather clock, somewhere deep in the house.

Moss halts at the final door. Closed. No sound inside.

KELLER
(low, to Moss)
Thermal still reading?

MOSS
(quiet, into comms)
Drew — confirm position.

DREW (V.O.)
Still there. Human. Not moving.

Moss signals: 3... 2... 1—

BOOM!
The door **SLAMS** open.

INT. RAY'S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

Flashlights burst in.

GUNS RAISED—
"FBI! HANDS UP!"

But instead of resistance—

They see **RAY DRAEL** — 57, balding, belly out, snoring in a loose pair of boxers.

Next to him: a naked 40-year-old woman now screaming, startled awake, clutching at the blankets in a panic.

Ray jolts awake — blinded, confused, shocked.

He looks around — blinding lights, guns, chaos.

RAY
(dazed, terrified)
I can explain, stop?!

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – 50 MINUTES LATER

Fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

RAY sits at the metal table, eyes blank.

MOSS, KELLER, GUSTAVO, and DREW surround him. Silent. Watching.

MOSS
(quiet, deadly)
Why'd you lie, Ray?

Ray doesn't answer.

DREW
(slams his hand down, firm)
You're officially a suspect.

RAY
What?!

GUSTAVO
Sir… why did you tell us you were in Australia for your sister's funeral?

A long pause.

RAY
(quiet)
I… My sister did die. That part's true.
(beat)
But I didn't go to the funeral. I didn't want to see crying faces. I just…
I needed a break.

He looks away. Then bursts:

RAY (CONT'D)
I was about to retire. Thirty years in the Bureau. Then these goddamn killings start again. You think I didn't feel it in my bones? Like a ghost coming back. I needed a break to come back to hunt the killer with full power.

MOSS
The woman?

Ray swallows hard.

RAY
We have an affair. Seven months. She and I both knew what society would call us — sick, immoral, wrong.
(beat)
So we kept it quiet. And now, thanks to you, it's all over the fucking news.

MOSS
Are you the Fog Killer?

Ray's face hardens. Something feral flickers in his eyes.

RAY
If I were?
(leans in — voice blade-thin)
You wouldn't be here accusing me.
You'd be posed in the rain like the Fog Killer's victims —
Eyes wide, limbs twisted, tongue carved out.

Silence. Tension floods the room.
Moss doesn't flinch.
The air is thick. Everyone's silent — until the door opens.

GUSTAVO
(softly)
Sir... Internal Affairs is here.
You'll need to go with them.

Ray stands. Adjusts his jacket with care.

MOSS
(low, razor calm)
Tell me about your accomplice, Ray.
Give me a name — I'll save you from the death penalty.

Ray pauses at the doorway. Turns slowly. A smile unfurls — not just cruel.
Amused.
Knowing.
Weaponized.

RAY
Oh, that easy, huh?
(leans in)
Alright then.
(beat — voice cold, deliberate)

My partner...
is in this room.
(beat)
You all figure out who.
(locks eyes with Moss)
Or maybe I save you the trouble.
(grins)
It's Moss.

Dead silence.
No one breathes. No one speaks.
The room fractures.

MOSS
(flat)
That's cute.
(beat)
Maybe your little girlfriend told you to say that, huh?

RAY
(smiling, responds)
Or maybe your mom did.
(winks, walks out)

LUXURY PENTHOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Rain whispers against the glass. The city glows below like a restless ocean. Evan and Meilin lie tangled on the plush carpet, clothes discarded, skin still warm. Wine half-drunk. Breaths slowly syncing.

MEILIN
(softly, head on his chest)
So... Evan.

EVAN
(chuckles)
Now you want the rest? What if you call me sick again? Twisted?

MEILIN

(kisses his jaw, a sly whisper)
Then you'll have to force me into the mood again.

A long silence. The kind only made possible after hunger is sated. Evan exhales, staring at the ceiling. Then speaks—quietly, like bleeding out memories.

EVAN
Well, Meilin... after that night—seven times, by the way, new record—next morning we were drinking coffee.
She looked at me across the table. Fully dressed. Smiling like she was of my age group. Like we were lovers.
She said...
"Evan, I'm so glad you wanted me. I wanted you from the start. But I didn't know if I should approach you or not. You told me you had a girlfriend. I was conflicted."

Meilin stiffens slightly. Evan notices.

EVAN
I said,
"What the fuck? Really? I wanted you since the beginning too. But you called me your nephew. I thought—yep, never gonna happen."

MEILIN
(sighs, regret in every syllable)
God. I hated myself for saying that. You have no idea. One night I nearly cried. I was so frustrated.
That word—nephew—I only said it because I didn't want that woman to suspect. It just came out.

Evan shifts, looking at her. There's warmth. And something darker behind his eyes.

EVAN
You wouldn't believe what she said after that.

MEILIN
(smirks)
What did that sick bitch say?

EVAN
She said she was glad I came to her. Because otherwise... she was planning to hypnotize me.
She said she already rehearsed it. The tone. The exact words.
Said she'd make me fall for her whether I liked it or not.

MEILIN
(frowns)
What... the bloody fuck?

EVAN
At the time, I laughed it off. Thought it was some kinky joke.
But later in my neutral state it clicked my mind.
What if she meant it?

MEILIN
Did you ask her?

EVAN
Yeah. So many times. She always denied it. Said she was teasing. Just trying to spice things up.
But I know her. I know when she's lying. And that day...
She meant every fucking word.

The wineglass on the floor trembles slightly as thunder rumbles again. Neither of them moves. The silence grows heavy.

MEILIN
(quietly)
You think she really would've done it?

EVAN
(smiring bitterly)
If I hadn't fallen for her first?
Yeah.
She would've made damn sure I did.

EVAN
I did see hypnosis books.
Not one or two—like, a whole stack buried in the study.
One afternoon I opened one...
Whole sections were highlighted.
"How to build suggestibility."
"Memory suppression techniques."
"Voice tone and rhythm induction."

He lets that hang in the air. Meilin's eyes narrow slightly.

EVAN

She even had a little room in her basement.
No windows. One half-chair, half-sofa—the kind in which a person lies down when he wants hypnosis.
Curtains. Mirrors on the walls.
It looked like something out of a stage show—except darker.
I found it once by accident. She caught me snooping.
Said it was her sister's stuff.
Claimed she was just curious—"Just wanted to see if it really works."

MEILIN
(quiet, uneasy)
She was thirty-eight. You were... twenty-one?

EVAN
Yeah. And after that, something cracked.
I started seeing her differently.
That age gap—before, I didn't care. But now it twisted into something else.
She wasn't just older.
She was hiding things. Building illusions.
I didn't know if I could trust her anymore.

He stares past Meilin for a beat, remembering.

EVAN
Then that night... she came close. Sat on my lap.
Whispered—
"Wanna give it a try?"

MEILIN

(suspicious)
Give what a try?

EVAN
Exactly what I asked her.
She said—
“You always say you love movies. You watch them daily at midnight right? What if I hypnotized you into forgetting one? Just one. So you could experience it again... fresh.”

Meilin’s brows lift slightly. Evan shrugs.

EVAN
I told her **no.**
Turned around. Left.
Cold hallway. Locked door. Her silence behind it.
That was it.
Twenty-one days.
That’s how long we burned.
A fever. A sickness. An addiction that collapsed under its own heat.
I ghosted her completely.

Meilin watches him. The rain outside is a murmur, like breath caught in a throat.

EVAN
Weeks later, I see her again.
Public place. She acts offended. Wounded.

Tells me I used her.
That I drained her and lost interest. That now I just chase young, tight little things.
I told her it wasn't like that.
Said I had exams, pressure, life.
But she wasn't listening.
She acted like a goddamn teenager—pouting, accusatory, betrayed.
It made me sick.
Part of me wanted to walk away.
But part of me... wondered if I really had done something wrong.
So one day I called her to my place. I didn't go to hers because of that hypnosis shit.
One last conversation.
I owed her that much.

His voice slows. Quiet. Measured.

EVAN
I told her we couldn't do it anymore.
Said I was afraid people would find out.
Said we had a beautiful, burning memory.
Told her—
"Let it stay that way. Find someone. Heal."

She looked at me. No tears. Just... stillness.
Then said—
"Okay, Evan. I respect your decision."

Meilin's expression tightens. She already knows the twist.

EVAN
And then—she added...
“But before you go—just one last time. For old memory’s sake.”
I hesitated.
She was still beautiful, Meilin. You know that kind of woman—years older, but still magnetic. Still dangerous.
So I agreed.

MEILIN
(annoyed, jealous smile)
Of course you did.

We started. And it wasn’t gentle.
All of a sudden, my body started to feel like—
Why am I dumping this hot milf beauty?
And I was behind her, deep in the furnace of her body.
Trying to reach that final spark... but I couldn’t.
It was my fourth time, and she wasn’t moaning like always.
Her moans were sad and weird that day.

He lowers his voice. Something darker enters.

EVAN
And then—boom.
My apartment door opens.

Beat.

EVAN
Lina.

Walks in.
Stares at us. Frozen.
I was still inside her—buried in her tunnel of lust.

Meilin's eyes widen. Evan doesn't blink.

EVAN
You'd think seeing her would've made me pull out.
Made me ashamed.
But no.
It was like seeing her unlocked something.
My drive surged—three thousand volts straight through me.

His voice dips, hushed, trembling with strange reverence.

EVAN
Nine seconds after Lina walked in, I reached it.
I pulled out—shifted right, turned fully to the side where Lina was standing.
My fully upside—risen—towards her.
I came—violently.
A jolt, like my body wanted to mark her.
I turned fully.
It hit her boots—purple, suede.
She didn't even flinch.
High pressure.
Uncontrollable.

Meilin stares at him. No smile now. Just silence.

MEILIN

(stands up to leave)
That's it. I'm done.

EVAN holds her hand gently.

EVAN
Wait. This is the end.

Beat.

MEILIN
(quiet, steady)
"You scare me, Evan. Not just what you did...
But how calmly you tell it."

EVAN
Three weeks later, I finally got through to Lina.
She said something strange—
"My sex drive is back now."
Apparently... watching me do sex flipped a switch.
But she also said—
"You cheated. I can't be with you."
I kept pushing.

Then... two months later, she softened.
We tried again.
One month.
Empty sex.
Empty eyes.
No fire. No chaos.
Just ritual.
Routine.

Mechanical.

The fire was gone. No emotional gravity.
Eventually, she said she was leaving.
Military.
She wanted silence.
Discipline.
Pain with structure.
And I... stayed.
That was our end.
Mutual.
Cold.

EVAN
Years later.
That night.
After you called my novel bullshit.
That was the first time I saw her again.

EVAN
“That was the end of me and Sarah.
Though sometimes — once every thousand days —
I still wonder...
what if she really did hypnotize me?”

CHAPTER 13

INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE – NIGHT

*The **rain ticks** like fingernails across the glass.*
*City lights **smear across the floor** like a drowned memory.*

*A **draft moves** — but all the windows are closed.*

EVAN
(whisper)
Meilin...

(long beat)

*...What if I never had **any interest in her** ?*

(silence)

*What if she told me she **knew hypnosis** —*
and I went to her to forget some shows, some movies — typical 21-year-old stuff —
But she...

(slower now — like dragging something from the dark)
*She **hypnotized me** into falling for her.*

(He exhales. A sound like something escaping.)

Thing is...

.
.
.
.
.

In all these years...
*I **never** —*
not even once —
*could remember **when** I told her I loved movies.*

(beat)
Not once.

FBI FIELD OFFICE — MOSS'S OFFICE — 9:34 A.M.

***Rain lashed** the tall glass windows like nails.*
*Beyond them, the skyline was a smudge of **bruised gray***
.

Thunder rumbled — distant. Creeping.

Agent Moss *sat alone, bathed in the* ***cold blue glow*** *of his monitor.*
Bloodshot eyes.
An untouched coffee ***cooling*** *beside him.*

To his left: a ***sprawling case board*** *.*
Red string.
Victims.
Timelines.

At the center, one name scrawled in thick black marker: ***FOG KILLER*** *.*

Across the hall, behind glass — ***Keller paced like a caged wolf*** *.*
Saul scrolled through traffic cam logs, jaw tight.

> ***KELLER*** *(mutters)*
> *His phone's dead. No pings. No cameras. Six days gone.*

> ***SAUL*** *(grim)*
> *No hospital logs. No Lina.*
> *(snaps fingers) He just — ghosted.*

A ***BANG!*** *— a side office door slammed open.*

Gustavo *burst out, pale and sweating, clutching a tablet like it was* ***radioactive*** *.*

GUSTAVO
Sir — the sketch. From the coma girl. It's printing. Three minutes.

*Moss **bolted upright** , his chair screeching back.*

MOSS
The coma girl — the one who woke up a few nights ago? Thirteen years under?

GUSTAVO
Yes, sir. West hallway printer.

WEST HALLWAY — MOMENTS LATER

*Fluorescents **flickered** .*
*Rain **hammered** the roof like static.*

Moss strode fast — Keller and Saul wired and silent behind him.

*At the far end, a **printer whirred to life** .*
Paper began to feed — slow. Whispering.
*Black ink **bled** across white.*

*A **face** began to emerge.*

MOSS *(low)*
What's her story? How'd she survive?

GUSTAVO *(quiet)*
You're not gonna like it, sir.

MOSS
Try me.

(A beat. Then —)

GUSTAVO
Evan.

Moss froze mid-stride.

GUSTAVO *(cont'd)*
She was attacked. Green field. No one around. Then — Evan showed up. Screamed. Tackled her.
The killer vanished. Fog rolled in.
Sirens came minutes later.
She lived. But didn't wake up until last night.

MOSS *(flat)*
Evan?

GUSTAVO
Yes, sir.

The printer clicked.
*A single page **landed face-up** .*

Moss stepped forward. Looked down.
*And **stopped breathing** .*

THE SKETCH:

Not a man.
*A **thing** .*

Ash-colored skin.
Bald.
Inhuman symmetry.

Black, bottomless eyes.
Curved horns.

*A **subtle grin** — calm. Knowing.*

*It **stared straight at them** .*
Like it remembered.

Silence dropped. Heavy. Sacred.

> ***SAUL*** *(whisper)*
> *What the hell is that?*

MOSS *(cold)*
She asked for this?

GUSTAVO
Didn't stutter. Didn't blink.
Artist said it was the clearest request she's ever had.

SAUL
I met her yesterday. She was lucid.
Knew her address. Her dog. The fog.
So why draw... that?

Gustavo leaned in.

***"I did some digging. Deep forums. Obscure archives.*
It goes back thirteen years.
Some called it Fogspawn. Others — The Mist Walker.
A ghost in the fog. Never seen in daylight.
Only appears after 7 A.M.
If anyone locks eyes mid-kill — it vanishes.

Old tribal warnings. Fringe cults. Printed books — symbols, rituals, bans.
Every sketch they made?
*Exactly like this."***

MOSS *(icy)*
What are you telling me, Gustavo?

Moss stared at the sketch.
Exhaled — long. Shaky.

MOSS
That we are chasing the supernatural?!
(deep breath) No.
Either he's wearing some kind of suit...
something built to twist perception —
or that girl isn't as sane as she seemed. Maybe she's hiding something.

(A beat.)

MOSS
This sketch? Never leaves this hallway.

KELLER
Sir —

MOSS *(sharp)*
As far as the public's concerned — this does ***not*** *exist.*
We release the clean version.
The one that could maybe pass for a young Evan.

GUSTAVO
What about the forums? The PDFs?

"Burn them.

Anyone posting, printing, or sharing — arrested.
Misinformation. Incitement.
No leaks.
No legends."

SAUL
And the girl?

"Full lockdown.
No press.
No visitors.
Not even a priest.
She doesn't speak unless I say so."

(A beat. Then darker —)

MOSS
We are not letting this turn into another goddamn urban legend.
We're hunting a man.
Or something pretending to be one.

---

*A **CRACK of thunder** .*

All three glanced at the printer.
The sketch sat silent in the tray.
Its ink was still wet.
But its smile had already dried.

They exit Moss's office in tense silence — one by one.

***Through the hallway glass** , Moss remains seated — motionless.*
Watching the storm.

KELLER
(soft, unsettled)
"That thing he said… about releasing the sketch that looks like a young Evan —
Was that supposed to be a joke?"

SAUL
(glancing back through the glass at Moss, still standing, holding the sketch)
"...I hope it was."

EVAN'S BEDROOM – DAY – 3:04 PM

Rain murmurs against the window.
A soft amber lamp casts a gentle glow across the room.

The blanket lies drawn over their bare bodies, warmth still clinging beneath the fabric.
Crumpled sheets.
The stillness that follows desire.

Evan and Meilin lie side by side on his single bed. The space is tight, but they fit perfectly — her body curved naturally beside his, legs lightly touching, blanket drawn over their naked forms.

The air is thick with warmth, skin, and the faint scent of sex.

They both stare up at the ceiling, their breathing slow and synced, the silence heavy but calm.

Then —

MEILIN
(suddenly bursting into laughter — bright, real)
Oh my God…

Evan turns his head toward her, eyebrows raised, smiling without speaking.

MEILIN
(grinning, playful)
Whatever happened to that World War II novel you were writing?

EVAN
(chuckles, voice low)
Just finished the chapter where the kid from Empire of the Sun grows up to become American Psycho.

She gasps — half-amused, half-mocking.

Meilin tilts her head slightly, eyes drifting from the ceiling to Evan.
Her expression shifts — playful fading into something searching.

MEILIN
(softly)
You didn't really write it about World War II, did you?

Evan takes a breath — slow, thoughtful.
Turns to her, eyes steady.

EVAN
No.
I wrote it about my uncle.

She blinks once, slowly.
Her body tenses slightly under the blanket.

MEILIN
Your uncle…
You mean the one with the —
(pause)
— wife murder conspiracy?

Evan slides out from under the blanket without a word. He crosses the small room, naked but unbothered, and pulls on a pair of dark pants. Then his shirt.

Calm. Focused.

He kneels by the dresser, opens the bottom drawer, and carefully lifts out a thick, bound manuscript — well-worn, marked with tabs and creased pages.

He walks back over to the bed and hands it to her.

EVAN
It's finished 65%.

Meilin sits up, blanket pulled around her chest.
She takes the manuscript, brows drawing together as she studies the cover — plain, black, no title.

She flips to the first page.
Her eyes narrow.
The first line hits like cold water.

She looks up at him.

MEILIN
(realizing)
This isn't fiction.

EVAN
Ninety-three percent of it is.
Only the first murder — and getting away with it — that part's real.
The rest? Just inspired imagination.

After the professor's murder… it all started writing itself.

She glances back down, then up at him again — a hundred questions swimming in her eyes.

MEILIN
Does anyone else know?

EVAN
No one's read it.
Until now.

A beat.
The rain deepens outside.
Her fingers tighten slightly on the manuscript.

The pages whisper as she reads.
Outside, the rain thickens.
Time stretches.

Meilin sits cross-legged in bed, blanket wrapped around her.
Evan paces nearby, half-dressed, watching her read.
The manuscript rests in her lap.
She flips another page.
Quiet.

EVAN
(softly)
Do you think it's fair?
Do you… like it?

Should I keep going?

Meilin doesn't look up right away.
Then —

MEILIN
(closing the manuscript)
It's fucked up dark shit, Evan.
(pause, gentler)
I'm glad you got into that project.
The LPQ thing.
Do it.
Screw your conscience.

(pause — faint smile)
We go live in New York.
We're good for life.
Okay?

A beat of silence.
Evan blinks.
Jaw tightens — barely.
Eyes lower.

His mouth opens like he's about to speak…
…but doesn't.

She watches his face fall — just a fraction —
and instantly backpedals.

MEILIN
Wait—
That's not what I meant.

She slides forward.
Fingers wrap his wrist.
Her eyes lock on his.

MEILIN
It's good.
It's really fucking good.
Just… not for the faint of heart.
That's all I was saying.

It's intense.
Heavy.
Like truth with the skin peeled off.

It feels real.

He stays silent.
Staring at the floor.

She studies him —
the way his stillness is heavier than anger.

MEILIN ***(softening)***
Come on.
You made me uncomfortable — that's a compliment.
Only the real ones do that.

Finally, he looks at her.
But the damage is already done.

Expression calm — too calm .
The kind of calm that hides a blade.

Meilin knows it.

MEILIN
Keep going.
Finish it.
It can go huge.

A beat.
He nods once — slow.
Doesn't answer.

Outside, the rain thickens.
Inside, the warmth cools —
just enough to feel the shift.

EVAN
Well…
Even if it doesn't go big…
At least I can tell myself I tried.

I can live in the hope that maybe —
if not now —
then three, or five, or ten years from now…
someone might find it.

And maybe it'll mean something.

A smile appears —
small, crooked.
A shield, not a celebration.

She sees it.
Exhales.
Relaxes.

Thinks it's fine now.
Crisis averted.

He sits beside her.
The blanket whispers beneath them.

Looks at his hands.
Then at her.

EVAN
I, uh… have to go.
My cousin Allen wanted to meet today.
Figured I'd show him the script — get some honest feedback.

(pause)
After two or three bad takes…
my heart and mind will get immune to it.

He stands.
Buttons his shirt — deliberate.
Avoids her eyes.

EVAN
I should lock the place.

As he turns to go,
Meilin catches his hand —
a tether.

MEILIN

Hey… come on.

She stands.
The blanket slips.

She's bare.
Confident.
Eyes warm — inviting… but not begging.

MEILIN ***(quiet, almost playful)***
We just did it once.
I want to do it again.

She moves toward him slowly —
like prey pretending to be predator .

Amber light spills across her skin,
catching the hard peaks of her nipples .

The pulsing tip of her clit aches under his gaze,
throbbing fully erect —
a heartbeat *she can feel between her legs.*

Every nerve in her body burns electric —

hungry **,** ***trembling*** **,** ***soaked*** **,**
need flooding through her veins
like heat .

Her ***hips roll forward*** **,**
closing the inches between them,
pressing into nothing —
wet **,** ***swollen*** **,** ***ready*** .

Every line of her body glistens
like an ***open invitation*** **,**
heat rolling off her in waves
that feel like they could ***scorch*** him.

Her ***thighs press together***
and the motion squeezes more ***wetness*** **from her —**
pooling **,** ***dripping*** **,**
slick as midnight rain —
warm enough she can feel it trail
along the inside of her thighs .

The ***ache*** **is unbearable —**
the kind that feels like it could
split her open from the inside
if he doesn't take her now.

He sees all of it.
The ***hunger*** **.**

The quivering tension
wound so tight it's almost *pain* —

and the way she's already *shaking for him* …
so close…
he could break her open with just one touch.

And still —

his hands catch her at the shoulders.

Firm.

Stopping her inches short.

So close she can feel the ghost of his breath ,

but not his touch.

EVAN
Tomorrow.
Right now, Allen's probably waiting.

A pause.
Her eyes search his —
find distance.
Not cold.
Just… unreachable.

She nods.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE – EVENING – 5:21 P.M.

The rain has eased to a mist.

Evan locks the front door.
Meilin stands beside him, arms folded, hair damp in the fog.

A quiet beat.

MEILIN
See you tomorrow?

EVAN
Yeah.

They share a glance —
soft, faintly worn.

MEILIN
Don’t rewrite it because of me.

EVAN
I won’t.

Her smile is small.
His — smaller.

She walks into the fog.
He watches until she vanishes.

Alone again.

EXT. LINA’S HOUSE – EVENING – 5:45 P.M.

He stands at her door.
Manuscript in hand.

Rings once.
Waits.

The door opens — **slow, deliberate.**

EVAN
Hi.
May I come in?

LINA
Sure.

Her eyes linger.
Her voice — **edged.**

LINA
Where the hell were you, Evan?
I've been trying to reach you for days.

INT. LINA'S LOUNGE – MINUTES LATER

They sit.
Silence settles — **heavy, dust-like.**

He hands her the manuscript.
No explanation.

She flips a page.
Another.

The room stills.
Breath slows.

LINA
It's hot in here.
Let's go to my room.
The AC's better.

INT. LINA'S BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER

She sits on the bed.

He watches, bracing himself for another bad review.

She turns the last page —
slow, like closing a door.

LINA
It's good.
Your novel is… really good.
I love it.

His expression flickers —
a flash of surprise.
Almost innocence.

He leans in.
Kisses her cheek.

LINA
Hey—

EVAN
Just like when we were nine.
I kissed your cheek back then, remember?

She smiles —
small, touched by an old ghost.

LINA
I forgot.

EVAN
I didn’t.

Silence folds over them.
Not awkward —
just full.

EVAN
Where’s the kid?

LINA
Gone.
My sister finally took her back.
It was exhausting, playing mother.

EVAN
Yeah…

He leans in again —
not a move, just…
gravity.

She leans back.
Barely enough to break it.

EVAN
Want to play house?

LINA
No.
(beat)
You'll just turn me on again…
then leave.

The air shifts —
not tension.
Clarity.
Sharp, unyielding.

EVAN
Hey, Lina…
Since you've got the military training—
(pause)
Could you stop me… if we played **Force Me** ?

Her head turns.
Eyes sharpen.

LINA
If I wanted to…
I could force you, Evan.

A long beat —
tight as wire.

He smiles —

slow.
Crooked.

EVAN
Wanna test it?

INT. LINA'S LOUNGE – EVENING

They move like shadows.
Pulled by something primal.

Breath shortens.
The air between them contracts.

LINA
Evan…

EVAN
Lina?

LINA
Leave.

EVAN
What?

LINA

You broke my heart last time.
You'll do it again.
Leave.

No rage. No cry.
Just the stillness of a closed gate.

Evan lowers his gaze.

INT. LINA'S LOUNGE – MOMENTS LATER

He walks ahead.
She trails a few steps behind.

The tension doesn't crackle —
it simmers.
Thick. Slow.

He turns.

EVAN
Lina?

LINA
Yeah?

EVAN
I want to make love to you.

She freezes.

LINA
Evan…?

Suddenly — **he lunges.**

BAM.
Their bodies collide, crash to the carpet.
Limbs locked, tangled.
Not violence — friction.

She resists —
not fearfully.
Instinctively.

LINA
(grunting)
Goddamn it—

EVAN
(pinned above her, breathless)
I love seeing your color in full light —
that Mediterranean dusk…
sun-kissed defiance.

He leans to kiss her.

BAM — her elbow buries into his gut.
WHIP — she flips him effortlessly.

His back hits the carpet.
Hard.

She twists his arm behind his back.
Pins it.

LINA
(above him, panting)
Well, Evan — try to force me now.

Her grip tightens.

LINA
If I wanted to —
with just a push —
I could break your **full fucking arm.**

EVAN
(struggling)
Stop—
It hurts—
Let go!

She lets go.
Rolls off.

Silence.

They lie side by side on the carpet.
Breathing hard.
The air thick with heat.
But not danger.

EVAN
Wow.
You were supposed to force me —
Not break my arm.
It still hurts, you… military assassin!

Lina rises.
Evan follows, massaging his shoulder.

LINA
(flat)
Evan. Go home.

EVAN
Hey, Lina—

LINA
What?

EVAN
You're good.
But I'm better .

In one sudden surprise move —
Evan drops low, spins hard,
and lands a sweeping kick to Lina's legs.

She falls.

Before she can recover,
Evan's already on her — straddling her torso,
pinning both her wrists above her head with one hand.

EVAN
Well, Lina…
Try to outmaneuver me now.

She writhes under him, trying to twist free —
but he has her locked down tight.

Their breath quickens.
The tension is **raw.**
Physical.
Familiar.

He lowers his head.

EVAN
(teasing)
I win.

He sticks his tongue out —
licks her neck, then her lips —
slow, deliberate.

He kisses her chin.

Her face changes.
Not flustered.
Anger.
Sharp.
Controlled.

LINA
(firm)
Stop it.

He backs off, releases her,
stands up fast.

EVAN
Sorry.

No argument.
No glance back.

He heads for the door.

Lina lies still, chest rising.
One hand brushes her lips —
not tenderly.
Like wiping away a stain.

The candle flickers.

The door opens.

KELLER and GUSTAVO stand on the porch.
Mid-knock.
Frozen.

EVAN
Hi…?

GUSTAVO
(staring)
What the—
We've been trying to reach you for days.

Keller peers past him.

Sees Lina.

She's on the carpet.
Shirt askew.
Hair tangled.
One leg bent under her.
Wrists red.

She looks like a woman who's just survived something.

KELLER
(pushing past Evan)
Lina?
Jesus—

what the hell—
Why are you on the floor?

Freeze-frame.
Like evidence.

A body out of place.
Carpet creased beneath her spine.
Disheveled by struggle.

GUSTAVO
(under breath)
Oh my God…

Keller kneels beside her.

KELLER
Lina—
did he—
What happened?!

CHAPTER 14

Lina blinks. **Slowly.**
Turns to her. **Calm. Coiled.**

LINA
We were playing a game.

GUSTAVO
A what?

LINA
A game.
One we've played since we were nineteen.
It has rules.
He followed them.

Keller stares at Evan — **stunned.**

KELLER
It didn't look like a game.

LINA
(quiet)
I said, **"Stop it."**
And he stopped.
That's the rule.

Gustavo exhales. Steps inside, **hesitant.**

GUSTAVO
What the fuck did we just walk into?

Evan stands still. **Silent.**
A statue cast in **regret.**
Lina hasn't moved.
But her voice? **Iron.**

LINA
Whatever you think you saw…
You're wrong.

GUSTAVO
Okay…
Uh—
I mean, if you're saying it was a game, then…
Alright.

(glances between them)
It just didn't look like one.
(then)
Anyway—Evan.
You heard about your father, right?

EVAN
Yeah.

GUSTAVO
(softly)
Man, what are you doing?
We know you're not the guy.
But vanishing? No calls?
Moss is spinning out.
He's saying it's you.
Just come in tomorrow.
Clear it up.

EVAN
Fine.

Keller narrows her eyes.

KELLER
Where were you, Evan?
The past eight days?

EVAN
I'll tell you tomorrow.
Please—just leave.

They hold his gaze. Then step out.
The door **clicks shut.**

INT. LINA'S LOUNGE – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Silence again.
Lina is now standing, arms folded, watching Evan with a mix of **restraint and fatigue.**

He turns to her.
Something flickers behind his eyes — **pain, desperation, hunger,** or maybe just the need to feel wanted.

EVAN
(quietly, almost broken)
Umm…
Bye, Lina.
You're a true friend.

She doesn't answer.
Just stares — **not with sadness.**
With something **colder. Older.**
Like he's a debt long unpaid.

He turns, hand on the doorknob.

CLICK.

Blackout.
Not a flicker. Not a hum.
The house dies — **lights, fridge, even breath.**
Silence seals the room like **plastic around a body.**

Then — **IMPACT.**

Lina hits him from behind **like a missile.**
Shoulder to spine. No breath. No warning.
He crashes forward — **BOOM** — the floor rushes up and knocks the air from his lungs.

Before he can speak, her weight is on him.
And her hands — already at his belt.
Unfastening him with the cold precision of a soldier disarming a weapon.

EVAN
(hoarse, barely breath)
Lina—?

Nothing.
Not a whisper. Not even breath.

Only sound:
The soft rasp of cloth peeled from skin.
A belt sliding free like a whip.
A zipper's gasp — slow, deliberate, hungry.

Then: **heat.**
Her breath — **damp and measured,** hovering at his

pelvis.
Her hand — **cool, possessive** — grips him with a claim.

He shudders.
Still **half-soft.**
Still **human. Still stunned.**

Then — **her mouth.**
No gentleness.
No tease.
She takes him.

Not seduction. **Conquest.**
Her lips move with a **merciless rhythm** — not seeking pleasure, but **commanding it.**

Each wet pull drags **obedience** from his body before thought can form.
No moan. No mercy. Just **possession** — and the obscene sound of her sucking, echoing in the dark like a **secret she's forcing him to confess.**

Evan leans back — **skull tapping dully against the wall, breath stuttering.**
His fingers spread wide, **clutching the plaster like it's the only thing keeping him from coming apart.**

He's not guiding her.
He's **holding on** — to the wall, to the moment, to whatever part of himself isn't already hers.

He’s not fighting.
But he’s **not in control.**

His breath catches.
His spine arches.
He thickens in her mouth — *inevitable, helpless.*

He whispers her name. *Not in protest.*
Not in plea.
In disbelief.

She doesn’t pause.
Doesn’t even acknowledge him.

Once he’s fully erect in her mouth — *fully hers* — she rises.
Not like smoke.
Like vengeance.

She pushes him back — **a single motion** — and he stumbles, pants at his thighs, landing half-seated on the couch.
Still dazed.

Before he can blink — **she’s on him.**
Straddling.
Her thighs cinch around his waist like **a vice** — hot, unrelenting — holding him exactly where she wants him.

There’s no escape. **Only entry.**

Hands pin him to the ground.
And then —
She sinks onto him.

No warning. No request.
Just the act.
Sudden. Certain. **Ritualistic.**
Like a queen mounting a throne.

Evan gasps — eyes wide in the dark, lips parted but silent.
His hands twitch upward, *unsure where to land.*

She begins to move.
Not to feel.
To dominate.

Her hips slam down, again and again — **not rhythm, but reckoning.**
Each thrust **a sentence. A punishment.**
She pulls him deeper, **burying the past inside her temple of heat** —

Evan's dragon, fully risen now, thrumming with breathless defiance.
And she feels it — **every pulse.**
The guilt.
The need.
The surrender.

His breath falters, fingers clawing the floor as if it could save him.

She's taken him — *utterly* — and some part of him aches to be kept.

This is not love.
Not reunion.
Not even anger.
This is Lina playing the game.

And tonight —
She's the one forcing.

And Evan?
He doesn't stop her.
Because somewhere inside,
beneath the guilt, the shame, the silence —
he wants to lose.

LINA'S BEDROOM – NIGHT – 2:03 A.M.

The room is quiet.
Soft, amber light spills across crumpled sheets, half-drunk wine, and two bare bodies.

Evan lies on his side, eyes half-closed.
Lina's propped up on one elbow, completely nude, reading the last page of his manuscript.

She finishes, blinks slowly — *like something just hit her heart from the inside.*

LINA
Wow.
Didn’t see that twist at the end at all.
It’s… heartbreaking.
But it’ll leave a mark.
People won’t forget it, Evan.

She glances at him. *He’s watching her with something close to softness.*

EVAN
You think?

LINA
I know.
It doesn’t just end — it echoes.

He reaches out, lazily, and takes her hand. Holds it.
A pause. Quiet intimacy.

She looks down at their hands.
Then lower.

Then suddenly squints — amused.

LINA
What the hell are you consuming, Evan?

No response.
Just a slow blink.

She eyes him again.
Down. Then back up.

LINA
(smirk)
No, seriously… what the hell are you consuming?

Still no answer.

She leans in slightly — *eyes narrowing like a cat with a mystery.*

LINA
Five times.
And your tiger's getting back into strike position?
She stares at it, **grinning now** .

LINA
(chuckling)
Look at how **cute** it looks…
Rising from a cub —
Becoming a **full, fierce lion** .

Evan lets out a quiet breath — then suddenly **leans in** .
He kisses her — slow at first, then **deeper** .

She tries to pull back, laughing into his mouth.

LINA
(giggling, breathless)

No more—
Evan, no!
I need rest! Tomorrow—

He rolls over her, fully.
Mouth trailing to her neck.
Hands roaming like **memory rediscovered** .

LINA
(squeals)
EVAN—!

IMPACT.
Sheets fly.
Wine tips.
The lamp flickers.
Lina's scream turns to a **breathless laugh** , swallowed by the night.

LINA'S BEDROOM – MORNING – 8:04 A.M.
Bright sunlight pours in, **slicing** across the sheets.
Evan and Lina lie asleep. Twisted in **yellow linen** . Still.
Breath slow.

DREAM – BLACKTOOTH SUMMIT
Wind howls.
Meilin's face inches from Evan's — **eyes burning** .

MEILIN (whisper)
You kissed her neck.
That's why I scared you.
This is revenge.

FLASH —
Lina's breath on his skin.
His lips at her throat.
The look in her eyes.

BACK TO SUMMIT —

MEILIN
I saw everything.

LINA'S BEDROOM
Evan **jerks awake** . Breathing hard.
He turns. Lina's still asleep. Peaceful. Dreamless.
Sunlight cuts through the curtains — **too bright, too honest** .

Evan jolts awake. Heart racing. Chest tight. **Hands trembling.**

4 DAYS BEFORE

1:09 a.m.
For many hours, everything had been fine — **calm** , until

now.

The room glows **dim green** .
Evan has Meilin in the **lotus position** — bodies locked tight, legs folded together in that perfect fit.

Meilin is the one moving — Evan is in **support** .
Her fingers **drag** up his back.
His hands **cradle** her hips.

They move as one — she's **moaning loud** , knowing it drives Evan higher.

> **"I'm going to cum…"** he growls — sexual aggression.

And then—
She grips him **hard** .
Shouts with **full lust** , *"I'm cumming!"*

They release together—
—and she starts **crying** .

Not loud. Not in anger.
But the kind of crying that **cracks something inside you** .

Tears spill over her cheeks, **hot** and **wet** against his chest.
Her shoulders **shake** in his arms.

He doesn’t ask.
He **already knows** .

She cries harder — silent, her face breaking as if something inside has **shattered beyond healing** .

He **wipes** the tears from her left cheek — a move of affection.
She **pushes** him back with **full power** .

Crawls to the far corner of the bed, facing the wall.

She is crying.
Crying hard now.
The sound begins to escape — low, breaking, **spilling** into the room.

…

Evan approaches her **gently, slowly** .
Her back is towards him.
He puts his right hand on her left shoulder.

She **swats it away instantly** , her palm striking his arm.

…

The crying doesn’t stop.
Silent, **heavy tears** keep falling, one after another, like they’ll never run out.

“I love you,” Evan says.

She turns back towards him and **crawls fast** into a **possessive, loving hug** .

.
.
.

Moments later
Meilin is facing the wall, the room glowing **dim green** .

Both of them are **naked** beneath a dark brown blanket. She’s curled into Evan, his chest to her back — **holding his hand tightly** .

MEILIN
(soft, trembling, but no longer crying)
You remember that day… when college was about to end?
That newly married teacher asked you boys —
“If you find out your spouse has cheated… slept with someone else… what will you do?”

She swallows. Her grip on his hand **tightens** .

MEILIN (cont’d)
They said— they— all of them…
“Oh, I’d forgive her… it happens… she’s sorry… she still loves me.”

Every single one of them…
Future cheaters written all over their faces.
They couldn't see it… but I did.

She pauses.

MEILIN (cont'd)
And then I saw a very beautiful boy stand up.
I expected you to say the same thing.
"It happens."

But instead… you said—
(her voice breaks into a whisper)
"I can forgive my spouse for everything… except betrayal.
There is no forgiveness for betrayal.
I won't forgive her… because I loved her.
And she… fucked someone else behind my back.
I'm sorry… but I will never forgive betrayal. Never."

Her lips tremble — not with grief, but with memory.
She lifts his hand to her mouth, **kisses it** .

MEILIN
Evan… that was the moment I fell in love with you.
Not at first sight.
Not even second sight.
At the **two-hundred-and-thirty-fourth** sight.

EVAN
(a faint smile breaking through)
Yeah… I remember.

I'd liked you for months.
But you never noticed.
I thought… I wasn't your type.

A softness in his eyes that rarely shows.

EVAN (cont'd)
Then one day… out of nowhere… you walked up to me.
But you had this completely different look…
Not in your hair, not in your clothes…
(beat)
…in your **eyes** .

Meilin shifts.
Sits up on the bed.
Half-crossed legs.
Her eyes glisten.
Tears beginning to swell.

MEILIN
You **kissed her neck** …
(pause)
…you let her **kiss yours** .

Evan watches her.
Something **sharp** in his chest.

He steps in — slow but unyielding —
until there's **no space left** .
He takes her hands.
Both.
Tight enough she feels his pulse.

EVAN
I'm so sorry.
I'll cut contact with her.
Tell her it's the right thing to do.

She doesn't let go.
Instead — she pulls him in.
Hard.

Their mouths collide —
open, desperate, hungry.
Her lips move against his in **deep, dragging pulls** ,
breath mingling, heat spilling between them.

Her hands **claw** up into his hair,
locking tight, holding him there.
Every movement is a mix of **need** and **claim** ,
as if she's pouring every unspoken word straight into him.

The kiss **deepens** —
her tongue finds his,
twisting, tasting, demanding.

He answers with the **same fire** ,
pulling her closer until there's **no space left** ,
only **heat** and **pulse** and the sound of wet, urgent
kisses.

A single tear breaks free from her eye.
It slides down, slow,
and lands hot on his cheek

without either of them breaking.

She breathes into his mouth,
the sound half-sob, half-moan,
before finally tearing her lips from his —
foreheads pressed together,
both of them shaking .

MEILIN
You're only mine.

After that, Evan and Meilin got dressed,
drank warm milk with two full spoons of black honey each,
then watched *A Perfect Murder* (1998) together before going to sleep.

Four days later—

— **he tore the soul from her chest.**

Betrayal, cold and deliberate.

With Lina.

Like a demon wearing Evan's skin…

…and **smiling while it fed.**

PRESENT

EVAN *(inner monologue – panicked)*
What the hell did I just do??
Oh no.
Oh no.
What if she finds out?
I'm trash.
Filth.

I **cheated** on her.
Because of what —
I didn't like her **comments** on my stupid, foolish novel?

Oh no.
Oh no.

He clutches his forehead, breathing hard. Then — a shift.
His face steadies. His voice inside turns **cold, controlled.**

EVAN (inner monologue – calm, calculating)
Wait...
It's just a **mistake, right?**
If I stop it here —
If I go back to her now —
She **won't know.**

Then — his hands shake again. The wall cracks.

EVAN (inner monologue – panic returns)
It won't hurt if she doesn't know, right?
This can **go away.**
I can **make it go away.**

He stumbles to his feet. Heads to the bathroom fast.

INT. LINA'S BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER
Door shuts. **CLICK.**
Water on full blast.
He steps into the shower.

INT. LINA'S BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS
Lina blinks awake.
Listens.
Then quietly follows — towel in hand.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER
She steps in. Locks the door. Turns on the water.
Steam rises on both sides of the house.

LINA'S SUNLIT ROOM – MORNING – LATER
Sunlight spills across the table.
Evan and Lina sit quietly — drinking coffee.
Tension simmers just under the surface.

Lina's eyes flick to him — **slow, suggestive.**

LINA
What's the hurry?
(sips, voice low and smooth)
You could stay.
Maybe again tonight, love?

Evan stiffens — forces a smile.

EVAN
Need to brush my teeth.
(beat)
And swing by the FBI station.
Clear the air.
That bastard Moss thinks I'm the **fucking Fog Killer.**
(beat, smirking bitterly)
What an insane, fossilized old man, right?

LINA
(smiling over her cup)
Maybe you are.

EVAN
(grinning, theatrical)
Oh! You got me.
(hand to chest, mock dramatic)

He finishes his coffee, stands.

LINA
Evan… I'll wait for you….

EVAN
Bye, Lina.

(His tone makes it clear — this was just a one-time thing.)

She looks at him — that expression saying, without a word, **"Not at all."**

LINA

(soft, brushing her thumb over his lips)

Do you think she'd blush… or break… if she knew?

EVAN
(looking at her, steady)
I trust you.

LINA

(soft — but her eyes go cold)
And I never waste what I'm given.

He leaves without a word.

EXT. LINA'S FRONT DOOR – MOMENTS LATER
Evan steps out. Sunlight on his back. He walks to his car.

Behind him — Lina stands in the doorway.
Coffee mug still in hand.
She doesn't wave.
Doesn't smile.
Just watches.
Silent. Still.

Evan gets in. Starts the engine. Drives away.
Lina keeps watching.
Until he's gone.
Then — slowly — she takes a sip.
Eyes **unreadable like she knows something that Evan doesn't.**

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – LATE MORNING – 10:22 A.M.
Rain pounds the pavement like **gunfire.**
Thunder cracks overhead — deep, relentless.

Evan steps out of his car.
Collar up. Hair soaked instantly.
He stares at the glass doors of the field office —
as if they might **swallow him whole.**

He walks in.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

The building hums with controlled chaos.
Phones ring. Agents shout.
Monitors flicker with maps, photos, timelines.

At the center of it all — **The Fog Killer board.**
Victim photos. Yarn lines. Evidence bags. Names. Blood types.

Evan takes it in — trying not to let it show.

KELLER (O.S.)
Evan.

He turns.
Agent Keller, coffee in hand, mid-20s. Sharp eyes. Tired lips.

KELLER (cont'd)
Welcome back.
Gustavo's inside.
Moss is… pacing.

EVAN
(serious)
Yeah yeah. Let him pace.

His eyes lock on a sketch taped to the wall.
Rough. Distorted. Charcoal on faded paper.
Genderless. Hollow-eyed.

Hair like **fog — or flame.**

He stares at it.
Silent.
Still.
Something tightens in his jaw.

KELLER
That's from our filthy friend out by Green Fields.
Only guy who's actually seen the Fog Killer.

EVAN
(quietly)
So weird...

KELLER
What?

EVAN
At first glance, I thought I knew for sure who this was.
Like — instantly.
But now…
(pause)
I have **no clue.**

KELLER
(sipping)
Creeps me out.
You're not alone — half the people we show it to say the same thing. The other half say they've never seen him. No prints. No match. It's like he only steps into the world when it rains.

Like he only exists at night. As the **Fog Killer.**
(beat)
This is the face of whoever's been killing innocents.
Look at that thing.

EVAN
(still staring)
I don't think it's him.

KELLER
(confused)
What?

EVAN
He lacks the power to be the killer.
The energy.
Nah. Doesn't feel right.

KELLER
(nods)
Yeah… I get that.
Early-to-mid 50s — no way he rips off the head of a 7'1" African-American in a street fight.
(beat)
Any leads besides the sketch?

KELLER
(silent)

EVAN
I heard you guys pulled a blood sample that actually worked.

KELLER
(flat)
That's confidential.
(beat)
We will need yours, though.
We already took your father's.
Now it's your turn.

Evan goes still.
His eyes harden — cold, cutting.
Then, deliberately — just loud enough for her to hear:

EVAN
(under his breath, Mandarin — clear)
Biǎo zi.
("Bitch.")

Keller stops. Frozen.
The air changes.
Her fingers tighten around the coffee cup.
She blinks — processing.

KELLER
(quiet, stunned)
Did you just—

But Evan's already turning.
Not rushing. Just walking away. Calm. **Icy.**

KELLER
(staring after him)

What the hell just happened?

One second —
Friendly.

The next —
Venom.

FBI INTERROGATION ROOM – 10:36 A.M.
The light **buzzes.** Cold. Pale.
The mirror **stares back** like a coffin lid.
Evan sits still. Waiting. Breathing.
The clock ticks — **too slow, too loud.**

His phone **vibrates.**
MEILIN CALLING. He answers.

MEILIN (O.S.)
Where the hell are you, Evan?!
I've been trying to reach you since last night — your phone was off!

EVAN
I was—

MEILIN (O.S.)
Kwon's calling me like a nutcase!
You didn't tell him about the project, did you?
He's waiting on you for the job — I would've told him, but I was scared I'd spill.
So you talk to him, okay?

EVAN
Yeah... I'll handle it.

DOOR CREAKS OPEN.
MOSS steps in — **soaked, unreadable.**

EVAN
(low, eyes on Moss)
I have to go.
(beat)
Love you.

(hangs up, pocketing the phone **without blinking**)

The room **hums faintly.**
Rain taps against the frosted glass.

SAUL enters — grey suit, calm eyes.
He sets a **digital recorder** on the table. **Presses record.**
Steps to the corner. **Nods once** — the mounted camera **blinks red.**

MOSS already sits across from EVAN.
No words. **Just watching.**

KELLER enters last.
She closes the door. Doesn't sit — **stands, arms crossed,** a quiet wall.

EVAN hasn't looked up.

His hands are folded on the table.
Not clenched. Not fidgeting. **Just... still.**

SAUL
Recording started.
10:39 A.M., July 17th.
Agent Saul Halberd present.
Special Agent Moss present.
Interviewing Evan Drael. Ray's son.
(beat)
Evan, you understand you're not under arrest?

EVAN
(nods, quiet)
Yes.

MOSS doesn't open the file. Doesn't press.
He just **looks.**

The man across from him isn't defiant.
He's... **sunken.** Something's fractured.

MOSS
You alright?

EVAN slowly lifts his head. **Meets Moss's eyes.**
A beat.
Then —
He **exhales.**
Slow. Uneven. **Something wilts in him.**

MOSS
(smirk, gently probing)
You look like someone just died again, Mr. Evan.

EVAN doesn't respond.

Meilin's voice... the panic.
The trust.
She doesn't know.
She still loves me.
She believed in me when I promised I wouldn't meet Lina ever again.
And I betrayed her with silence. With my body.
I'm filth.

He shifts in his seat, eyes falling to the **polished table.**
His reflection **stares back — fractured** in the steel.

SAUL
Evan, where were you the past eight days?

MOSS
(beat)
And why do you look like guilt and sadness had a child?

KELLER leans in to Moss, whispers just loud enough:

KELLER
Push him. He wants to confess.

EVAN doesn't even flinch. Then, softly —

EVAN
Look at you. All three.
Waiting for me to slip.
Begging for it.
You want me to be the killer so bad, you've stopped chasing the real son of a whore.

MOSS finally opens the file.

MOSS
Well, we did our chasing.
Your record was sealed, buried so deep it needed favors.
But we got it.
(leans forward)
Military training in Japan.
Kicked out for stealing weapons.
Selling them on the side, weren't you?

EVAN finally looks up. Calm. **A ghost of a smile.**

EVAN
You weren't supposed to know I was in the military.
How the hell did you get that file?

All three **freeze** — caught.

KELLER
(awkward, hesitant)
We had to use... unofficial channels.

Let's just say someone owed us.
(beat)
But on paper?
You don't exist.
No military record. No deployments.
Why is that?
Why are you mysterious?

MOSS
Where were you the past—

EVAN
(snaps, finally breaks)
I was at **Blacktooth Mountain.**

(silence)

That's where I go. Every birthday for the last six years. I climb it alone. Take a photo at the peak. **Want the goddamn photo?** I'll give you a copy.
Want an alibi?
How about **twenty-four of them.**
Kwon — professor at Glenvale. Ask him.
Meilin — my girlfriend — 123 Buckridge. Go ahead.
Childhood friend? Ariel Long, 15th and Pine. She was there too. Ask her.
(leans in, voice trembling with fury)
How the hell can you idiots accuse me —
and my father —
of being the **Fog Killer?**
You think I'd kill like that? Pose people like that? Rip them apart like—

Thunder cracks, hard, overhead.

It **silences** everything.
The room freezes.

EVAN's eyes shine now — not with anger.
But **grief. Guilt.** And something rawer than innocence:
Betrayal.

The lights **hum.**
Camera red dot **blinking.**
Rain smears the one-way glass.

EVAN
Yeah, I agree — my dad shouldn't have lied to you about going to Australia.
(leans forward)
But look at how you're **humiliating** the living shit out of him on TV.
So what if he had an affair with a 17-year-younger woman, huh?
So what? He was 57. She was 40.
So what?!

(beat)

Moss **tenses.** Saul crosses his arms. Keller **watches Evan closely.**

EVAN (calmly)
Come on. Moss —

We all like young women when we're young.
Why should anything change when we get old?
You don't wish — instead of your fat wife who's lost all sex drive —
You don't wish, at night, you were in bed with a slim woman, 40… 42?
She's coming close to you... saying your name in your ear…
Her hand sliding down towards your—

KELLER (cutting in)
Okay, okay — that's enough.
Tell us why your military record is so **mysterious.**

EVAN (suddenly serious)
You think I stole weapons?
(beat)
I can be a lot of things.
You hear me!
But **never** a thief.

SAUL
Then tell us — what did you really do?

EVAN
Turn the camera off.
And the recorder.
Then I'll talk.

(They exchange glances. Moss nods. The camera **shuts off. Click.**)

EVAN (calm, steady voice)
Project **LPQ-04.**
It's a secret military program — even some high-ups don't know about it.
I was in it.
We were building a weapon.

One that releases **waves so powerful** …
any nuke coming your way — anything carrying a tactical nuke, jet, whatever —
The waves have the power to **send it into space.**
The engine was being made...

(**Moss leans forward.** Saul still. **Keller pale.**)

EVAN
I was the assistant on it.
Three top Harvard PhDs were leading it.
They hit a wall.

For weeks — they couldn't figure out the most crucial stage of the engine.
One night... **3:02 a.m.**
I saw all three of their blueprints.
All failed.

By **8:13 a.m.** ...
I had fused all three into a single blueprint —
One that worked **flawlessly.**

They used my blueprint to build the engine.

And what thanks do I get?
A little fame.
A few pats on the back.

But those three? They felt so outshined by me.
Humiliated.

So what did they do?
They started “downsizing.”
They kicked me out.

(**Evan’s breathing speeds up.** Something raw and buried cracks loose.)

(He leans forward. Calm. Controlled. **Too calm.**)

EVAN
Mutual assured destruction?
In twenty years... it won’t exist for America.
Because of—

(The room stills. **No breath. No movement.**)

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING —
EVAN SLAMS BOTH FISTS DOWN ON THE TABLE.
LOUD. BRUTAL.
LIKE A PRISONER IN CUFFS WHO HAS JUST SNAPPED.

EVAN (shouting)

MY ENGINE!
MY INTELLIGENCE!!
MY BRILLIANCE!!!

(All three agents flinch. Eyes wide. Their heart rates spike — **primal, involuntary fear.** Like a creature just showed its fangs.)

(Evan breathes hard. Still. **Eyes wide open** — like he just vomited ten years of betrayal in one scream.)

(Silence.)

(Evan's chest rises and falls. Hard. His hands **tremble** on the table.)

(All three agents just stare at him — wide-eyed, still.)

EVAN (voice breaking)
They wanted me back.
After all that.
When things were finally going fine…

(He chokes on the next breath. Voice **warping, cracking** — raw.)

EVAN (tears welling)
But I betrayed my girlfriend.
(pained whisper)
I'm filth.

(disgusted with himself)
Oh God…
(his voice buckles)
I'm sorry, Meilin.
I'm sorry…

(**Evan BURSTS into tears** — uncontrollable, loud, shattering. His shoulders shake. He tries to hold it in — but it's useless.)

(**Saul and Moss exchange a glance** — the kind that says *we weren't ready for this.*)

(Saul quietly slides a bottle of water across. His voice low, almost gentle.)

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – OUTER HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

(**Keller stands outside the room.** Arms crossed. Jaw tight. She's staring through the one-way glass.)

(Saul sits across from Evan inside — speaking softly, handing him tissues. Evan's head is down. Broken.)

(Keller pulls out her phone.)

KELLER (into phone)

Where the hell are you, Gustavo?

GUSTAVO (V.O.)
Midway there. Car just crashed. I'm fine. I'll be in the office in thirty.

KELLER (smirks, dry)
Come quick.
You just missed it.

(She hangs up. Keeps watching Evan — like trying to read a language she doesn't understand.)

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM – LATER (30 MINUTES LATER)

The door opens.
MOSS, KELLER, and GUSTAVO step in — soaked from rain, energy heavy.

EVAN sits upright now — composed, quiet.
A tissue crumpled in his hand. A bottle of water on the table.

EVAN
(sincerely)
Sorry about earlier. That… wasn't planned.

MOSS
(nods)
No issue. You're here. That's what matters.

They sit.

KELLER
We're going to need a blood sample. Just protocol.

EVAN rolls up his sleeve, no argument.

But now — the room shifts.
Awkward. Thick. Like everyone's holding something back.

MOSS
(low, measured)
Why didn't you tell anyone about the secret project?

EVAN
(smirking faintly)
Tell others? And risk getting shot in the head while sipping coffee in a café? Through a sniper.
(leans forward)
You're smart people. You know what to tell others — and what not to.
(friendly tone)
Let's keep this between us.
(beat)
Okay?

Door opens fast.

AGENT DREW bursts in — pale, rattled.
His breath shallow. Eyes unfocused.

AGENT DREW
(low, strained)
Sir…
You're gonna want to sit down.

MOSS
(voice tightening)
What is it?

A silence falls.
Heavy. Uneasy.
Like the room itself just held its breath.

CHAPTER 15

A long corridor.
Fluorescent lights buzz overhead — **one flickers.**
A cold draft slips under the door.

Inside the room — silence.
Evan sits calm now. Holding a tissue. **Eyes low.** A faint apology on his lips.
Moss, Keller, Gustavo sit opposite — unreadable.

The blood sample continues to draw — **drip… drip…**

Then— **FOOTSTEPS.** Fast. Uneven. Coming closer.

The door bursts open. **AGENT DREW** , pale, breathless, eyes wide.

AGENT DREW
Sir…
(beat)
You're gonna want to sit down.

AGENT DREW
Ray's girlfriend. The one we interviewed. **She's dead.**

(A thick silence.)

AGENT DREW (CONT'D)
It just happened. Less than an hour ago.

(He glances at the tech drawing Evan's blood.)

AGENT DREW (CONT'D)
Sir… this sample's pointless.

(Everyone turns.)

AGENT DREW (CONT'D)
The murder took place while Evan was sitting here. And Ray's still in New York — locked in with Internal Affairs.

KELLER
(slowly)
Which means…

AGENT DREW
The Fog Killer's still out there.
(beat)
We interviewed her. She seemed dull — knew nothing. We let her go. Now she's dead. Still warm. **It happened within this hour.**

(No one moves.)
Only the soft, steady sound of blood dripping into the vial.

5 DAYS LATER – EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – 2:09 A.M.

It's raining. **Hard.** The kind that makes the windows vibrate.

Inside the bedroom — dim. Only source of light is the LED.

Evan sits on the floor, back against the bed. Shirtless. Wearing only trousers.
The glow of the LED flickers across his face.
He's watching ***R-Point*** **(2004) — Korean war horror — English subtitles on, 1080p Blu-ray print** , volume low.
He is fully hooked.

Behind him, the bed shifts. Meilin stirs at the sound of gunshots from the film.
She opens her eyes slowly, sits up groggily.
She glances at Evan — doesn't say anything yet.
Reaches for the peach juice on the side table.
Takes a slow sip.

She watches the movie a moment, then quietly gets out of bed.
Moves toward him. Kneels beside him.
Leans forward — **kisses him right at the top of his bicep, near the shoulder.**

EVAN
(quiet, apologetic)
Oh. You're awake. I didn't mean to—

MEILIN
(sits beside him)
It's okay… **This movie's scary.**

She watches the screen a beat, then turns — eyes gleaming in the dark.

MEILIN
(softly, with mischief)
I drank the peach juice… again?

She doesn't smile — but the tone says everything. Evan turns to her. **A breath between them.**

EVAN
Again?

She hands him the cup playfully. He doesn't take it. Instead, he pauses the film. The room stills.

EVAN
No. I wanna finish this.

MEILIN
Okay…

She says it like a lover says *fine* — when what she really means is *please don't.*

Then, just before she turns away — her face shifts. Not

dramatic. Barely a twitch. **But unmistakable.**

The **I-love-you-but-I-hate-you** expression.
Lips pressed in a pout. Eyes wide with wounded pride.
Almost childish. Almost cruel.

It's the look a girl makes when she wants to punish you for hurting her — but loves you too much to mean it.
Tender. Prideful. Vulnerable in the most manipulative way.

And Evan just stands there —

She turns. Climbs into the bed, slow, deliberate. Pulls the blanket over her —

Evan rewinds the film. Thirty-five minutes back. Sets the remote down. Stands. Climbs onto the bed.

She doesn't move — not yet. Just watches.

He picks up the peach juice. **Drinks.**

Meilin smiles — small, content.
He sets the cup down. She shifts closer.

They hug. They kiss. **Slow.** Mouths remembering.

Hands pull each other in, bodies finding the rhythm.

Her fingers trace his chest. Down his knees.
He rolls toward her.

MEILIN
(low voice — bolder now, teasing, but still soft)
Ohh… Evan…

Her fingers tremble as she touches his chest. Then lower.
She feels it — **firm, heavy.**
Eyes flutter. Her voice cracks into a grin.

MEILIN
(grinning against his mouth, fragile — turned on, pretending fear)
It's… fully risen…
It's touching me… you feel that? So hard.
Evan, look—
It's leaking.
Like it can't wait.

MEILIN
(whispers)
So hot… Pressed so close to me — (she holds it)
Wet — As desperate as I am.
(beat)

EVAN
(fingers trace down — slow, deliberate)
You feel that?
(leans in, voice low, almost cruel)
Meilin… **you're already flooding.**

(Evan fumbling in the drawer — quiet, practiced)
Protection. No words needed.

He hugs her tight. She climbs on top — slow, hesitant.
Still trembling slightly. But drawn to it.

To him.

Kisses his neck.
His chest.

Her hips lock over his.
Their bodies find rhythm.

Urgency rising.
Breath colliding.
Want thickening the air.

But —
Suddenly, she feels it.
Something's off.

She pauses.
Looks down at him.

His eyes — not here. Not fully.

MEILIN *(quiet)*
Hey…

Her hand comes to his cheek.
Soft. Searching.

MEILIN
What's wrong?

EVAN *(numb)*
Nothing.

MEILIN *(sincerely)*
Really?

A long silence.
The kind that stretches into something aching.

Then —
He flips her onto her back.
Rougher now. Focused. Urgent.

Their bodies tangle — fast, reckless.
Evan plunges into her — deep. **No mercy.**

Meilin cries out — a sound between a roar and a sob —
as if her whole body's been waiting for this.
For him.

And just as the flood rises in him — ready to pour into her —

EVAN *(whispers, broken)*

Meilin…
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry—

He comes — shaking, undone.
Breath ragged.
Body trembling.

She holds him tightly.
Doesn't say a word.
Just looks at him with love.

LATER – SAME BED – 14 MINUTES LATER

The rain hasn't stopped.
The screen glows faintly on pause.

They sit on the bed, backs against the headboard.
Shoulders touching.
Blankets low on their waists.

MEILIN *(quiet)*
What are you sorry about?

EVAN doesn't answer.

MEILIN
You've been acting… nice.

Too nice.
For five days now.

She looks over at him.
Eyes sharp now.
Awake.

MEILIN
Tell me the truth.
What's wrong?

A long silence.

Then —
EVAN swings his legs off the bed.
Stands.

MEILIN watches him.
Stiffening.
Confused.
Guarded.

She rises too — slowly.
Now both standing.
Facing each other in the hush of rain and LED glow.

EVAN : shirtless, in trousers.
MEILIN : in her shirt and black panties.
Only the soft blue screen-light shapes their bodies — pulsing, ghostly.

Meilin reaches for the switch.
Click.
Warm light glows across the room.

Evan looks at her.
That look —
The one only someone who knows you can give.
Soft. Guilty. About to break.
The baby look.

EVAN *(quiet, fast — choking, panic under his breath)*
I messed up, Meilin.
I... I—
(pause, he swallows hard)
I did Lina.

The words hit.
Like thunder underwater.

Meilin just stares.
Doesn't move.
Doesn't breathe.

MEILIN *(soft, stunned)*
What?

Her voice trembles.
Not with anger.
Not yet.
Just disbelief.

Evan takes a step forward.
Hands out — open.
Begging.

EVAN
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry, Meilin — please.

He moves closer —
A breath away.

CRACK.

She **SLAPS** him —
Vicious. Immediate.

His head whips sideways.
The sound slices through the room.

MEILIN *(furious, shaking)*
Don't. Touch. Me.

Evan stands frozen.
Red blooming on his cheek.
His breath caught, locked in his chest.

And for a beat —
all you hear is the rain.

---

8 DAYS LATER – OUTSKIRTS – EARLY MORNING

The sky is sunny bright.
Wind bends the grass along the hills
like whispers brushing the earth.

GUSTAVO drives alone.
Cigarette flickering.
Silence pressing in.

He passes the old murder sites —
The roadside field where the first girl lay , the canal reeds still whispering her name.

The green fields where bodies turned up like secrets in the soil.

The canal that never runs clean, and the train track no one walks anymore.

He slows near a cracked fence.

Suddenly — an **OLD MAN** steps into the road.
Thin. Worn. Pale sweater full of holes.

GUSTAVO brakes.

OLD MAN
(low, rasping)

Evenin', sir.
You haven't seen a black dog, have you?

GUSTAVO
(leans out)
Black dog?

OLD MAN
Big one. Quiet. Doesn't bark.
He was mine. Been gone three nights now.

(stares at Gustavo)
You sure you haven't seen him?

Gustavo pauses.
The man's eyes are cloudy — almost wet with something that isn't just age.

GUSTAVO
No. Sorry. Haven't seen any dogs.

The old man nods… slowly. Then starts to turn.

GUSTAVO
Wait.
I'm sorry, but —
Do I know you?

The old man doesn't stop walking.

OLD MAN
(smiling faintly)
No. Don’t think you do.

And then he walks away. Gone.
Just… fades into the dusk like he was part of it.

Gustavo frowns.
He rolls forward, heart a little unsteady.

A minute later, he sees her —
An elderly woman crouched near a rusted mailbox,
sorting damp papers in the grass.

She hums something tuneless.
Hair pinned. Skirt torn at the hem.

She doesn’t look up.
Just keeps picking up papers, putting them down again —
like a ritual that doesn’t end.

GUSTAVO (V.O.)
Her too.

Something about the curve of her spine…
The rhythm of her hand…

GUSTAVO (V.O.)
I’ve seen her before.
Him too.

But where?

A gust of wind kicks up — the mailbox door slams open and shut.
CLANG. CLANG. CLANG.

He blinks.
She looks at Gustavo and waves.

Gustavo stares at the empty roadside.
Then checks his rearview mirror — **old woman looking at his car, smiling** .

The world feels… thinner.

He doesn't say a word.
Just drives.

EDGE OF THE WOODS – 2:23 A.M.

Birds scatter.
The world holds its breath.

MOSS stands with his gun pressed against **EVAN's** forehead.
His hand is trembling — but his eyes are locked.

MOSS
You killed them.
All of them.
I know it now.
It's your time to die.

GUSTAVO lies nearby — blood running down his temple, hand gripping his side.
KELLER is sprawled in the dirt. Motionless. Dead.

GUSTAVO
(gritting his teeth)
Sir…
It wasn't him.
It was the demon.

BAM!

Moss fires —
Not at Evan — into the air.

A cloud of birds bursts from the trees.

MOSS
(roaring)
Where is it?!
Where's the goddamn demon?!
Why isn't it coming out?!

EVAN
(screaming, lost it)

We’re all gonna die!
It’s here! It’s coming — AHAHAHAHA!!!!!!

A low growl ripples through the air — like something ancient yawning open.

Then…
The bushes part.

They twitch.
Something moves — slow, deliberate.

Then a leg slithers out.
Bent wrong.

And then… it comes.

It crawls out.
Not walking — sliding, like it doesn’t obey gravity.

A monstrous figure — **half-goat, half-human** .
Thick curled horns.
Elongated limbs.
Flesh the color of rotted bark.
Eyes burning red.

It looks exactly like the sketch from the coma victim.

EVAN collapses to his knees, shaking.
MOSS stares in mute horror — his gun now useless.

MOSS
(dropping the gun)
This can’t be real… this can’t be real…

GUSTAVO
(whispers)
Jesus Christ…

The demon steps forward.

It shrieks — a sound not made for human ears — high and ragged,
like a thousand corpses crying out at once.

CHAPTER 16

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – EARLY MORNING – 9:43 A.M.

CLACK.
WHIRR.
BZZT. BZZT.
THUNK.

The office is alive. Printers spit out files. Fax machines buzz. Phones ring. Boots stomp. Voices overlap.

SHUT THAT DOOR—
—blood panel just came in—
Keller! Get over here—
No, I said six bodies! Six—

GUSTAVO JOLTS AWAKE.

GASP. His whole body twitches. Hands gripping the armrests. Shirt damp with sweat. His pulse is slamming. **Eyes bloodshot. Breathing hard.**

KELLER (O.S.)
You good?

GUSTAVO
(shaken)
I saw it.

KELLER
Saw what?

GUSTAVO
The demon. Horns. Legs bent backward.
It crawled out of the woods.
(beat)
Shot right past Evan. Looked straight at me.

Keller blinks. Half-smile.

KELLER
Jesus. Still dreaming?

Gustavo rubs his face — wipes the sweat off his neck.
You've been out cold in that chair since 7 A.M.
We got boats hitting the east canal.

You coming?

GUSTAVO
(slowly)
Yeah.
Just… give me a second.

Keller stands and walks off — already calling orders.

GUSTAVO sits still. Everything feels off.

The printer kicks again — **Zzzzt — THUNK.**
A report slides out.

GUSTAVO (to Keller)
First the old man and his black dog.
Then the woman by the mailbox.
Now this dream.
(beat)
What a weird strange morning?

Gustavo rises from the chair.
Grabs his gun. Straps it to his side.
He's about to move — **then stops.**

His eyes lock on the briefing board.
The sketch.
Pinned under a spotlight.

The face stares back — jagged lines, black eyes, warped

mouth.

Gustavo walks to it — slowly now.
The hum of voices fades around him.

He stops.
Stares.
Just stares.
Silence pressing in.

Then — all at once — **he RIPS the sketch off the board.**

GUSTAVO
(shouting)
Sir! I've figured it out!
(louder, urgent)
Moss! Keller!
I've figured it out —
I know who this sketch person is!

Heads turn. Agents freeze mid-step.
Moss bursts out of the hallway. Keller drops his coffee.
They all rush toward him.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – BRIEFING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Gustavo stands in front of the sketch, holding it tight.
His eyes — **wild.** Breath ragged. Everyone watches.

GUSTAVO
Sir — remember the forensic guy said it was probably an old person?

(agents murmur: “Right—yeah—he did—")

GUSTAVO
But what if it was never one old person?
What if it was a group?
Nine of them?

KELLER
(frowning)
You saying this isn’t one face?

GUSTAVO
It’s nine.
Nine old locals — stitched together into a ghost.

Gustavo’s mouth twitches. Pulse spikes. He grips the sketch tighter.

GUSTAVO (CONT’D)
We asked the mute guy to draw the killer, right?
But what if the killer didn’t have just one face?
(beat — voice dropping)
What if he gave us all of them.
All nine — in one.

(The room stills. Someone exhales, too loud.)

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
That's why it felt familiar.
It's them.
This morning. **6:14 A.M.**
I saw them — the man with the black dog.

The woman by the mailbox.

They're both in this face.

(He taps the sketch — urgent, unraveling)
That's what's been gnawing at me.

(beat)
Sir — **look closer.**

(He raises the sketch. Points, trembling.)

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
The eyes — **Mr. John.** Cloudy stare.
The nose — **Dr. Nanny.** Crooked.
The ears — **Garry.** Torn left lobe.
The lips — **Russ Doyle.** Split in the middle.
The shape — **Tera.** Long. Hawkish.
The cheekbones — **Martha Lee.** Sunken.
The jaw — **Edwin Price.** Clenched like he's hauling in a shark.
The brows — **Ruthanne.** Thick, arched. Judging.
The forehead — **Samuel Briggs.** Wide. Wrinkled. Like old bark.

(beat — Gustavo looks up)
It's all of them.
One face.
Nine killers.

(Silence. A pen drops. Nobody moves.)

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
They're the Fog Killer.
They always were.

They made the myth.
Spread it.
So no one would see the truth.

KELLER
(stunned)
That's why the locals said the sketch looked familiar —
Then pulled back.
Said no, it wasn't anyone.

(beat)
Because it was **everyone.**

There's no ghost. No demon.
Just nine old bodies —
Hollowed by time.
Stitched by secrets.
Pretending to be a monster.

GUSTAVO

It all fits.
They lived here for decades. Quiet. Isolated. Nobody noticed.

Then a developer moves in — plans for condos.
Eviction notices. Bulldozers coming.

Then — bam — thirteen years ago. The first murder.

Grotesque. Mocking.
And suddenly... whispers.

A fog demon.
Half goat killer.

People stayed away.
Construction stopped.
No one touched their land.

They created the Fog Killer to save their homes.

And now — thirteen years later —
They're killing again.

Why?

He stares at the sketch — broken, breathless.

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)

Only they know.

(long beat)

MOSS
(grim)
Kick in doors.
Nine of them.
No mercy.

---

6 HOURS LATER

JULY 8 – 9:12 P.M. – VARIOUS LOCATIONS – MONTAGE

— **BLOOD** smeared across rusted sharpening blades in a farm shed.
— Flies buzz thick around a gut bucket half-full.
— A shovel, bent and crusted in deep crimson.
— A pair of wooden pruning shears, snapped at the hinge — still dripping.
— A rust-slick sickle propped against the barn wall.
— Zip bags close. Flashbulbs stutter like gunfire.
— Nine elderly locals in cuffs. Faces hollow. Dead-eyed. Mouths locked.
— One man thrashes as he's shoved into a cruiser:
"We didn't kill nobody!"
— A woman, trembling, lips cracked and white, stares into the lens:
"It wasn't us... it was the fog demon."

— Another man smirks as the cruiser door slams shut — like he's already watched this scene before.

JULY 9 – 11:00 A.M. – INT. COUNTY JAIL – HOLDING CORRIDOR

Metal doors **CLANG** shut.
Cuffs rattle. Boots stomp.

All nine suspects are marched in — one by one.
Hands shackled.
Spines stiff.
Faces worn, but not broken.

One mutters a prayer beneath his breath.
Another spits on the floor.
A third stares directly at the security camera — and **winks.**

KELLER
(quietly, to Moss)
They're stonewalling. All nine deny it.

MOSS
They would.
(eyes locked on the lineup)
A pitchfork. A scythe. A rusted blade sharp enough to slice a man's ribs clean through. **It had blood on it.**

MOSS (CONT'D)
The tools don't lie.

JULY 9 – 7:26 P.M. – INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – PRESS ROOM

Chaos.
Camera flashes burn the room. Reporters surge forward, microphones raised like bayonets.

MOSS steps to the podium.
No suit. Shirt wrinkled. Damp with rain.
His face looks carved from stone.

He leans in.
Voice low.
Eyes hollow.

MOSS
This is the closest we've ever been to catching the Fog Killer.

(beat)

He turns and walks out.

REPORTER 1
Are you confirming the arrests?

REPORTER 2
Why are they all elderly?

REPORTER 3
Is this a cult? Or a coverup?

But Moss is already gone — swallowed by the side door and silence.

2 HOURS LATER – INT. EVIDENCE LAB

Metal on metal.

Gloved hands lift **blades** . Hooks. Rakes. The snapped shears.

A forensic TECH slides a hooked blade beneath UV light —
Veins of blood flare and glow like something alive.

TECH 1
Blood on all of them. Some fresh.

TECH 2
Multiple sources.
Different victims. Different blood types.

They pause.
One lifts a curved blade — smooth, spotless.

TECH 1
This one’s clean.

(They glance at each other — a cold weight in the silence.)

TECH 2
This wasn’t one killer.

Behind the glass, the nine suspects sit in silence.
A single bulb swings overhead like a pendulum blade.

One of them **grins** through the glass.
Mouth dry. Crooked.

Forensic Tech, inspecting a blade:
"...this is strange. There’s tissue, but no human epithelial cells."

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33 MINUTES LATER

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – MAIN FLOOR – DAY

The office hums with calm.

Coffee steams on desks. Agents lean back in chairs, laughing softly.

The air is light — like pressure has lifted.

On the wall: the *“FOG KILLER”* investigation board, half-cleared.
Someone scrawled **“CASE CLOSED?”** in blue marker near the top.

MOSS, in a clean shirt for the first time in weeks, stands by the vending machine with KELLER and GUSTAVO.

KELLER
You believe it? If it was a cult, they sure kept it quiet.

GUSTAVO
(mouth full of chips)
Or maybe just no one ever listened to the old folks. Until now.

Suddenly — **BANG!**
The front doors **SLAM** open.

Heads turn.

Footsteps pound the hallway.
Heavy. Uneven. **Desperate.**

EVAN bursts in, wild-eyed.
Soaked in sweat. Shirt misbuttoned.

He doesn’t slow. **Shoves past an intern.**

EVAN
(yelling)
Please—! I need help—please!

Agents freeze mid-step. Conversations die.

EVAN rushes straight at MOSS, KELLER, and GUSTAVO.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(voice cracking, almost breathless)
Meilin—she's gone. She's just... gone.
I've looked everywhere—I tore through the apartment—
I ran through the streets—
I called every number—

(losing it)
She vanished. I'm afraid something might have happened to her.

(beat, his eyes glassy)
(chokes)
Please—please help me.

He's breathless. On the edge of collapse.

MOSS steps forward, instantly alert.

MOSS
Calm down.

(gripping his shoulders)
Take a breath. You're safe.
Now tell us slowly—what happened?

EVAN stares at him, **eyes full of terror.**

CHAPTER *17*

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

The light hums overhead.

Walls cold. Table bare.

EVAN sits, soaked in sweat.
Hands trembling.
His eyes dart around the room, unfocused — somewhere between terror and collapse.

MOSS leans forward.

KELLER stands near the wall, arms crossed.

GUSTAVO nurses a paper cup of black coffee, eyes flicking between Evan and Moss.

MOSS
Start from the beginning.

EVAN
(swallows)
It was three nights ago. Between 2 and 3 A.M.

Raining hard. You know the kind — sideways rain, like the sky wants to drown everything.

(beat — voice thinning)
We were doing fine. Quiet, soft.

I made tea. She was curled up on the couch.
Blanket. Book in her lap.
Her hair smelled like cinnamon and smoke.

(pause)
And then I… I just said it.

I couldn’t take it anymore.

KELLER
(at the wall, arms crossed)
You said what?

EVAN
That I cheated on her.

(silence)

KELLER
At 2 A.M.? In the middle of the night?

EVAN
(quiet)
I didn’t plan it.
It just… spilled out of me.

(beat)

GUSTAVO
Where were you?

EVAN
My house.

(beat — eyes empty)
She froze.
Didn’t speak.
Just stared.

Then she slapped me.

(pause)
Hard.

Then she walked straight to the door.

I chased her — barefoot, soaked.
She screamed at me.

“Don’t follow me. Don’t you dare come near me.”

She got in her car.
Slammed the door so hard it shook the glass.

Engine roared.
Tires spun.

Then... she vanished into the rain.

(Evan’s fingers twitch. His voice is hollow.)

EVAN (CONT’D)
Next day, I called. Texted. Left voicemails. Nothing.

I thought she just needed time.

But hours turned into silence.

Next day, I went to her apartment.

Her car wasn't there.

I waited.

Went to her office.

Nobody had seen her.
Not coworkers.
Not neighbors.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Just absence.

Oh god...

(his voice cracks)
I think something bad might have happened to her.

(silence — cold, dead air)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Her phone's off. I tried every number.
Nothing. No voicemail. Not even a dead tone.

(he grips his head — panic blooming)
Where is she...?

(silence again — until Moss speaks)

MOSS
What time did you say she left?

EVAN
(after a pause)
...Two A.M.

MOSS
(nods slowly, voice calm)
Don’t worry, Evan. She’s probably somewhere safe.
Just needed space, that’s all.

(slight smile, falsely reassuring)
We’ll find her.
Just sit tight.

(Moss gives Evan a gentle pat on the shoulder, then takes a few steps back — out of earshot.)

MOSS
(quietly, to Keller and Gustavo)
The tools had fresh blood on them, didn’t they?

KELLER
(anxious)
Yeah.

GUSTAVO

(darkly, voice strained)
Sir... He said she went out at 2 A.M.?

MOSS
(nods once)
Yeah. Right when the rain was coming down hardest.

(He looks toward the interrogation mirror, toward Evan, who now trembles with his face buried in his palms.)

MOSS
That's the exact window the killings happened.
On nights when it rained.

(pause, voice lowering)
Jesus Christ... What if—

GUSTAVO
(swallows)
What if she's the last one?

KELLER
(stiff)
We'd have found her by now, if she was left like the others.

MOSS
Not if the rain buried her.
Not if she ran deeper into the woods.

(pause — ice in his voice)
We might be sitting on a fresh crime scene no one's found yet.

(They all look at each other — the air suddenly colder, heavier.)

GUSTAVO
(looks at Evan)
Poor guy.

MOSS
(to Keller)
Get search teams. **Now.**
Wooded areas, ravines — any place the rain would've buried a trail.

(to Gustavo)
I want **every gas station cam** , every ATM, traffic light — find her car.
Track her last route. Even if it's just **a ghost in the fog.**

GUSTAVO
(nods, heading out)
On it.

KELLER
(stern)
If there's a body, **we'll find it.**

(Moss walks slowly back to Evan, sits across from him.

His voice drops lower now. Almost gentle.)

MOSS
Evan... do you remember what she was wearing when she left?

EVAN
(voice broken)
Yeah.
(beat)
Blue shirt. Gray leggings. Red shoes...

(Moss's face tightens — something inside him cracks.)

MOSS
Okay. That's good. That helps.
(beat)
We're gonna find her.

(Moss stands again. This time, his face is unreadable. He turns toward the mirror — eyes narrowing, not at Evan, but at the silence behind the glass.)

EXT. WOODED BACK ROAD – NIGHT – 3:00 A.M.

Flashlights sweep through the trees.
Boots crunch wet leaves.
Dogs bark. Rain taps the canopy — soft, rhythmic, **like a warning.**

A searchlight from a low-hovering helicopter cuts through the mist.

RADIO STATIC
(officer, distant)
—unit 4 sweeping east ridge—negative contact—

Locals have joined the search.
Old men in flannel. Teenagers with farm flashlights.
Faces blank. Dead-eyed. Moving like **ghosts.**

They drag sticks through wet brush.
Call her name. Once.
Then silence again.

Nothing.

GUSTAVO
(checking his watch)
Search began at **9:19.**

KELLER
(nods, scanning the tree line)
It's **3 A.M.**

MOSS
She's not here.

(Rain falls harder now.
Slow. Relentless.

The dogs grow restless — whining, tails low.)

OFFICER (O.S.)
(shouting from deeper in the woods)
Anything?! Any signs?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Nothing! No footprints, no clothing — just mud!

(Moss stands still, soaked.
Breathing fog.)

He turns toward the dark beyond the searchlights.
The forest doesn't move.
Doesn't speak.

MOSS
(to himself)
Where the hell are you...

(Silence.
The dogs keep whining.)

EXT. SEARCH SITE – EDGE OF WOODS – 3:07 A.M.

The search is still in full force.
Dogs bark.
Helicopter blades churn low above the tree line.

Locals wade through thigh-deep mud with sticks.
Flashlights sweep. Radios crackle.
Shouts echo.

Nothing found.

EVAN
(standing still, soaked, pale — voice hollow)
I just wanted her to know the truth.
I didn't want our relationship to be filled with **buried lies.**
I thought she'd forgive me...

(He doesn't blink.
Doesn't move.)

KELLER
(steps close — voice soft, hand on his shoulder)
Hey...
You did the right thing, Evan.
You were honest.
That matters.
Don't blame yourself.

(She gives his shoulder a gentle squeeze.
Nods once.
Then turns to move forward into the dark, joining the others.)

GUSTAVO
(stops, turns back — eyes locked on Evan)

A beat of silence.

GUSTAVO
(quiet, but cutting)
“If the water is too clean...
the fish dies.”

(He holds Evan’s gaze a second longer —
then disappears into the rain and the search.)

Evan just stands there.
Alone.
Raindrops sliding down his face **like tears.**

EXT. WOODS – DAWN – 6:16 A.M.

Mist creeps low across the ground.
The sky is soft grey.
The rain has stopped — but everything drips.

EVAN is still out there.
Mud on his jeans.
Eyes red.

Dragging his feet.
Searching like a **ghost.**

MOSS walks up behind him.

MOSS
(slow, steady)
Evan.

(Evan doesn’t stop.
Keeps moving.)

MOSS
Come on. That’s enough.

EVAN
(quiet, dazed)
I just want to check this ridge.
Just this one.

MOSS
You’ve been out here all night.

(Evan keeps walking.
Doesn’t argue.)

MOSS
(stern now — but soft underneath)
You need to go home.
Get some sleep.
You need to be sharp for what’s coming next.

(beat)

MOSS

We'll find her. I promise.
You go home, take rest, then come back to search her.

(Evan finally stops. Breathing heavy.)

(Evan nods. Just once.
Then turns and starts walking back. Slow. Broken.)

Moss watches him disappear.

(turns to Keller and Gustavo, nearby)

MOSS
(flat, factual)
She's most likely dead.

(no reaction from the others — they've already accepted it)

MOSS
No car seen. No signal. No trace.

(beat)

MOSS
Sixty percent of the woods have been cleared with dogs.
In the next forty...
we'll find her.

(No more words. They just stand there.
Breathing fog. Watching the trees.)

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT – 8:21 P.M.

Dark.
The room is still. Blankets tangled.
Phone vibrates on the nightstand.

BUZZ. BUZZ.

Evan stirs — face sunken, eyes swollen.
He grabs the phone.

ON SCREEN: UNKNOWN – CALLING

He answers.
Voice hoarse. Throat dry.

EVAN
(low)
Hello...?

MOSS (V.O.)
Evan...

(pause — breath on the line)

MOSS (V.O.)
We've found Meilin.

EVAN
(screams into the phone)
IS SHE ALIVE?!

MOSS (V.O.)
(slow, firm)
Yes.

(beat)

MOSS (V.O.)
She's alive.

Evan collapses to the edge of the bed — eyes wide, shaking.

EVAN
Oh my God...

(But Moss's voice keeps going — calm, but colder now.)

MOSS (V.O.)
But… well, there's something you need to clear up.

(a long silence — static hums)

MOSS (V.O.)
So please...
Come to the station.

EVAN
(panting — already throwing on his shirt)
I'm coming.
I'm coming right now.

MOSS (V.O.)
Please do.
We're waiting.

(Hangs up)

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – MAIN HALLWAY – MORNING

Evan walks in.
Silence follows him like a shadow.

Everyone stares.
Gustavo. Keller. Saul.
Uniformed agents. Analysts. Interns. Even the janitor.

Their eyes aren't angry.
They're strangely quiet.
Like a crowd watching a man walk toward a firing squad.

SAUL approaches, stiff.

SAUL
You need to head to Interrogation Room 3 first.
Then… you'll see her.

EVAN
What? Why—

But Saul's already turned away.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – MAIN HALLWAY – MORNING

Evan walks in.
Silence trails him like smoke.

Eyes turn.
Gustavo. Keller. Saul.
Uniformed agents. Analysts. Interns. Even the janitor.

Nobody speaks.
Nobody blinks.
Like witnesses watching a man walk to the gallows.

SAUL steps forward. Stiff. Formal.

SAUL
You're going to Interrogation Room 3.
Then...
You'll see her.

EVAN
(frowning)
What? Wait—what does that—

But Saul's already walking away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

Moss sits alone at the table.
Expression unreadable. Too calm. Too still.

Behind the one-way mirror:
Keller. Gustavo. Saul.

Dozens of agents watching.
Breathless. Frozen.

The camera's red light blinks.
The recorder clicks on.

MOSS
(calm, almost gentle — but there's something *off*)
Welcome, Evan. Please… have a seat.

Evan sits.
Hands trembling just slightly.

He glances at the camera in the corner.
Then at the recorder Moss now switches on.

EVAN
(confused)
Why are you recording this...?
Where's Meilin?

(pause)

EVAN
Why the hell are you—

MOSS
(cutting him off — voice sharp, mocking)
Meilin…
Yes... Meilin.

That name hangs in the air like a gunshot.
Evan flinches slightly — the way someone flinches when they realize the floorboards are about to collapse.

EVAN
(quietly)
What's going on...?

MOSS

(slow, deliberate)
We found her.

But you know who else we found, Evan?

(leans in)
Your alibis from the Blacktooth Summit.
You remember them?
Those friendly faces who vouched for you?

We spoke to them.
Had a real long conversation.

EVAN
(sharply, rising)
Where's Meilin?! Let me out. I want to see her!

He lunges at the door — locked.

EVAN
(shouting, pounding the two-way mirror)
MEILIN!
MEILIN, WHERE ARE YOU!

MOSS
She's right here, Evan.

Evan spins.

EVAN

What?

Moss stands.
The smile's gone.

MOSS
(firm)
There
.
.
.
.
.
.
never was a Meilin…

Now was there?

He slides a thick manila folder across the table.
It thuds. Opens.

Photos spill out like teeth.
Blood. Dirt.
Twisted bodies posed like grotesque art.

One photo.
A girl in a red dress.
Tongue removed.
Mouth fixed in a silent scream.

MEILIN.

Dead.
Thirteen years ago.

Another: **DR. KWON.**
Grotesquely stabbed .
Eyes stitched open.

Another. Another. Another.
Faces Evan knows.

EVAN
(staring — whispering)
No...
“No… no, this is ***wrong…*** ”

Moss doesn’t flinch.

MOSS
(low, slow, venom like acid)
Sit down, Evan.

(Evan stands frozen. Breath ragged. Eyes darting to the door.)

MOSS
(rises from the chair — voice a razor’s edge)
Sit down...

(beat)
...the original Fog Killer .

CHAPTER 18

Evan picks up the photo of dead **MEILIN** — thirteen years ago.
His fingers tremble.
Breath catches in his throat.
Eyes widen.
A living man staring into the grave.

EVAN
(whispers, total shock)
What… what is this?

EVAN (CONT'D)
That's not—
That can't be Meilin.
Meilin's alive.
She's… she's been with me.
Just days ago.

“I held her. I felt her. This week.”—

MOSS
(barking, brutal)
That girl’s been dead for over a decade!

(Evan recoils — like slapped.
He stands. Pale. Breath shallow.
Staring at the photos spread like blood-stained cards.)

MOSS
(voice rising — not yelling, but sharp like a razor)
You’ve been celebrating your birthday...
With your previous twenty-seven victims.

(beat — silence falls like a bomb)

MOSS (CONT’D)
Fog Killer!

(Evan stumbles back. Knees weak.)

EVAN
(hoarse, whispering)
Meilin…?

MOSS
(steps forward — finger pointed like a gun)
You’re the **Fog Killer** .
The old ones didn’t start it — they continued it.

What you left behind thirteen years ago... became legend.

EVAN
(voice cracking)
No. No, it's not me—
I would never…..

BOOM—

A SERIES OF FLASH-CUTS — FAST, VIOLENT, HALLUCINATORY.
Like a reel of film spinning out of control behind his eyes.

Flash
Top of Blacktooth Summit.
Evan sees a silver hypnosis watch.
It swings — tick, tick — gleaming in the fog.

SARAH's voice:
"You sure?"

Flash
Meilin's face.
Smiling.
Lit by candlelight.

Then —
CRACK.
Her head shattered by a gleaming axe.
Blood crawls down the walls.

Flash
Evan — younger, thinner —
trailing behind Professor Kwon across a long, narrow road.
Empty. Endless.
Flanked by green fields on both sides.

The grass sways like it’s breathing.
Footsteps echo.
Evan’s hand twitching.
Something in his coat.

Flash
The mute girl — **Jane** .
At her home
Eyes wide.
Lips barely moving in silent language

JANE
(quiet, haunting)
“You don't like it… Evan?”

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

And then—
This was no memory.
This was an inescapable, absolute flashback.

"A total reversion of self."

Not a glimpse.

Not a flicker.
A descent — complete, immersive, irreversible.

His mind cracked open —
and the past came roaring in like a flood that had waited thirteen years to drown him.

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FIFTEEN YEARS AGO – JULY 8, 2025

Summer was slipping out the back door — warm, golden, reluctant.
Autumn crept in with longer shadows and the scent of dry leaves.

Campus buzzed faintly, but Evan sat still on the stone steps, cigarette smoldering.
The sunlight didn't touch him — it slid past like it knew better.

Behind his eyes: silence.
Around him: too much life.

INT. COLLEGE GYM – LATE AFTERNOON – JULY 8,

2025

Pop music blasted — sugary, savage, alive.
Cheerleaders whipped across the court, hair flying, voices shouting counts.
Horns screamed. Sneakers screeched.
Drums thundered like war.

Evan sat mid-stands.
Black shirt sharp against the fading summer.
He took a slow drag — held it — exhaled into the chaos.

LINA slid onto the bench beside him, one leg crossed, cherry lollipop in her mouth.
Slim, sharp-featured — like something drawn in ink, not born.
Eyes lazy, lips glossy, jacket slipping off one shoulder.

She didn't glance at the cheerleaders.
She glanced at him.

LINA
(tilts her head, teasing)
Don't smoke that.
You know it kills you, right?

EVAN
(takes a drag, exhales slow)
So what?
We're gonna die anyways.

MEILIN appeared at the gym entrance, voice clear over the noise.
“Evan, come on. Class is starting. Professor’s here.”

Evan flicked ash from his cigarette and stood slowly.
He glanced at Lina.

“Bye,” he said — voice low, almost reluctant.

Lina didn’t look up.
She just sucked her lollipop harder, eyes still locked on him.

Evan turned and walked toward Meilin, disappearing into the crowd of students flooding the gym.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM – FIRST DAY – LATE AFTERNOON

The classroom buzzed quietly — first days always had that restless energy.

Evan slid into a seat beside Meilin and Tom, a lanky kid with nervous eyes and an untucked shirt.

Sunlight filtered through tall windows, casting long stripes across the rows of desks.

The door clicked open.
Professor KWON stepped inside — tailored suit, calm eyes, carrying the kind of silence that quieted people.

He set his bag down, scanned the room once — like he was memorizing them — then spoke:

KWON
Welcome to Advanced Computational Systems.
I'm Professor Kwon. Let's begin differently.

He stepped in front of the board.
Hands behind his back.

KWON (CONT'D)
One by one — name, background, and the hardest thing you've ever solved.
Be honest. I can tell when you're bluffing.

A murmur passed through the room.
Chairs shifted. Bags rustled.
The energy snapped tighter.

Kwon pointed to the first student in the front row.

KWON
You. Start.

A few students introduced themselves — all nervous, rambling, forgettable.

Then Kwon pointed to a boy in a green hoodie.

KWON
You. Go ahead.

STUDENT
Uh… I'm Jared. From Tucson. I tried building a smart home system once. It, uh… didn't work.

Kwon nodded, unimpressed.

KWON
Sounds like you gave up.

JARED
Yeah… I guess I did.

Kwon moved on, satisfied.
Just another one of them.

Thirty-five students.
Thirty-five dull introductions.
Like always.

Then—

KWON
Next. You — back row.

Student 36 stood.
Black shirt. Calm eyes.
Perfect posture, like he wasn't here to learn — just to evaluate.

EVAN
Evan. Double major — neuroscience and computational logic. I work better alone.

Kwon tilted his head slightly, something flickering behind his eyes.

KWON
Hardest problem you've ever solved?

Evan shrugged.

EVAN
Nothing of real value.
(pause)
I guess… figuring out how Japan could've won World War II.

Silence.
A few students shifted uncomfortably.

But it wasn't what Evan said that gripped Kwon.
It was **how** he said it.

Flat tone. Bone-dry.

No theatrics, no need to impress.
His voice didn’t seek approval — it assumed superiority.
Like the question itself bored him.

Kwon watched closely now.

Evan stood with total stillness.
Shoulders relaxed.
Chin level.
Eyes not arrogant, not anxious — just... **assessing** .

As if he were the one grading the professor.

A chill passed through Kwon.

For years, students tried to win his respect — awkward smiles, fake humility, trembling eagerness.
Always reaching.

But this one?
This one wasn’t reaching for **anything** .

His body language whispered a truth Kwon hadn’t heard in decades.

You’re nothing. I’m already beyond you.

Kwon didn’t blink.
Didn’t smile.
But deep inside, something stirred.

For the first time in years —
He wasn't the sharpest mind in the room.

KWON
How could they have?

Evan didn't flinch.

EVAN
That'd take a day. But briefly—
The Battle of Midway. Turning point of the Pacific War.
If Admiral Nagumo hadn't split his carrier forces — if he'd held back the reserve strike group instead of sending it for a second strike on Midway — Japan would've wiped out the U.S. fleet.
Intelligence advantage or not, it wouldn't have mattered.
The plan was sharp. But the chain of command... weak.
That's what doomed them. Going against Yamamoto's command. Not poor strategy.

A beat.
Silence stretched.

For a second — just a second — awe flickered behind Kwon's eyes.

Then, from the middle row:

STUDENT
Uhh... what's World War Two? And what's a... carrier?

Is he even speaking English?

Snickers broke out.
Kwon almost laughed.
Almost.

KWON
(smiling faintly)
Thank you, Evan. You may sit.

Evan did.
Still upright.
Still calm.
Like none of this mattered.

But to Kwon — it suddenly **did** .

That tone.
That precision.
That dismissiveness.

He'd seen arrogant students before. Eager ones.
Insecure ones **pretending to be wolves.**
But **not like this.**

Evan hadn't spoken to impress. He hadn't tried to please.
He wasn't searching for approval — **he was observing.**
Like he was the one grading Kwon.

Then, just once — Evan's eyes flicked to Kwon.

Measured. Silent.
Like evaluating an expired specimen.

And that look… the one he gave Kwon, halfway through his answer — **it wasn't defiance.**
It was worse.

It was boredom.

That afternoon, as the rest of the class fumbled through introductory slides and syllabus questions, Kwon found himself glancing back at Student 36.
He didn't know why. Not yet.
But something in him had quietly turned.

The first crack in admiration wasn't curiosity.
It was irritation.
And beneath it — slow, silent, and cold —
A quiet hatred.
Still wearing the mask of curiosity.

INT. UNIVERSITY – VARIOUS CLASSROOMS, HALLWAYS – WEEKS LATER

For the next few weeks, something shifted.
Not publicly. Not in grades or records.
But in glances. In tones. In silences.

Evan didn't do anything.

No outbursts. No ego. No showing off.
But **he was felt.**

Professors noticed.
Some paused when he raised his hand. Others adjusted their tone.
A few even avoided eye contact.

Some liked him — said he had **presence.**
Most said nothing.
But a few?
They disliked him instantly.

Not for what he said.
For how he listened.
For how calm he was when they weren't.

Some were used to being the smartest in the room.
Now they weren't.
And they could feel it.

"He's too confident."
"Something's off — he doesn't ask questions like the others."
"It's like he's here to test us."

No one said it publicly.
But the tension spread — through lounges, offhand remarks, unreadable looks.

Kwon said nothing.

But he watched.

And Evan?
On time. Silent. Polite. Focused.
Like always.
But now… **unreadable.**

INT. UNIVERSITY – FACULTY OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON

Professor Kwon sat alone, skimming through a stack of short tests from his introductory ethics course.

Quick questions. Short answers.
Just a diagnostic to gauge where students stood early in the term.

He moved briskly — mark, flick, mark, flick.
And all the while, he kept **waiting** for Evan's test to surface.

He wouldn't pull it out deliberately — that would feel like obsession. Or worse, insecurity.

Then it appeared.

EVAN DRAEL

Kwon paused.
He adjusted his glasses and gave it more attention than the others.

The handwriting was clean. Calm.
No signs of nervousness or overconfidence.

First answer — correct.
Second — vague.
Third — slightly misinterpreted.
Fourth — decent.

He read the whole thing again.
It wasn't bad. It wasn't good.
It was… **average.**

An ordinary student's test.

No flash of insight. No hidden sharpness.
Just the kind of paper you'd glance at twice and forget by dinner.

Kwon leaned back. Let out a quiet breath.
"Huh."

He gave it a 67.
Fair marks.
Moved on.

But for some reason, Evan's test stayed in his mind

longer than the better ones.
Because for a boy who walked like that, watched like that — this?
This **didn't match.**

And mismatches always made Kwon uneasy.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM – DAY – 12 DAYS BEFORE MIDTERM

KWON paces in front of the board, voice sharp, arrogant.

KWON
Midterm's coming. Most of you? You'll fail.
Why? **Because you're not genius.** You're lazy, soft, distracted.
(full sneer)
Genius doesn't come from TikTok and sleepovers.
It comes from pain.
And isolation.
Little study = full marks. Simple math.

The classroom shifts — tense. Uncomfortable silence.
Kwon scans for someone to crush.
His eyes settle on Evan, sitting in the back, arms folded, half-bored.

KWON (CONT'D)
Except maybe you, Evan. What's your excuse? You think

you're special?

Evan exhales.
Calm. Measured.
But there's something loaded behind the stillness.

EVAN
Actually, sir... it's quite the opposite.
(leans forward, voice cool)
In movies, sure — the "genius" aces every test.
But in real life?
(pauses)
The more cognitively limited someone is… the easier it is to aim all their focus at one point.
That's how they survive — **tunnel vision.**

The class freezes.
Even Kwon blinks.

EVAN (CONT'D)
In real life — the more intelligent, the more evolved the brain —
the harder it becomes to force all that awareness into one narrow channel.

He gives a dry smile.

EVAN (CONT'D)
The genius mind is too restless.
Too curious.
It resists the idea of pouring energy into outdated theories and repetitive books.

Silence.

Kwon folds his arms tighter, jaw locked.

The bell rings.
Chairs shift.
Backpacks zip.

KWON
I disagree.

Evan stands — full height, voice clear, louder, heavier than Kwon's, eyes sharp.

EVAN
this world—
(pauses)
— **is built on conflict, isn't it?**

Evan walks out.
No look back.
Just silence.

Kwon watches him go.
Feeling small.
Very small.
By a student whose test was *average* — but whose presence wasn't.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM – TWO WEEKS BEFORE MIDTERMS – DAY

Since the clash, Evan shows up twice a week.
Quiet. Withdrawn. Calculating.

Kwon starts his campaign.

KWON (mocking tone)
Evan? You must know this one.
Come on, genius — enlighten the class.

Evan glances up.
Doesn't answer.

KWON (CONT'D)
No? Huh. Maybe it's one of those "soulless theories," right?

Laughter trickles from the class.
Kwon smirks, victorious.

Evan sits still.
Blank expression.

But inside — he's fuming.
Not at Kwon.
At himself.

EVAN (INNER MONOLOGUE)
Should've known better.
That smug voice. That fragile ego. Textbook narcissist.
And yet... I had to poke it.
(pauses)
That stupid habit — getting detached, then ending up provoking something messed up unintentionally just to feel entertained, less bored...
Still there.
Still screwing me over.
Wait — how the hell was I supposed to know he would be a total piece of shit?

Kwon approaches with slow, smug steps — assignment folder in hand.

KWON
Evan. Your assignment from yesterday?
(smirks)
It sucked. Lazy. Uninspired. Below average.
Do it again.

He drops the folder into Evan's hands like garbage.

Pause.

KWON (CONT'D)
I expected more from our class philosopher.
Maybe don't overthink next time.
Just try thinking.

He stays silent.

Surrenders the moment.
Lets Kwon feel superior.
Lets the beast eat.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY – MIDTERM RESULTS POSTED

Students cluster around the bulletin board.
Groans. Panic.
Most scores are bad.
Real bad.

Evan walks up slowly, hands in pockets.
Peers at the list.

His name: **EVAN DRAEL — 0/50**

CHAPTER *19*

INT. HALLWAY – MIDTERM RESULTS POSTED – DAY

The hallway hums with nervous whispers.
Paper rustles.
Students lean in — murmuring, arguing, disbelieving.

Evan steps forward.

His name:
EVAN DRAEL – 0 / 50

Silence, for him.
No words. No reaction.
Not even a blink.

Just stillness.
Like a man reading his own autopsy.

Behind him, laughter rises.
Nervous.
Petty.
Fleeting.

STUDENT 1
(whispering)
Yo… zero? Not even partial credit?

STUDENT 2
Dude probably pissed off Kwon. Hard.

STUDENT 3
(quietly, almost admiring)
Or Kwon's just insecure.

Evan turns.
Walks away.

Each footstep soft —
too soft, like he's not fully here.

INT. LIBRARY BASEMENT – EARLY EVENING

Dim.

Dusty.
The air stale with old paper and forgotten thoughts.

Evan sits alone.
Back against the cold stone wall.
Light flickering above.

He holds the test paper in one hand —
a perfect 0 circled in red.

Lina leans against the opposite shelf, arms crossed,
jacket halfway off one shoulder.
Her cherry lollipop is gone.

EVAN
Okay, okay — I knew the test was bad.
But so was the rest of the class.
He gave them 20s, 30s… even 15.
But me? Zero.
Only me.

LINA
(rolling her eyes)
What a dick.

EVAN
This is a problem.
(beat — his voice lowers, haunted)
I can feel it.
There's something in the air.
Danger.
His jealousy — his insecurity — whatever it is...

it’s alive.
It’s sniffing me out like blood in the water.

LINA
So what now?
You gonna act scared again?
Hide in the back?
Bow your head, all that bullshit?

Evan slams his palm hard against the old wooden table beside him —
the sound cracks through the silence like a gunshot.

EVAN
I’m so sick of pretending to be smaller than someone — just to soothe their little tantrums.
(he breathes hard — shoulders tight)
I swear to God, if he doesn’t pass me… I’m screwed.

Lina turns to look at him fully now.
For a moment, she doesn’t speak.

Because he’s actually worried.
And that scared her more than the zero.

INT. DORM HALLWAYS / CAMPUS GROUNDS – MONTAGE – FOLLOWING DAYS

INNER MONOLOGUE – EVAN

Days turned into weeks.
Each one colder than the last.
What began as suspicion...
became certainty.

I wasn't in a bad situation.
I was in the worst possible one.

INT. CAFETERIA – DAY

The din of trays, footsteps, and lazy chatter.
Sunlight through smudged windows.

Evan sits at the far end of a table with two seniors — both worn down by the system, faces half-shaded by baseball caps, chewing like it's a chore.

SENIOR 1
Kwon?
Yeah, he's been doing that for years.

SENIOR 2
Every damn fall. One student gets shredded.
Always the hot tempered ones in the room.

SENIOR 1
(grimly)
It's never random.
He picks someone early on.

You cross him — even once —
you're marked.

Evan stays still.
Doesn't speak.
Just watches them with steady eyes.

SENIOR 2
He doesn't care if you're right.
He cares if you made him feel wrong.

SENIOR 1
He's the worst professor on the entire goddamn block.
Even the staff knows.
They just won't say it out loud.

SENIOR 2
Because he publishes.
Has tenure.
Knows how to play politics.
But students?
We've been watching him for years.

He leans in slightly, tone lowering.

SENIOR 2 (CONT'D)
If you're already in his crosshairs…
Don't fight back.
Don't argue.
Don't try to be clever.
Just play dead.
(beat)

And even then — sometimes he still pulls the trigger.

Evan slowly sets his fork down.
His tray is untouched.

He doesn't nod.
Doesn't react.

Just stares ahead, jaw tight —
like someone watching their own noose being tied in slow motion.

INT. STUDY ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON – TWO WEEKS BEFORE FINAL TERM

Stacks of papers.
Laptop humming.
Coffee gone cold.

Meilin sits across from Evan, legs folded beneath her, highlighter in hand.
Her voice is soft but firm.

MEILIN
Don't spiral, Evan.
You're going to pass.
Just stay focused, okay?
One more push.

Evan barely responds.
His eyes scan the screen — but he's not reading.
His fingers tap rhythmically, anxious.

EVAN
I wish I believed that.

MEILIN
I do.
That's enough for both of us.

He gives a hollow nod.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Students murmur.
Bags rustle.

Kwon bursts through the door like a loaded gun.

KWON
(shouting, furious)
Unbelievable.
You people think mediocrity is a virtue now?
You want sympathy for laziness?
For half-formed thoughts?

The room freezes.

His voice pierces through it.

KWON (CONT'D)
You’re not entitled to success.
You earn it — with pain, with discipline.
Most of you wouldn’t last five minutes in a real-world lab.

A few students sink into their seats.

And then —
as if flipping a switch — Kwon’s tone drops.
He smiles faintly.

KWON (CONT'D)
Anyway... I’ll see you all next week.
Good work today.

He walks out casually, as if nothing happened.
The room exhales in confusion.

Evan doesn’t.
He watches Kwon leave — and Kwon stares right back.
Cold.
Focused.
Like he’s saying: You're next.

Meilin leans toward Evan.

MEILIN
Hey… where are you going?

Evan blinks.
Shakes his head.

EVAN
(numbly)
I'll be right back.
Bathroom.

INT. ACADEMIC HALLWAYS – CONTINUOUS

Evan exits the classroom.
He sees Kwon turning a corner up ahead.

Without thinking — he follows.

Twelve steps behind.
Not too close.
Not too far.

His sneakers make no sound on the polished floor.

He doesn't know why he's doing this.
There's no plan.
No idea.
Just motion.

Kwon walks briskly across the quad, past the administration building, into the lesser-used side path

toward the old science wing.

There —
a narrow, dim corridor between buildings.

EVAN (INNER MONOLOGUE)
That alley's perfect.
No cameras.
No foot traffic.

One strike. Neck or gut.
Gloves. Hood. Get his wallet. Fake a mugging.
Drop the knife in the canal.
Burn the clothes. Shower. Done.

They'd call it random. A junkie. A desperate robbery.
And me?
Back to class the next morning.
No weapon. No motive.

No — it needs to happen outside college to avoid suspicion.
Just silence.

His feet stop.
Silence.

The fantasy breaks like glass.

EVAN

(whispers, horrified)
What the fuck am I thinking?

His breath catches.
His vision narrows — not rage, not fear —
pure existential recoil.

He backs up. Fast.
Nearly trips over his own feet.

Kwon keeps walking — unaware —
turns a corner and vanishes.

Evan leans against a wall, heart hammering in his chest.

By the time finals arrived, Evan had already fantasized about killing Professor Kwon thirteen times.

Not out of anger.
Not frustration.
Entertainment.

Each version was cleaner than the last.
Knife. Gloves. Wallet gone. Clothes burned. Knife in the river.
A hot shower. A full night's sleep.

He never rushed it.
Never imagined blood.
Just the silence after.

Like planning a perfect move in Go.

Evan failed the final.

The rest of the class passed.
Two more failed, but they'd actually screwed up their papers.
Evan hadn't.

He'd studied.
He knew what he wrote.
He was expecting a C — maybe a B.
Not an A, sure — because of the dick professor giving him unfair marks.
But a pass? Definitely.

He tried to see the paper.
Kwon refused.

No explanation.
No review.
Just a blank wall.

Evan stood there, stunned.
Total shock.

He'd paid the price for outshining the narcissist professor.

All that acting.
All that surrender.

All that abuse he swallowed — worthless.

Thrown away like trash.

He'd bowed his head to survive.
And still got the knife in the back.

One year later.
Same exam.
Same classroom.
Same predator behind the desk.

Evan did everything he could — again.

He played humble.
Let Kwon feel taller.
Laughed at his jokes.
Even tried to build some pathetic friendship.

This time, he was taught by Jane — who assured him he would pass.
He knew just as much as her.
Jane was the top student in study.

Evan knew this time…
His paper was an A+.

Anyone in the world would've marked it with distinction.
But not Kwon.

Kwon failed him.
Again.

Evan marched into his office, paper in hand, voice shaking.
Words turned sharp.
Sharp turned into shouting.

Something shattered.

The university suspended Evan for three weeks.
Fined him, too.

Kwon? Untouched.
Smiling.

Evan filed the request — polite, bureaucratic, trembling with hope.

Please have another professor reevaluate my exam.
Neutral eyes.
Fair grading.

He waited thirty days.

Just as the approval was crawling forward, Professor Kwon — ever the puppeteer — pulled a string.

Request denied.
Case closed.

No explanation.
No appeal.
No second chance.

Evan was in stalemate.
The paper that could've been his redemption was buried, unread.

Lina, Meilin, even Jane — they knew.
They saw it.

They whispered behind closed doors.
Exchanged glances in hallways.

But no one raised a voice.

They were afraid.
Afraid they'd be next.

And Evan?
He had no cavalry.
No witness.

No help.
Just silence.

ONE YEAR LATER

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“THE FOG KILLER’S ORIGIN: THIRTEEN YEARS AGO – SEPTEMBER 2027”
FOG KILLER’S MEMOIR BEGINS…

Twenty-five days before the test.
Evan didn’t study.

Why bother?

He knew now — it was never about knowledge.
This was punishment dressed up as academia.
Personal.
Political.
Precise.

His father — fifty, heavy-handed, cruel with his silences — had risen from the dining chair like a storm.
Spit flying.
Veins bulging.
Screaming about failure.

Shame.
Manhood.

Evan rose too.

The moment he stood, the room ignited.
Their voices collided — two thunderclaps in a small room.
Both shouting.
Snapping over each other.
Matching decibel for decibel.

Evan's voice — deeper, angrier than ever — didn't waver.

They stood chest-to-chest.
Staring each other down like it might end in blood.
Father and son — two alphas.
One house.

Then — his father lunged.

Evan didn't flinch.
He didn't back away.
He squared up — ready to defend himself.
Not like a boy.
Like a man.
With all means necessary.

That's when his uncle burst in.
Red-faced.
Sweating.
He shoved himself between them, arms wide like a

referee in a death match.

The room froze.
But something inside Evan didn't.

Now, hours later, Evan lay on a borrowed mattress in Jane's spare room.
Lights off.
Curtain drawn.
He stared at the ceiling fan, unmoving.

His hands still trembled from the restraint.
His mind didn't.

"I'll go to him," Evan thought.
"One-on-one.
A real talk.
Just man to man.
If he shows mercy — good.
If not..."

He didn't finish the sentence.
He didn't have to.
He'd already lived the ending thirteen times in his head.
Every version bloodless.
Every version clean.

A fantasy perfected not out of rage —
But curiosity.
And entertainment.

Evan walked out of Kwon's office.
The door clicked shut behind him.

His face was blank.
But inside?
A storm.

The meeting had been a disaster.

Kwon had smiled — smiled — the moment Evan entered.
He loved it.
Loved seeing Evan walk in, humbled, desperate.
Loved watching him beg.

That smug, satisfied grin — like he'd already won.
Like he was feeding off Evan's humiliation.

And Evan saw it now — clear as day.
This man… was going to cost him everything.

There were five allowed attempts.
Two were already gone.
The third — this one — was slipping fast.

And Kwon?
Kwon wouldn't even pass him if he cried.
Wouldn't pass him if he broke down on the floor.
Begged for mercy.
Sold his dignity for a sliver of hope.

Kwon completely oblivious to what that student he humiliated right now could be capable of if pushed to the edge of the cliff.

EVAN — inner monologue
He's misjudged me.
Thinks I'm one of those soft, scared little suckers he crushes for fun.
Thinks I'll go home.
Cry.
Disappear.

He doesn't realize.
It's either him… or me!!

There's only one option left.
Execute Operation: Go Nuclear.

This narcissist has to be taken down.
He's part of the reason this world's so fucked up!!!!
And if I can take out even one person making it fucked up —
Just one parasite hiding behind rules and fake power —
Then I'll be doing the world a favor.

One less monster.
One less piece of rot.

And if that means doing something unspeakable?
So be it.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT – 13 DAYS BEFORE FINAL EXAM – 4:12 PM

Gray skies.
The distant hum of traffic.
No people.
No security.
No cameras.

A dead zone.

Evan had chosen the far side of the lot — not just for the lack of cameras, but for the way Kwon parked.
He **always** opened the trunk to take his bag out — on the blind side, isolated from any passing glance.
Even if someone showed up early, they wouldn't see a thing.

Evan stands still in the shadow between two abandoned cars.
Bald.
Black hoodie.
Gloved hands resting calmly by his sides.

A ghost.

He hasn't been to campus in **sixteen days.**
Not since the **last time** he saw Professor Kwon.

Instead, **he's followed him.**
Tracked him.

Waited.

Every pattern.
Every route.
Every **careless habit.**

This spot — right here —
a blind corner in an industrial parking lot, off-campus, where Kwon sometimes parks for lunch.

Today, he came on **Day 5 of waiting for him.**
The previous **four days — no luck.**

4:12 PM.

His **heart rate** is very high to high. He drank **black tea** every morning for years but hasn't had any for **five days** now — because he knows in the evening he has to **wait** for him. He is **caffeine sensitive** , and black tea would push his heart rate even higher, risking **cardiac arrest.**

EVAN (V.O.)
This is it.

He steps out from behind the car.
Knife in his hand.
Not shaking.
Not sweating.

Kwon's car slows into the space.

EVAN (V.O.)
Sixteen days.
I know the timing.
The angle.
The blind spot.

Evan had **tracked the parking lot for sixteen days** —
no foot traffic, no CCTV, no line-of-sight from any business or building.
It was a dead zone, perfect for erasure.

All research he did was done under a burner identity, routed through layered proxies.
Not a single keystroke could be **traced back to Evan.**

Kwon parks.
Opens his door.

EVAN MOVES.
Glides toward him with the calm of death.
No hesitation.
No fear.

Kwon's foot hits the ground — just starting to rise — when:

Evan closes the distance.
One hand slams over Kwon's mouth.
The other —
Steel flashes.

EXT. PARKING LOT – CONTINUOUS

EVAN locks his hand over Kwon's mouth.
Tight. Absolute.

Kwon **thrashes** — momentary panic —
But **Evan's grip doesn't falter.**

The other hand strikes.
One. Two. Three.
Precise slashes, all aimed at the neck —
Carotid. Jugular. Windpipe.

Kwon jerks, gurgles.
Blood pulses, warm and fast.

Four. Five. Six.
Each strike **controlled.**
No frenzy.
Just execution.

KWON drops to his knees.
Then crumples onto the cold asphalt, eyes bulging.

He's looking at Evan like someone staring at their killer—knowing they won't be alive in a few moments. The **fear in Kwon's eyes** isn't just scared; **it's something** darker, something deeper no word can capture. He's **pissed** himself. And **that look—that terror—gives Evan power** .

EVAN breathes fast to fast.
Watches.
Stands tall over a soon to dead body.

His **legs are shaking wildly,** his **body** was not **prepared** — only the **mind.**

The red spills out in a soft rhythm, like a faucet left open.
A slice of his life running out into the gutter.

KWON doesn't scream.
He can't.

Evan's hand still muffles the mouth.
Even as the body twitches.

Evan's hand still muffles the mouth.

Even as the body twitches.

THREE minutes and 26 seconds.

That's all it takes.

Then — stillness.

A body.
A dead professor.
The narcissist — **silenced.**

EVAN crouches beside him.
Two fingers to the throat.
No pulse.

He checks the eyes — wide, unblinking.
Checks the nerves — no twitch.
Dead. Confirmed.

As a **precaution** , he takes the knife and **slides it into Kwon's left eye** . It goes in easily, **softly** … Now it's confirmed — Kwon is a **dead** Kwon.

He **removes** Kwon's wallet.
Flips it open.
Leaves it behind, just disordered —
Enough to suggest a **random mugging.**

He doesn't touch the phone.

Then — rapid motion.
He peels off the hoodie, drenched in blood.
Folds it once, drops it in the bag slung on his back.

Down go the pants.
Shoes.
Even the socks.

Each stained, each damning.
Clean clothes out.
A change done in **1 minute, 02 seconds flat.**

Muscle memory.
The entire Kwon murder has been successfully done — and framed as a mugging maybe by a **junkie** — all in just **around 7 minutes total.**

The **bloody outfit, now sealed tight in plastic, goes into the bag.**
He **zips** it **.** Hears the zip **sound**
Slings it over his shoulder.

EXT. ALLEY – LATER

A sewer grate.
He pulls the knife from his pocket — still wet.
No hesitation.

Toss.
The blade clinks down into darkness, disappears forever.

INT. BEHIND SHUTTERED GAS STATION – NIGHT

An old barrel.
Matches.
Accelerant — cooking oil and lint.

Fire erupts.
The plastic bag melts, the clothes blacken, curl.
Smoke rises into the dead night air.

INT. EVAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD – NIGHT

He moves through shadows.
Backyard fence.
One vault.
No sound.

His mother watches TV inside —
Some quiz show, volume low.

She thinks her son is upstairs, grinding through textbooks.
She has no idea.

INT. EVAN'S ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

He slips in through the window.
Quiet.
Effortless.

Removes his fresh clothes.
Puts on new ones again — clean, scentless.

Back out the window.

INT. BACKYARD – BURN ZONE – NIGHT

A second barrel.
Evan set it up weeks ago.
To burn the clothes which he wore after murder.

He lights it.
Watches the clothes burn.

No music.
No drama.
Just flame.
Just erasure.

INT. BATHROOM – FINAL WASH – LATE NIGHT

The water hisses again.
He steps in.

Washes again.
Every crevice.
Every scar.

Soap.
Four times.
Just like before.

He stands under the heat until his skin stings.
Until his thoughts feel quiet.

EVAN (V.O.)
I was **calmer then i thought i would be**

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS – MORNING

The campus feels... off.
Muted conversations.
Frozen faces.

Students standing in small, stunned clusters.
Some look down at their phones.
Others just stare ahead, eyes vacant.

There's a strange stillness in the air — like the moment right after a scream.

EVAN walks through it.

He notices the shift immediately.
The tension.
The shock.

Then—

TOM approaches.
Slower than usual.
His hands jammed into his hoodie pocket, brow tense.
When he speaks, it's low, unsure.

TOM
(quiet)
Evan.
(beat)
Did you hear?

Evan stops.
Looks at him.

TOM

It’s... Kwon.
He’s dead.

A beat.

EVAN
(still)
…He what?

TOM
Last night. They found him this morning.
Police are already here. Asking questions.
His apartment. I don’t know how, I just…
Jesus. He's really dead.

Evan’s face doesn’t change, not fully — but something flickers.
A faint tremor at the corner of his mouth.
Not shock.
Not guilt.
Just… something breaking quietly.

He nods once.
Looks down.
Then walks on.

INT. STAIRWELL – MOMENTS LATER

The walls close in.
Footsteps echo behind him.
But Evan is alone in his head.

Each step up the stairs feels heavier.

Then—

LINA appears on the landing above.
Her eyes are red, but there’s no sadness in them.
Just fury.

LINA
(cold, accusing)
You killed him… didn’t you?

CHAPTER *20*

INT. STAIRWELL – EARLY MORNING

Evan climbs the stairwell alone.
One step. Then another.
His pulse **drums in his throat** — but his face stays still.
Eyes forward. Hands in pockets.

His mind?
Quiet.
Too quiet.

At the landing —

LINA.
She steps out like a ghost — **pale** , breath shallow,
pupils locked on him like a blade.
Something in her face — **not fear. Something harder.**

LINA
(soft, hollow)
You killed him… didn't you?

She doesn't raise her voice.
She doesn't have to.
The words hit like a scalpel: **clean, quiet, fatal.**

Evan doesn't flinch.
He just looks at her — **calm, emptied.**
Like something inside him had been **removed long ago.**

A silence.
Cold. Fragile. **Ready to snap.**

EVAN
(flat, slow)
Killed who?... What are you—

(then, softer — like recalling an old name)
Oh.
Kwon?!

Lina doesn't blink.
She steps forward, grabs his sleeve — not rough, not gentle — and **pulls him into a side corridor.**

INT. ABANDONED CLASSROOM – CONTINUOUS

The door shuts with a **soft, decisive click.**
Dust swirls in the angled light.
Desks stacked like relics. **A grave with chairs.**
Time sealed in silence.

Evan exhales. Once.
Not fear.
Calculation.

LINA
You psycho monster.

EVAN
(low, controlled)
Lina...
We've known each other since we were eight.
I thought you were real.
I thought you understood me.

(steps forward — voice dips, almost soft)
You? **Of all people?**
Now you're looking at me like I'm what — **a killer?**

(beat — something dark flickers)
I'm heartbroken.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(voice building — hurt turning to blade)
You think I'd do that? Me?

(louder now, raw)
Me?!
Hah. Me?

(laughs — short, cracked, disbelieving)
You really believe that?

His eyes sharpen. The pain burns away.
Now they gleam — **surgical, surgical, cold.**

EVAN (CONT'D)
You dare accuse me?

LINA
Evan—

EVAN
(voice drops — low, **venom-calm**)
Fuck you.
The words don't explode.
They land. **Like steel on stone.**
Not rage. Not insult.
Removal.

Lina doesn't move.
Not because she's scared — but because suddenly,
she's not sure.
She's staring at something she **doesn't recognize.**
Something that might have **always been there.**

A beat.
He steps closer, **his shadow swallowing hers.**

EVAN (CONT'D)
If I did kill him…
(beat — too soft, too simple)
Then you're next, Lina.

Not a threat.
Just… **truth.**
An awful, natural fact. **Like rain. Like gravity.**

He turns.
Walks to the door.
Doesn't look back.
Leaves her.
Frozen. Alone.
And for the first time in years...
Lina doesn't follow.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARK – OPEN GRASS – MIDDAY

The sun is **brutal.** No shadows.
A wide expanse of green stretches around the campus — students sprawled across it in groups, laughing, texting, dozing.

EVAN lies back on the grass, arms folded behind his head, sunglasses tilted over his eyes.
Juice bottle beside him.

Two classmates — **TYLER** and **SANDRA** — talk nearby, chuckling over some in-joke.
He smiles faintly. **Nods along.**

But inside?

EVAN (INNER MONOLOGUE)
(calm, detached)
I shouldn't have been that harsh with Lina.
(beat)

If the **bitch** starts talking...
Starts crying to people...
Tells some half-true story with trembling lips and wet eyes —
(beat)
It won't take long.
Rumors are like rot.

And the cops?
They don't need proof.
They just need a reason.

Nearby, Sandra laughs. Tyler throws a chip at her. Evan doesn't move.

EVAN (V.O.)
I have to talk to her.

EVAN
(smirking, casual)
Alright, Time for class.

He grabs his juice bottle, **rises into the sunlight like a man with nothing to hide.**

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – NIGHT

A low hum from the lamp.
One room. Small. **Lived-in.**

Books stacked unevenly. A soft rain tapping outside.

At the table:
LINA hunched over her notes, pen tapping.
JANE across from her — flipping a page silently.
She can't hear. She doesn't speak. But **her eyes catch everything.**

And now —
EVAN. Sitting beside Lina. Calm. Smiling faintly. **A bottle of cheap vodka** on the table between them.

The clock ticks.
Tick. Tick. Tick.

They're all "studying."
But only two of them **know what's really happening.**

EVAN (V.O.)
Jane can't hear. She doesn't speak.
She just… watches.
(beat)
Perfect.

Jane signs a simple greeting.
Evan nods back, **smiling like a snake in church.**

Lina flinches. Shoulders stiffen.
Eyes stay locked on her notebook.

EVAN
(soft, low)
Well, Lina...
You got something to say?

Lina’s pen stops mid-stroke.
She turns, slow, like **gravity’s heavier now.**

LINA
(quiet, tight)
You... did it.
Right?

EVAN (V.O.)
Wow.
So fucking rudely bold.
(beat)
Did she see something?
Oh god...

He tilts his head.
Eyes glint — glassy, cold.

EVAN
What?
I thought we already talked it through.

LINA
If you're worried I told anyone... I haven’t.
Not yet.
Not unless I find something real. Something that—

EVAN (V.O.)
What's her game?
Why's she poking this? Why now?

Lina meets his eyes — full-on.
No fear, just... **defiance** .

EVAN
(leaning in, smiling twisted)
Lina, if I did kill him...
Then why the fuck would you accuse me?
You think that's smart?
You think I won't just kill you too?
(beat)
My point is —
Why the fuck are you so obsessed with destroying my reputation?
What the fuck did I ever do to you, huh?

LINA
(shoves him hard)
Go ahead, Evan!!
Take your shot!!

Jane looks up, startled.
Misreads. Smiles.
Signs something:
"You two… boyfriend-girlfriend?"

Lina and Evan both freeze.
Eyes dart away.
Lina bites her lower lip.

Evan scratches his neck, awkwardly.

A flicker of something between them — **long-forgotten warmth** .
A softness that doesn't belong in this room.

Then—

EVAN
(half-smiling, quietly)
Not exactly, Jane.
(to Lina, low sexually intriguing tone)
Hey, remember that game we played when we were kids?

LINA
(smiles, then quickly gets serious)
Don't change the topic.

EVAN
I'm done proving myself not guilty to you.
Don't spread shit about me.
Because people — they'll fill in the gaps with **blood** .
And guess whose blood it'll be?

He grabs the bottle.
Uncaps it.
Takes a heavy swig.
Swallows like it burns all the way down.

The silence thickens.

EVAN
That look my dad gave me when I failed...
That narcissistic bitch mother who enjoyed tormenting me...
It's all gonna stop now.
It's over.
(voice growing sharper)
Everyone's grieving over Dr. Kwon.
Not me.
Because death doesn't change the fact —
He was very corrupt.
Failing me on purpose.
Karma. Got. Him.

LINA
Then why didn't you get a lawyer?

EVAN
(leans closer)
And who would've paid for it?
You think my dad just coughs up money when I fail?
(beat)
Lawyer up? Really?
I'd have to convince my parents —
Which would be soul-crushing enough.
Then I'd wait months just to get maybe a fair shot,
While my life's already being fucked from every angle.
Do you think my dad paid for me to reattempt the exam without spitting in my face first?
(long pause)
(he snaps his fingers — bitter laugh)

Takes another huge sip from the alcohol bottle.

EVAN (quietly, sad tone)
Truth is —
I've always been lucky and unlucky at the same fucking time.

All through school, high school, college...
There were always haters.
Mostly jealous of how I looked.
But tolerable.

(beat)
Then there's always one.
One little jealous fucker, burning in it —
And not even realizing he's jealous.

Jealous of what?
My looks?
My personality?
My fucking presence?

They don't know.
They never know.
They prod.
Tease.
Mock.
Every day.

Getting under my skin, poking at the seams—
Until I snap.
Lose it.

Total chaos.

Then silence.
Cut contact.
Blocked.
Done.

And I have to go through that spiral—
Every fucking time—
Just because some insect looked at me
and compared himself
and hated me for what he saw.

(beat)
What the fuck did I do wrong?

I wanted peace.
Friendship.
Just a little decency.

But what do I get?
Some toxic piece of shit for a classmate —
The kind you can only shut up with chaos.

EVAN
And my father — that monster — control freak —
used to beat me in front of neighbors.
Used to strip me of every ounce of dignity
just to remind me who was boss.

Until I hit eighteen.
And that day?
I looked him dead in the face and told him:
He touches me again — I'll snap his fucking neck!

All those years of fear?
Respect?
Gone.

Because I got stronger.
You mess with me now, old man?
I mess harder.

(beat — softer now)
I've got war in my blood, Lina.
They poured it into me.

(he breathes heavy)

JANE watches them both.
Unblinking.
Concerned.

Lina's frozen, unsure if Evan is breaking…
or becoming something worse.

EVAN
And my mother?
Don't get me started.

Extremist narcissist.
She enjoyed tormenting me.
Loved seeing me in pain,
especially when she caused it.

She hated seeing me happy.
Hated seeing me free.
Liberated.

So when she realised she couldn't own me,
she ruined me.
Publicly.

Told lies.
Twisted stories.
Cried to anyone who'd listen
about how hard it was to raise such a cruel son.
How much she "suffered."

All fake.
She played the victim —
while painting me as the monster.

And the worst part?
I wasn't even bad.
Just surviving her.
Quiet.
Trying to breathe.

But she made damn sure the world saw her as the saint
—
and me?
The shame.

(beat)
And now, just like always,
this time there was this filth Kwon?

That demonic bastard?
He finally got what he deserved.

Goddamn good riddance.

Evan downs the rest of the bottle.
The room is **thick with silence.**

Even **Jane** , mute and unreadable, knows something's **broken wide open.**

Lina… doesn't speak.
She just **watches him burn** in his own fury.

Jane and Lina both look at Evan.
He takes another drink — **a little too fast.**
A flicker of **pain** in his eyes.
Rage , too.

Jane doesn't know exactly what he said.
But she **sees** it.
Feels it.

Softly, wordlessly —
She places her hand on his.

A gesture of **sympathy.**
Not **pity.**
Just… **recognition.**
That something **deep broke** inside him,

and she doesn't need the full story to know **it hurts.**

LINA
(quietly, surprised, sympathising)
I never knew, Evan…
You've had and still have such a life.

EVAN
(smiles, bitter edge)
Can't wait to get out of that house for good.

A beat.
Jane watches him.

Then — without speaking —
She turns to Lina, signs something in **swift, graceful motions.**
A whisper only Lina can hear.

JANE *(signs, softly)*
He's at my house almost every other day.
Shows up saying,
"Didn't feel like home."

Lina blinks.
Realizes this pain **isn't new.**
It's **routine.**

She looks back at Evan —
really looks.
And for the first time,

she **understands why** he never lets anyone close.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BIKE TRAIL – NIGHT – 11:23 PM – RAINING HARD

Bushes **shiver.**
Wind rustles leaves like **whispers.**
Heavy rain **pounds** the grass in sheets.

It's a lonely suburban shortcut — a thin gravel path lined with **pine and puddles.**
Dim streetlights stretch in **broken intervals** — pools of yellow amid a sea of dark.

And in one of those **shadows** —

EVAN WAITS.

CHAPTER 21

EXT. GREEN FIELDS – NIGHT – 11:23 PM – RAINING HARD

The **tall grass shivers** .
Wind slithers through it **like a whisper with teeth** .
Rain crashes down in sheets, turning soil to rot.

A forgotten shortcut behind a row of silent suburban homes.
A **gravel path** — thin, winding, barely there.
Beyond fences and fences and fences — **this land breathes like a living thing** .

And in its throat of shadow —
EVAN WAITS.

Crouched in the grass.
Soaked.
Motionless.

A **surgical blade** in his hand — the exact type he used to kill **Kwon** .

He comes here often now.
But **only when it rains** .

And this month?
It rains almost every night.
Monsoon season.

Slips out Jane's back window after 11 PM.
Another performance of pretending he's asleep in the guest room.

But he's not asleep.
He's **wide awake** .
Watching.

He's found a new kind of entertainment.
Evan **can't stand boredom** .

And one night — after a **who-can-scream-louder** battle with his dad — he discovered this.

The **quiet thrill** .
The **control** .
The **calm** .

It soothed something in him so deeply that now it's become a ritual.

A **rainy-night ritual** .

Every storm: **crawl out, crawl in** .
Sink deep into the cold bushes.
Hide.
Observe.

It's **3:00 AM** .
Evan hasn't moved much in hours.
Soaked to the bone.
Silent in the mud.
A **blade in his palm** .
The same kind that opened **Kwon's throat** .

He watches.
He's **memorizing habits** .
Mapping shadows .
Marking the good spots — the places where **no one would ever see it coming** .

No cameras. **No screams. No mercy.**

Just the rain.
The dark.
And the **cut** .

Pretty girls stepping off the late-night bus.
Old men with umbrellas.
Joggers.
Teenagers with earbuds in.

He sees them all.
Every face. Every flaw. Every blind spot.

He stays from **11 PM to 4 AM** .
Doesn't flinch. Doesn't blink.

Later — just before dawn — he slips through the back window of Jane's house and collapses in her guest room, pretending he's been there all night.

Right now?
He tells himself it's just for **entertainment** .
A way to pass the time.
A harmless rush.

But the truth?
Evan knows exactly why he's here.
He's **chasing the feeling** .

That once-in-a-lifetime high he got when he killed **Kwon** .
The kind of rush that can't be explained — only experienced.
The kind only **killers** understand.

It was **beyond a drug** .
Beyond sex. Beyond control.

And Evan wants it again.
He **craves** it.

He calls it *“entertainment.”*
But deep down?
Even he knows it’s **not right** .

INT. MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT – THREE MONTHS LATER

A quiet house.
Somewhere outside, a dog barks once. Then nothing.
The hallway is empty. A faint clock ticks.

EVAN steps into his parents’ bedroom.
He’s alone.
His father and mother are gone — visiting relatives for the weekend.

He moves toward his father’s dresser — the bottom drawer.
He knows where to look.
He’s looked before.
But tonight, he opens it **fully** .

Inside: clothes, a rusted lighter, a stack of old receipts.
He slides his fingers under the lining — and finds it.

A **manila file** . Clipped. Marked in his father’s handwriting:
“Kwon, Lee Jin – Case #19714 – CLOSED / Robbery Gone Wrong”

Evan stares at the words.
His eyes don't blink.

Then—
A breath escapes him.
Then a noise — **a laugh** .
Low. Involuntary.

The laugh grows.
Crooked.
Unsteady.
Shaking his shoulders .
Full **joy** in it.
He **can't stop** .

The laugh builds, and builds —
until he drops the file on the bed, covers his mouth, and leans forward like something's broken inside him.

He straightens. Composes himself. Picks up the file again.
Reads the words once more —
"Robbery gone wrong."

Laughs even harder — so loud that the sound **echoes in the entire house** .

Three months later, the police still believed it.
No suspect. No motive.
Dr. Kwon's death was ruled a **tragic accident** —
A case closed with confidence.

Evan Drael had committed the perfect murder.

EXT. UNIVERSITY COURTYARD – LATE MORNING

The sun is bright.
Students laugh, pass, scatter across the grass still wet from last night's rain.

JANE sits alone near the fountain, a book open on her lap.
Silent. Still.
Like **background noise no one hears** .

Then —
KYLIE (23) struts over, sharp-smiled. Two shadows trail her — **MINION #1** and **#2** .
Their voices ride the breeze just loud enough.

KYLIE
Studying silence again?

No reaction from Jane.

MINION #1
Maybe it's like... *Trauma Studies* . Mute 101.

KYLIE

She's like some ghost who never left.

Laughter.

Kylie leans in, voice syrupy.

KYLIE
Do you scream into pillows at night?
Oh. Right. You **don't** scream.

The silence sharpens.

Then:

EVAN (O.S.)
Jane.

They turn.
EVAN , calm, unreadable, stands nearby. Bag slung over shoulder. Hands in pockets.

EVAN
I need you. Professor wants that draft early — remember?

Jane looks up. Blinks. Nods.

Evan walks to her, lays a hand on her shoulder.
Quiet. Protective. Final.

She stands.

To Kylie — **not a glance. Not a word.**

EVAN
Let's go.

They walk off.

MINION #2
That guy gives me the creeps.

KYLIE
(flat, dismissive)
Whatever. He's just playing hero. Guys love a charity case.

MINION #3
(low, half-guilty)
Still... he's really hot.

Evan and Jane disappear behind the math building.

INT. CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

Evan stops near a dim supply closet.
Turns.

EVAN
You okay?

Jane nods. A small, fragile smile.
Grateful.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT – 8:00 P.M.

Dim lamplight. Rain ticks softly on the window.
Books scattered across the coffee table. Open notebooks. Tea cooling on the edge.

JANE sits cross-legged on the carpet, reading.
EVAN is sprawled on the couch, flipping through pages.

They're mid-study. **The silence is comfortable. Familiar.**

Then:

EVAN
(quietly, without looking up)
That girl's been bullying you since high school, hasn't she?

Jane pauses.

EVAN
(slower)
Kylie.
You want me to scare her?
Jump her one night. Just enough to make her piss herself.
Whisper something like “The fog’s watching.”
She’ll never touch you again.

Jane looks up, eyes sharp — not afraid, just firm.

JANE
(signing + voicing softly)
No. Evan, no.
No violence. I hate violence.

Evan watches her a long moment. Then shuts his book.

EVAN
(sincere)
Me too.
I hate it.
But peace… **real peace** …
It never comes without violence first.

She looks at him — his calm face, the stillness behind his words.

JANE
You don’t mean that.

EVAN
(soft smile)
Don’t I?

The rain thickens against the glass.
Somewhere far, thunder rolls.

He leans back.

EVAN
If someone hurts you, Jane...
they don’t get to walk away laughing.

A silence hangs between them.
Jane lowers her gaze. Her fingers tighten slightly around her pen.

He watches her — a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes.
Protective? Possessive? Something colder?

Then — softly:

EVAN
Let’s finish the draft.

They return to their books.
But **the air has shifted.**
Some line has been crossed.
Quietly.

And the rain keeps falling.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – NIGHT (RAINING) – 3 HOURS LATER

Rain pours. Street deserted.

EVAN steps out into the wet, silent dark,
following his usual habit.

After 43 minutes —

Rain falls. Hard.
Streetlights flicker like dying eyes.
Pavement glistens with oily puddles.
The world hums in wet silence.

He then sees her.

Across the street — **KYLIE** , umbrella tilted, stumbles in heels down the sidewalk.
Alone. Phone tucked to her ear. Laughing at something cruel.

KYLIE appears — alone, vulnerable, heels slipping on wet pavement.
She's in the perfect predator-prey spot.

EVAN (impulse)
(SUDDENLY RUNS TOWARD HER)

Then —

EVAN (stops, breath sharp)
(whispers to himself)
No, don't!!

He sees her — **really sees her.**
Soaked. Shivering. Off-guard.

Then, again, without fully deciding — he runs.

EVAN (low, while approaching Kylie)
Thinks while running down from upper green field ground holding the blade.
“He is doing this for Jane.
For her peace”

But it’s not.

It’s **the rush** .
The craving.
And he’s **hungry for it** —
since he started his **rainy night green fields watch** .

Tonight is the night.
After **three months** of observing,
of **waiting** ,

of telling himself he **wouldn't** —

He finally **gives in** .

KYLIE squints through the rain.
From the edge of the **green fields** …
she sees a **figure** — crawling, rising, descending toward her from the earth itself.

Her breath **catches** .
Someone's coming.

CHAPTER *22*

EXT. SUBURBAN EDGE – NIGHT (RAINING)

Rain falls in sheets —
cold, heavy, endless.
The wind howls like it's warning something.

KYLIE stands frozen.
Just past the last streetlamp —
where the world becomes wilder, darker, wrong .

Here, the light ends.
Only the moon remains —
a thin, cold blade behind the clouds.

She squints into the fields —
And sees it .

Something is coming.
Not a man.

Not quite.

A figure — crawling at first.
Then rising.
Descending toward her from the soaked grass .
Like it was born from the mud.
Or dug its way out.

No voice.
No sound.
Just motion .

Her breath locks.
Her chest forgets how to move.

KYLIE
(whispers to herself)
No...

And then —
PANIC.

She spins, slipping on wet pavement —
umbrella gone, heels skidding.
Then runs full force into the dark.

KYLIE
(screaming)
NO! NO—OH GOD—

She doesn't look back.
She can't.

But she hears it.
Footsteps in the mud.
Heavy. Deliberate. Getting closer.

This isn't someone chasing.
It's something claiming her.

KYLIE runs — heels pounding the pavement, soaked hair whipping across her face.

Then —
a headlight .
Faint. Flickering through the fog.
A motorbike.

A DELIVERY GUY idles by the curb, visor dripping with rain.

KYLIE
(breathless, screaming)
PLEASE! HELP ME — SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING ME!

She stumbles toward him — nearly falling into his arms.

KYLIE
(panicked, trembling)
He was in the bushes — I swear — he was following me, I saw him, I—

The DELIVERY GUY doesn't move.
Doesn't speak.

Then —
he removes his cap.
Slow.

It's Evan .
His eyes — dead.
Face — soaked. Pale.
Voice — something ancient crawling up from a hole.

EVAN
(quietly, deeply)

Yeah.
I know.

SHHK—
The blade slides across her throat like a whisper .

Kylie gasps — but there's no sound.
Only blood.
Only air.

She stumbles back, clutching her neck —
fingers useless against the crimson flow.

Her legs give.
She falls to her knees.

Eyes wide.
Still alive.
Still aware.

" EVAN watches her — observes everything. "

She collapses, gurgling — body jerking once, then still.

Rain pours harder.
Thunder, far away.

Evan crouches.
Lifts her like an offering — limp, blood-soaked.

He walks her into the brush —
the observation zone .
Where he spent three months watching.
Waiting.
Becoming.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – A FEW BLOCKS BACK – NIGHT

A flickering streetlight.
Buzzing. Dying.

Under it, the real delivery guy stands beside his bike, earbuds in.
Totally oblivious.

Scrolling TikTok on his phone.

Smirking. Chuckling.

The sound of Kylie's screams?
Nothing.
Muted.

He's got the volume up — lost in digital noise .

He scrolls again.
Another video.
Shakes his head and laughs.

EXT. OBSERVATION ZONE – NIGHT – 1:08 A.M.

Fog chokes the world.
Rain cuts sideways across the tall grass like whispering razors .

The only movement — a silhouette hunched against the wind.

EVAN.

He's alone now. But his heart isn't.
It pounds.
Savage. Relentless. 200+.

He presses a trembling hand against his chest —
like he's trying to hold the wild animal inside from tearing through his ribs.

EVAN ***(to himself, sharp whisper)***
Calm down.
Calm… calm down.

He leans back into the rain-soaked rise —
an elevated patch of wild green fields and tangled bush, the same slope where he crouched rainy night after rainy night for three months.
Watching.
Breathing.
Becoming fog .

But his heart won't listen.

He tips his head up.
Lets the cold rain slap his face raw.

He opens his mouth.
Sticks out his tongue.
Tastes the sky .

And for a moment — just a moment —
he feels power .

MOMENTS LATER

KYLIE.
Dead now.
Her body limp.
Soaked.
Her blood washed into the grass.

He carries her with an almost devotional grace —
cradling her like a lover, a statue, a fallen star.

Green field.
The spot he'd chosen months ago.

Right here.
In this gentle slope.

Where the morning joggers always pass by.
Where someone will find her.

He lays her down with care.

> “The rain slicks her hair to her face.
> She looks almost peaceful.
> Like she might wake up.”

Then, without ceremony, draws the blade.
Kneels.
And carves a long, slow gash across her forehead.

Not random.
Not messy.
Deliberate.
Signature.

He fantasized about this for three months.
The pose.
The mark.
The message .

But as Evan rises, something twists in his gut.

No thrill.
No satisfaction.

He takes a step back — but freezes.

His heart's already pounding — fast, frantic —
but now it kicks even harder.

Thumping like a war drum.
Because a new thought just hit him.
A darker one.
A thought he didn't plan.
Didn't want.

Cut out her tongue.
Make it different. Make it yours.

And suddenly —
his chest tightens.
Breath catches.

Because what terrifies him most…
is that he might actually do it.
Might go through with it before his brain stops him.

EVAN
(low, panicked — trying to calm his body; the mind's not the problem)
"No one comes here. Even if someone passes, the fog'll hide everything.
It's 1:08. I'm safe. I'm safe.
It's just my body — that's all. Just chemicals. Calm down."

But he's not moving.
Not yet.

Then — like a man trying to outrun his own sanity — he lunges into motion.

Before reason can scream —
he descends on her like a butcher — because if he lets himself think, even for a second,
his brain will talk him out of it.

Uses both hands to pull her tongue out.
Reaches in. Cuts it clean.
Yanks it out and flings it into the dark.

"Can't even look at it."
"Pretends he didn't see what he just did."

Still not enough.
Still… not right.

He stares at her mouth. Thinks.
Then… cracks her jaw open.
Wider.
Wider.
Too wide.

CRACK.
The sound is deeper than he expected. Animal.

Her face — frozen in an eternal scream no one will ever hear.

And now…
Now it feels like something.

Evan exhales — a thin stream through clenched teeth. Turns. Walks back into the fog.

Behind him — Kylie's ruined body lies posed beneath the rain.
Silent. Exposed. Waiting to be seen.

INT. JANE'S GUEST ROOM – MORNING – 10:10 AM

The room is dim.
Bright sunlight comes through the window.
Evan sleeps face-down, motionless.
A pale hand gently touches his shoulder.

JANE
(soft touch, tapping)
She nudges him with urgency.

Evan blinks awake.
His face scrunches.
A faint headache throbs behind his eyes.

JANE
(signs, points to the clock)
10:10 AM. Time for class.

He nods. *"Yeah."*
Jane leaves the room.

And then —
BOOM.

It hits him.

Evan sits up. Still.
His heartbeat — a small, delayed explosion.
Then: a rush of breath.
Panic, guilt — like a dam bursting beneath calm.

EVAN (V.O.)
What did I just do?
No. No, no. That—
That wasn't supposed to happen. I didn't…
I didn't plan that.

He stands. Paces.

EVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
How could I— She was just a girl. Stupid, cruel, yes, but —
I got carried away in the moment.

Okay. Breathe. Don't panic. I was clean — no trace, no mess.

I was hidden by the fog. No one saw. No one heard.
It was a huge mistake, I just…

Hands on the desk. Leaning in, grounding himself.

EVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I lost control. Just once. Never again.
I'll talk to Meilin. Ask her to be with me. Graduate. Get a job. Quiet life. No more chaos.
That girl... she was a regrettable mistake.

Beat.

Two hours later —

INT. KITCHEN – NOON

Evan finishes breakfast. Calm. Smooth.
Coffee. Toast. His leg bouncing slightly.

The guilt is gone.

Erased like fog burned off by the sun.

EVAN (V.O.)
The world's sick.
And the people making it sick — they deserve elimination.
Kylie bullied Jane for years. Broke her in ways no one saw.
Now she's gone. And Jane... Jane will breathe easier.

Smirk.

EVAN (inner monologue — creepy tone)
She was pretty, sure. Sexy in a trashy, fake way.
But inside — god, she was so damn ugly.
Ugly people hiding in beautiful skin — they rot the world from the inside out.
She got what she deserved.

He wipes his mouth.
The smile is faint. But it's there.

Did I do wrong?
Debatable.

EXT. EDGE OF SUBURBIA – NIGHT – RAINING HARD

The storm is wild.
Thick sheets of rain hammer rooftops.
Fog writhes across the fields like something alive.

**From a peeling house just past the last streetlight—
a scream rips through the dark.**

INT. SMALL RUN-DOWN HOUSE – NIGHT

The woman stumbles backward.
A young wife — early 30s — bruised, barefoot, shivering.
She clutches a small suitcase.

She bolts through the door —
but the man is faster.

MAN (O.S.)
"You run again — I'll break both your legs and drag you back by your hair."

He grabs her by the wrist.
Hurls her into the ground.

The suitcase bursts open.
Clothes scatter.

It's the rush .
The craving .
And he's hungry for it —
since he started his rainy night green fields watch.

Tonight is the night.
After three months of observing,
of waiting,
of telling himself he wouldn't —

He finally gives in.

KYLIE squints through the rain.
From the edge of the green fields…
she sees a figure — crawling, rising, descending toward her from the earth itself.

Her breath catches.
Someone's coming.

She kicks him. Hard.
He roars — and rips open her blouse.

A single breast falls out.
She screams, humiliated , curling up —

But he yanks her by the hair.
Pushes her down. Slaps her.

He unbuckles his belt.
Breathing heavy .
Drunk. Hungry. Predatory.

MAN (growling)
You're mine.
You hear me?

She screams —
She cries —
And that's when he hears it.

A sound.
Not wind. Not rain.
A wet, delicate hiss —
like something being unzipped from the inside.

Soft… but final.

His brow furrows.
What the hell was that?

Then —
he feels it.

A tickle at his neck.
He blinks — and blood pours .
His throat's been cut. Clean. Mid-line.

So clean he didn't even feel the blade.
Just that sound. That horrible, whispering sound —
the sound of his own death .

He reaches for his neck.
Fingers meet wet warmth.
His mouth opens —
but nothing comes.
No voice. No scream.
Just red.

He stumbles, choking on silence —
and sees him.

EVAN.
Standing there.
Still.
Plastic hood low over his face.
Eyes hidden. Curved blade in one hand, blood dripping slow.
Fog curling around his body like smoke around a fire.

The man collapses.
Jerks.
Still.

The woman — still on her knees, her torn shirt clinging to her chest —
shakes. Frozen. Blinking through the fog.

She can't see his face.
She’s colorblind. The storm and haze distort everything.

But she feels him.
A presence.
Close.
Electric.
Not just a man.
Something else.

Her voice cracks.

WOMAN (barely audible)
Wh… who are you?

Long silence.
Then —
a breath. Right at her ear.

Slow.
Heavy.
Too close. Too calm.

EVAN (whispers)
I’m the Fog Killer.

No touch. No threat.
Just the words.

And then —
he’s gone.

The man’s corpse drags suddenly into the field.
Snatched into the fog.
Body vanishing into wet grass and storm.

The woman gasps —
and screams.

And so it began —
the rumors .

Whispers of a creature in the fog.
A thing that kills when the rain falls hardest.
Not a man. A shadow. A myth.
The Fog Killer.

This is how it started.

The first kill — Kylie — left him with guilt. Panic.
He dreamt of it. Woke in a sweat.

But this one…
This one brought something else.
Satisfaction.

He told himself it was justice.
The man deserved it.
The world needed cleaning.

Over the next 45 days , he found three more.
People he marked as the ones making the world sick.
The ones who needed obliteration.

Monsters in disguise — a predator in a park, a corrupt cop, a rapist the court called *a boy with a future.*
Each time, Evan struck with more precision . More silence .
Each time, he felt a little less human — and a little more… necessary .

But justice is a slippery thing .

Soon, he couldn't find anyone left to justify the blade.
No clear villains. No black-and-white sins.

And that's when it changed.
Out of hunger — not justice — he killed again.
Just to feel it.
The rush. The power. The silence after.

He'd regret it the next day.
For fifteen minutes, maybe twenty.
He'd promise himself it would be the last time.
That he'd stop this madness.
That he'd never kill an innocent or even the one who deserves ever again.

And then he would do it again.

Same cycle.
Same lie.

Because it wasn't about justice anymore.
It never was.
It was always about the High .

And Evan —
was now addicted .

PRESENT – INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE –
INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

Thunder outside.
A flicker of fluorescent light above.
The hum of the building — low, electric, alive.

MOSS stands.
Hands on the table.
Eyes locked on Evan — shaking, but not from fear.
From certainty.

MOSS
(quiet, razor-sharp)
You're the Fog Killer.

Silence.
Evan doesn't blink.
Doesn't flinch.

But inside —
something shatters.
Like a thin sheet of ice cracking under his feet.

And just like that —
he remembers.

Kylie.
The fog.
The slit throat.
The sound of blood in the grass.
The weight of the blade.
The way his hands didn't shake after.

Justice? No.
It was always need.
Need to kill.
Need to feel.
Need to matter.

And now —
as the fluorescent light flickers again —
he sees Moss not as his enemy.
But as a mirror.

Because Moss is right.
Evan finally sees it.
All of it.

The past Evan — the boy with a wound no one could name —
peers out from behind his eyes.
He is watching.

Watching the man he's become.
The thing.

And Moss…
Moss sees him too.

Then —

Evan smiles.
Not wide.
Not proud.

Just… wrong.

CHAPTER 23

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

A storm churns outside.
Wind hammers the glass **like it's trying to break in.**

Inside — everything is still.
Fluorescent light buzzes above, **stuttering like a faulty heartbeat.**

Evan smiles.
Not wide.
Just a flicker.
A ripple beneath the surface of something **too calm.**

Moss sees it.
Doesn't flinch.
Doesn't move.

Just leans in.
Close enough to smell the sweat on Evan's skin.
Close enough that the storm can't touch this moment.

Moss sees the smile. Doesn't flinch.
Just leans in closer.
Whispers:
"There you are."

Evan's eyes flicker.
Not in fear.
In recognition.

Because he knows what Moss means.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

The smile vanishes.
Evan's face turns still.

Serious.
Not defensive. Not shaken.
Measured.

EVAN
(flatly)
Can I get a glass of water?

A pause.
Moss doesn't move. Doesn't answer.

Evan sighs — not dramatically, but **like a man tired of being misunderstood.**

EVAN
Agent Moss… I have a condition.
(beat)
I see a psychiatrist. And a therapist.
They're both real. You can call them. I'll give you their numbers.
(leans back slightly)
You see — I'm a victim.

He meets Moss's stare directly now. No fear. Just **tired logic.**

EVAN *(calm, almost clinical)*
The love of my life was murdered.
By the Fog Killer.
(beat)
And the professor — Dr. Kwon — he wasn't just a mentor.

He helped me pass the one subject I could never get through.
He believed in me.
Taught me at his own home. Opened his doors.
(slight shake of the head)
The Fog Killer took him too.

That's why I developed… this condition.
It's stress-based. Emotional trauma.
I dissociate sometimes. Get fragmented.
Say strange things. Forget where I am.
That's why I'm in therapy.

(a beat — perfectly timed)

CRACK—
The door **SLAMS** open.

LINA BURSTS IN.
Eyes blazing.

Before anyone can react—

SMASH—
Her fist crashes into Evan's jaw.
A sickening thud.

Evan collapses sideways.
The chair clatters to the floor.
He lands hard — blood already pooling in his mouth.

GASPS behind the one-way glass.
No one moves.

Evan blinks up.
Stunned.
Eyes swimming.

Lina already looms over him.

She raises her fist again —
But stops.
Stands there — breath ragged, fists trembling.

Then—

SPITS in his face.

LINA *(low, trembling)*
You're not even worth that.
(steps back — voice rising, brittle)
I always knew it was you.

Silence.

LINA
That night...
You didn't kill me… **Why?!**
You dragged me into those bushes.
You told me if I said a word —
My little sister would die.

(her voice cracks)
It was you, Evan.
(beat)
And I feel ashamed I ever doubted myself.
Ashamed I let myself believe it wasn't.

EVAN
(slowly rising, wiping the blood and spit with a folded tissue)
This… is a direct violation of federal law.
(turns to Moss, calm, precise)
Agent Moss — you allowed this to happen.
An unprovoked physical assault.
(turns to Lina — voice controlled, surgical)
And you — just committed felony aggravated battery in front of multiple federal agents.
Four years. Minimum.
(smiles faintly — too calm)
You think that was brave?
Dramatic?
(beat — voice lowers, razor-edged)
I'm going to sue the living shit out of both of you.
(pause — lets it hang)
You'll lose your badge.
She'll lose her freedom.

Silence.
Only the hum of the lights.

MOSS *(quiet. hollow.)*
God.
(steps forward — eyes fixed on Evan)
I've seen monsters

(beat)
But this...
This one is the worst of them all.

Evan doesn't blink. Just smiles.

EVAN *(silence. then—calm, amused)*
That a movie line?
This qualifies as assault, too.
(pulls out a second tissue, wiping his face)
I'll have my lawyer look into this comment as well.
(gestures vaguely at the camera)
The camera is watching you.
(grins, blood in his teeth)
I hope you're proud of that line.
Might make a great tagline at your wrongful termination hearing.

DOOR OPENS.
Heavy. Controlled.

RAY enters — flanked by two armed police officers and a hospital official in a white coat.
His presence **commands the air.**

RAY *(stern, composed — voice cutting)*
You have no legal right to keep him in here.
(steps toward Moss, slow and deliberate)
He is a patient, Mossy.
(beat)
I'm taking my son away.
Right. Now.

MOSS
(stiff, boiling)
You can't walk in here with—

RAY
(interrupts, calm but lethal)
I came with paperwork, not emotion.
(holds up documents)
He's been under psychological care for the last 18 months.
You want to fight it? Call the Bureau lawyers.
But until then — **he's not your suspect.**
He's a clinical dependent.

LINA
(whispers, shaken)
Are you serious?

RAY
(glancing at her, flat)
You assaulted a patient in custody.
Get a lawyer.
(looks back at Evan — his voice softens)
Come on, Evan.
Let's go home.

EVAN
(stands, brushes himself off, smiling)
Thanks, Dad.

MOSS

(quiet, furious)
You're protecting a monster.

RAY
(cold, measured)
No.
I'm protecting my son…
from **whatever the hell this is.**
(beat — to the officers)
Let's go.

Evan walks out — **slow, straight-backed, like he owns the building.**
Blood still on his collar.
Eyes locked on Moss.
Smiling.

EXT. PARKING LOT – RAIN – NIGHT

Evan opens the car door.
He pauses.
From behind them, Lina speaks — quiet, to Moss, Keller, and Gustavo:

LINA
(soft, troubled)
I… I did feel something off when he said he had a Chinese girlfriend.

Evan stops.
He turns.
Walks back — slow, wet, **eyes on fire.**

EVAN
(he is emotional all of a sudden — goes to Lina and says)
You don't get to judge me.

EVAN (V.O.)
You felt something off, huh?
(beat)
Let me tell you something off.
(steps closer — imagined, dreamlike)

KELLER *(interrupts, sharp)*
Why? Why the fuck don't we get to judge you, huh?

EVAN
Because…
When you were children — too young to understand what's "sister," what's "cousin"…
One day, your cousin falls down the stairs.
And you — cry first. You go to help.
But then something inside you… shifts.
You push her again.
Down the stairs.
You do it again. And again.
(pause — now fully unraveling)
You go tell the adults she fell.

And a year later — you're playing again.
She's in front of those same stairs.
What do you do?
You push her.
Blood this time.
You push her again.
This time you don't tell them she slipped — but they check anyway because they heard a sound.
You wait for them to say, "She died."
And when they say, "She survived"…
You feel… disappointed.
(beat — voice almost breaking)
That was me.

I wasn't evil. I wasn't a killer.
I was a child.
Too young to know what anything meant.
Too young to understand what I was.
(quietly)
You want to know how disturbed I was?
(he looks at Lina)
I was four, maybe five.
And one night, it's *The Matrix.*
There's a woman on screen. **Red lips. Slow-motion.**
I kissed the screen. Right on her mouth.
(beat)
My mom said to my dad, "Look. Look where he's kissing."
Like I was some… creature.
Something wrong.
Something already twisted before I could even read.
(he breathes)
This is who I was.
Before all this.
Before murder. Before you. Before Meilin.

I was already… wrong.
I still remember all this— so sick.
(beat)
So don't say you felt 'something off,' Lina.
I was built this way.

Silence. Rain.

REALITY RETURNS.
None of it was said aloud.
EVAN is still standing beside the car.
Soaked. Silent.
He gets in.
Shuts the door.
RAY slams his own door.
The car pulls away.
Rain swallows the parking lot.
No one speaks.
They don't know what almost surfaced.
But Evan does.

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13 YEARS AGO – NIGHT OF VICTIM 17

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – NIGHT – COLD & RAINING
12:33 AM

Darkness.
The only light in the room spills from the TV screen — **bright yellowish, flickering, dreamlike.**
Rain slowly pours against the window.
The world outside is asleep.
Inside, the lounge floor is bare and quiet.

JANE and EVAN sit side by side on the carpet, wrapped together in a thick old blanket.
A soft glow washes over their faces — **bluish and unreal.**

On the screen:
Episode 5 of Crash Landing on You plays — a Netflix K-drama.
The North Korean soldier brushes a strand of hair from the South Korean woman's face.
No words. Just a glance. A flicker of longing.
They're alone at his home. At night.

EVAN
(staring)
What... is this shit?

JANE
(signing, smiling)
They're not even in love yet.
But they are.

EVAN
(scoffs)
He should be doing her five times a day.

Not this... hand-hovering ballet.

JANE
(signing, teasing)
Maybe they don't have condoms in North Korea.

EVAN
(deadpan)
Erectile dysfunction.
Revealed at episode sixteen plot twist?

JANE
(tilts head, signs softly)
You don't like it?

EVAN
(pauses, then softer)
No — I do. It's just... unrealistic.

A beat. The silence deepens.
He turns to her —
His body betrays him.
He's hardening — fast.
His eyes lock on Jane, unable to look away.
She's completely hooked in the series — unaware.
He shifts closer beneath the blanket.

EVAN
It's cold...

He makes his move — subtle, but real.

Not bold, not obvious —

Just enough.
He **wants her** .

Jane notices. Confused. She smiles.

JANE
(signs, playful)
What's up?

And then —
like a wire snapping —
he pulls back.

Fast.
Like it burned him.

Back into himself.
Blank-faced. Still.
Shame creeping in.

They keep watching.
Like nothing happened.
But something did.

Jane glances over.
Watches him.

In her mind —

He’s just a brother.
She doesn’t see it.

EVAN slides out of the blanket.
Sits apart. Watches the screen.

Feeling embarrassed

Rain gets louder.
Then—
Thunder. A deep roll in the distance.

EVAN glances outside.
It’s raining hard.

ONE HOUR LATER —

EXT. GREEN FIELDS – NIGHT – 1:46 AM – RAIN-SOAKED DARKNESS – OBSERVATION ZONE

EVAN is crouched in the dark in the green fields.
Watching.

The field lies soaked, silent —
wind rustling the tall, wet grass like whispers with teeth.

A **MAN, 34, bald** , walks briskly —

not part of Evan’s hunt zone,
just a shortcut home through the mist-thick wild.

His breath clouds in the cold.
Shoes squelch against the soft earth.

Then —
A FIGURE appears up ahead.
Half-shadowed. Still. Waiting.

FIGURE
Hey. Got a lighter?

The man slows.
Shakes his head politely.

MAN
No, sorry.

The figure steps closer —
Too close.

FIGURE
Wait... I know you.
You're Walter’s cousin, right?

The man frowns, confused —
doesn’t answer.

And then he sees it —

a glint.
Moonlight catching on something **metal** .

A blade. Big. Hidden behind the stranger's leg.

Time stops.

The man's eyes widen.
The blade lifts.

Then—

EVAN EXPLODES FORWARD.
Fast. Silent. Precise.

Steel flashes.

The man dodges. Just in time.
Slips backward into the mud —
scrambles, gasping.

EVAN freezes.
One step short. Breathing hard.
Expression unreadable.

The man stares — alive, untouched —
but barely.

Rain crashes down.

Sheets of it.
Blurring the world. Drowning the stars.

A **BALD MAN (34)** stands in the open field —
Soaked. Breathing hard.
His chest rising beneath the soaked hoodie.

EVAN faces him — ten feet away.
Drenched. Expression unreadable.
In one hand — **a gleaming blade.**

Their eyes lock.
No words.
Just silence beneath the roar of rain.

The man doesn't move.
Doesn't blink.

Then —
EVAN throws the blade.
Hard.

It spins once, lands in the mud with a wet **THUD** .

Something passes between them.
Not mercy.
Not hesitation.
Only **instinct.**

Kill or be killed.

The rain comes harder — pounding, relentless.
As if sealing the moment.

Then—
They charge.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – NIGHT

Rain beats the windows.
Hard, relentless.
The house groans in the storm.

EVAN sits alone at the table, slouched forward —
The glow of a single lamp flickering beside him.

Empty cups. A silence that strangles.

His face is pale. Eyes sad.
He's been sitting there for hours. Not moving.

He whispers —

EVAN
(quiet, hollow)
...Meilin.

Her name tastes like **regret** .

His hands tremble slightly.
He squeezes them into **fists** .

Then —

The lights CUT OUT.

Total blackout.
Instant.
Swallowed in darkness.

EVAN flinches.
Stands up, **heart pounding.**

A cold feeling runs through the room.
Wrong. Thick. Sentient.

EVAN
(low, nervous)
Is someone here?

He turns —
Something moves behind him — or did it?

A floorboard creaks.
Then silence.
Then—

A voice.
Not loud.

Not human.

VOICE (O.S.)
Evaaaan...

He freezes.
Eyes wide.
His lip quivers.

EVAN
(trembling)
Meilin?

Silence.

Then — **BAM.**

Something unseen **SLAMS** into his chest.
His body jerks back —
Hits the floor.

He gasps, convulses —
As if **the air has been punched out of his soul.**

EVAN (CONT'D)
(screaming from the floor)
MEILIN—!!

Total darkness.
Total terror.

And then —

A shape rises over him.
Not from the shadows.
From nowhere.

A dark figure crouches above his chest,
its face impossibly close,
just inches from his.

He can't move.
Can't scream.

CHAPTER 24

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – TOTAL DARKNESS

Pitch black.

No sound—
except ***Evan's ragged breathing.***

He's on the floor. ***Paralyzed. Eyes wide.***
A shadow looms.
Something leans down.

LICK.

A slick, wet tongue ***drags across his neck.***
Evan jerks— ***but can't move.***
His throat tightens. ***Breath stolen.***

Then—a whisper:

VOICE (soft, low)
Evan...

He tries to scream.

EXT. GREEN FIELDS – NIGHT – 13 YEARS AGO – POURING RAIN

The world is ***drowning.***

In the center of a muddy field—
a ***bald man*** *(early 30s, thickset, towering)*

writhes on the ground *, shoulder grotesquely twisted.*

Evan, ***shirt soaked*** *, stands over him.*
1 minute, 13 seconds elapsed.

The man groans. Can't rise.
His left arm ***dangles, useless.***

Evan's chest heaves—
but he's calm.
Dead calm.

Not because he's proud.
Because this was ***nothing.***

The guy was bigger.
Heavier.
Didn't matter.

Evan knew how to move.
How to end things before they began.

He hadn't trained in martial arts to protect himself—
but ***to drown the hunger.***

The first time he killed, he was just a boy.
And the feeling it gave him...
wasn't guilt.
It was ***rush.***

Since then —
Martial arts. Meditation. Pain.
He devoured them all,
chasing a way to bury ***the monster*** *growing inside him.*

Rain lashes the earth.
Thunder rolls— ***low and guttural, like something waking up.***

Evan stands, blade low, ***aimed at the man's throat.***
One second. One twitch. ***One clean kill.***

But the man starts mumbling—
wet, gurgling words.
Broken ribs in every syllable.

MAN (barely audible)
Someone's... behind you.

Evan narrows his eyes.
Looks around.
Nothing but storm.

They're alone.

He leans in. Slightly.
Curious.
What does a dying man say with his final breath?

CRACK.

*The man's knee **slams** into Evan's testicles.*
White-hot pain.
Evan's breath disappears.
His body locks.

WHAM!

A fist crashes into his jaw.
Then another.
And another.

His blade skids across the mud.
He hits the ground—
dazed, gasping, vision tilting.

The man mounts him.
Breathing hard.
Blood pouring down his face, mixing with rain.

He grabs a rock—
jagged, heavy—
lifts it high.

Thunder cracks. Violent.

He pauses.
Confused.

That smile.

*Evan is **smiling.***
Mouth open. Full.
No fear.

The man roars—raises the rock higher—

SHLICK.

A soft sound.
Almost delicate.
Like paper tearing.

The man freezes.
*Blood **jets from his throat.***
The rock falls.

He gurgles, twitches—
collapses in the mud.

Behind him—
A girl.
Soaked to the bone.

A small blade clenched in her trembling hand.
Eyes wide.
Scared.
In shock.

*She just **saved Evan's life.***

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE – BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT
Dim.
Rain taps the windows like fingernails.

Moss. Keller. Saul. Drew.
Huddled around a digital board.
No one speaks.

The door bursts open.
GUSTAVO *(breathless)*
Sir.

Moss looks up.
Eyes dark. Jaw locked.

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
It's all wrong.
...
Everything.
(beat)
The old people—
All nine—none of their blood matches the Fog Killer's.

(gut punch silence)

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
The blood on the tools?
It's chicken blood.
Forensics confirmed it.
Not human.

KELLER *(loud)*
What?!?

GUSTAVO
At FBI headquarters—
They had the mute guy redraw the sketch.
Told him it was for legal chain of evidence. Whatever.

DREW
And?

Gustavo swallows hard.

GUSTAVO
He drew someone else.
Entirely different.
Not the first sketch.
(beat)
This one has...
all of us in it.

(the room stills. air sucked out.)

SAUL
What the hell does that mean?

GUSTAVO
He's insane, sir.
They dug deeper into his record.
He's an illegal immigrant. Faked ID.
And—

Get this.
He has a prior sexual assault case from ’09.
Buried. Under an alias.

MOSS
So he’s not a witness...

GUSTAVO
He’s a liar. A lunatic.
Every sketch. Every word.
All false.

KELLER
And the old folks?

GUSTAVO
Innocent.
Every one of them.

(thunder rumbles)

GUSTAVO (CONT’D)
Sir—Evan and Ray were with us when the fifth murder happened.
That means…
they couldn’t have done it.

MOSS *(staring into space)*
Then the current Fog Killer...

GUSTAVO
...is still out there.

(beat)

DREW
We wasted so much time chasing the word of a madman...

GUSTAVO
FBI HQ just ruled him legally insane.

(thunder crashes again)

MOSS *(quietly)*
So we let a schizophrenic steer a federal investigation...

GUSTAVO
Sir...
They want to take you off the case.

(a long silence. no one speaks.)

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – DARKNESS
Faint moonlight leaks through the curtains.

EVAN lies frozen on the floor.

Eyes wide. Breath ragged. Muscles locked.
Like prey.

A **SHADOW** moves beside him—closer now.
Too close.

Then—

FIGURE (O.S.) *(a whisper, soft as breath)*
It's me... Evan.

He **FLINCHES** .
Violent. Instinctive.
Drags himself backward across the hardwood—
scraping, scrambling.
Thuds against the wall.

Eyes locked on the silhouette.
Long hair.
Feminine. Familiar.
But wrong.

EVAN *(hoarse, unraveling)*
No...
No, that's not real.
You're not—

His chest heaves.
Trembling overtakes him.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I killed you.
You're dead.
You're—

The figure steps into the moonlight.
Not Meilin.
Rain-slicked hair. Human eyes.
But something's off.
Something he can't name.

LINA *(sharply)*
Look at me.

He does.
A current of terror ripples through his spine.

LINA (CONT'D)
Calm down.
(beat)
Your memory... still fogged over, isn't it?

EVAN *(cracked, panicked)*
What the hell is this? What are you—?

LINA
Fog Killer...

(she leans in—closer, whispering like a secret)

LINA (CONT'D)
You never did it alone, Evan.
(beat)
I was there.
Every blade.
Every scream.
Every fog-choked night.

(closer now. Eye to eye. A faint, hollow smile)

LINA (CONT'D)
We made art.

EVAN *(barely audible)*
No…

LINA
You didn't come back to start killing again.
(beat)
That part was always mine.

Silence.
Evan says nothing.
Still frozen.

But in his eyes—
not understanding. Not grief. Not confusion.
Only terror.

LINA (CONT'D)
I cut the lights on purpose.

Every house on this street has eyes tonight.
(leans closer, whispering)
But none of them saw me.
I was the shadow between their blinks.

She turns her back. Calm. Almost casual.
Evan stays pressed to the wall—
animal panic in his bones.
Heart slamming against his ribs like a prisoner with no mouth to scream.

EVAN
(spiraling, voice cracking)
What in the actual hell is happening—?

He chokes on the words.
Doesn't finish.

Lina walks back toward him.
Slow. Deliberate.
The way you'd approach a wild animal that already knows it's caught.

LINA
Thirteen years of silence.
(beat)
Then I lit the match again.
This time...
Alone.

She crouches in front of him.
Her voice drops—soft now, like a lover's confession in

bed.

LINA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.
About the punch.
And the spit.
I had to make it look real.
(beat)
I always make it look real.

She wraps her arms around him.
A slow, almost motherly hug.

Evan doesn't move.
His breath stutters. Limbs frozen.
But something in his eyes flickers.

A memory.
Blood.
Fog.

FLASHBACK – EXT. GREEN FIELDS – NIGHT – 13 YEARS AGO – POURING RAIN

Rain claws the world apart.
The body slumps into the mud—face first, throat torn, blood mixing with stormwater.

And Lina stands beside it.

Frozen. Soaked. Shaking.
She looks like she's about to scream.

Evan pushes himself up—mud-slicked, bleeding, jaw misaligned.
Something in him is uncoiling.
Not compassion.
Instinct.

He moves toward her—not slow, not gentle.
A blur of motion. He grabs her—pulls her into him.
Not tenderness.
Containment.

EVAN
(low, guttural, but steady)
Lina. Look at me.

She won't.
Eyes wide. Animal panic.

He grabs her face—thumb against her cheek, hard enough to anchor her.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Look in my **fucking** eyes.

She does.
Rain streaming down both of them like a veil of war.

And in Evan's eyes—
Not safety.
Not love.
But clarity.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You're not gonna faint.
You're not gonna scream.
You're going to breathe.

She exhales—sharp. Broken.

EVAN (CONT'D)
He was going to kill me.
You stopped him.
(leans in, voice low)
That's not panic in your chest.
That's power.
It feels like drowning.
But it's not.
(beat)
You're rising.

A noise behind them.
SLAM.

The half-dead man lurches up from the mud, roaring—
One last surge of violence. Pure muscle. Blind fury.

He charges.

EVAN WHIRLS.
Sidesteps. Breathes.

CRACK.
A precise strike—palm to throat.
Another—elbow to temple.
Then the finish— **a brutal chop to the carotid artery.**

The man collapses. No sound.
Gone.
For real this time.

Rain drowns the silence again.

Evan turns back to Lina. She's frozen in place.
He walks up to her—hands shaking now himself.
Adrenaline leaving his system.

He places both hands gently on her shoulders.

EVAN
You need to go home.
Now.

She stares at him, lost.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Listen to me—exactly.
(beat)
Take a bath.

Burn these clothes. Every stitch.
Cut your nails. Down to nothing.

Her lips part. Maybe to ask a question.
But no sound comes out.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I'll come to you. One hour.
We sit. Table to table.
We talk about what happened.
Hot tea. Eyes forward.
You hold it together.
You will hold it together.

He cups her face.
A strange calm in him now—like a switch has flipped.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You're not a little girl anymore, Lina.
You're part of this now.

She nods.
Then runs—like her legs remembered how.
Disappearing into the storm.

Evan watches her vanish.
Then turns to the body.
Kneels.
No emotion.

Creating grotesque art.

Evan kneels beside the corpse.
Grabs the jaw.
Cracks it open. Wide. Wider. Until tendons strain.
Draws a thin blade.
Slices the tongue out.
Tosses it into the mud.

Blood pours from the gaping mouth.
He strips the man nude.
Grabs the arms.
Bends them backward. Palms flat, elbows locked.
Like he's resting on them.

The legs—
Crossed at the ankles. Feet tucked.
Like prayer.

Now the body sits:
Jaw unhinged.
Tongue gone.
Screaming forever.

Evan stands.
Rain falls.
He walks away.

PRESENT – EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – DARKNESS

Moonlight slices the room.
Lina still has her arms around him.
Evan's body remains stiff—rigid like the corpse he once posed.

A long silence.
Then—

EVAN
(quiet, broken)
We didn't know.
We were just kids.
Oh God...
You started to kill again? Oh no.
They might fry us both in the electric chair—oh no!
I thought it was over... oh no...

(Lina doesn't respond. She watches him. Eyes gleaming. Not with guilt. With memory.)

(She leans in, jaw clenched.)

LINA
How much do you remember?
(beat)
Do you remember cheating on me with that 36 year old bitch—Sara?

EVAN
(tight)
Don't call her that.

(Lina stares at him.)
Why? Because she made you feel innocent again?

LINA
Why? Because she made you feel innocent again?

(She grabs his hand. Guides it slowly toward her temple of heat. Presses it down—slowly. Lower. Lower. Between her legs. Just enough. Not all the way. Enough to feel the heat. The ache.)

(She lets go. Lets his hand stay.)

LINA (CONT'D)
But you're not innocent, Evan.
You were never meant to be.

EVAN (tense)
You're aroused right now?
What the hell are you?
You want sex—in this moment?

LINA
You have no fucking idea.
(beat)
After we separated—not once.
If you take the vibrator out—
Not once in thirteen years did I ever feel satisfied.
Not one man has lasted longer than five minutes.
They get off, roll to the side, and call it love.
Fall asleep...

(she leans in, softer)
And I'd just lie there... listening to them breathe. Thinking—
(smirking darkly)
This was the trailer. Picture starts now.
Just like you used to say.

(She leans into his ear. A whisper—bladed and hot.)

LINA (in his ear)
Please touch it.

EVAN
You're sick.
(beat)
Why the hell did you start killing again?
Why, Lina?!
(yelling now)
Why?! We agreed—never again!

(She exhales. Her lips brush his ear again. A whisper, almost loving:)

LINA
I'll tell you.
But only if you—

(Silence.
Evan stares. **Something flickers** in his eyes.
He doesn't speak.
He just moves.
Desperate for her answer.)

EVAN'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT – ABSOLUTE DARK

Seven times.
Three hours, thirty-two minutes.

It wasn't just sex.
It was **excavation** .
Layer by layer — until there was **nothing left to hide behind** .

Now they lie on the floor, half-covered by a crumpled blanket.
Bodies twitching from aftershocks.
The A.C. hums. **Moonlight cuts in.**

Evan doesn't blink. Doesn't move.
His chest rises slow, precise — like he's calibrating.

Because he's not broken anymore.
He's back.

The real Evan.
The one buried thirteen years ago in blood and fog and silence.

His mind?
Unlocked.
A vault blown open.

He remembers it all —

The screams.
The first cut.
The angle of the blade in his hand.
The art of it.

His eyes shift to Lina.
No shame. No fear.
Just **clarity** .

And underneath it —
Power.

Sex with Lina reawakened every memory —
and with it, **the full-born killer inside him.**

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – LIVING ROOM – DARKNESS

The fan hums overhead.
The A.C. whispers **cold breath** into the room, like a ghost exhaling against their skin.
White noise.

Lina lies on Evan's chest, bare shoulder rising with his breath.
Two empty glasses sit nearby.
A bottle of peach juice.
Used condoms scattered like **shrapnel** .

Their voices are hushed. Intimate.
And **unspeakably dark.**

LINA
(soft, reflective)
The one in Tacoma?
He cried when I slit him open.
I almost stopped.
But then... I didn’t.

EVAN
(quietly amused)
That was the one with the sunflower tattoo?
(beat)
You didn't cut him right, he suffered.

LINA
(teasing)
I was rusty.
And angry.
He reminded me of that asshole barista who used to flirt with my mom.

They both chuckle.
A private joke.
Two lovers dissecting memories like photographs.

SFX: CREAK.
A soft sound.
A door.

They don’t notice.

RAY (O.S.)
(confused, distant)
Why is it so damn dark in here?

Footsteps.
Getting closer.

Evan tenses.
Eyes flick toward the hallway.

Lina doesn't move — just smirks, lips brushing his chest.

RAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Evan?

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE – NIGHT – DARKNESS

The ceiling fan spins.
A.C. purrs low.

Evan and Lina lie under the blanket — bare skin tangled.
A peach juice bottle lies on its side.
Two empty cups.
Seven used condoms glisten under the dim moonlight.

They're whispering like lovers sharing secrets —
Except **their stories aren't about love** .

EVAN
(smirking)
My favorite was the old man.
You remember?

LINA
(purring)
The one on the fourth floor?

EVAN
Yeah. The neat freak. Always in slacks.
Kept his doormat clean with a lint roller.
(chuckling)
He actually opened the door like it was just another Tuesday.
Looks at us and says, “Can I help you?”
(beat)
I told him:
“You don’t know us, but we’ve got one question.”

LINA
(smiling darkly)
He said, “Yes?”

EVAN
I said, **“Who are you?”**

LINA
And he goes, **“I’m Harold Linwood.”**

Like it meant something.

EVAN
(nods, grin spreading)
Then I stepped forward and said:
“We’re Mr. and Mrs. Death.”
(beat)
He flinched. Just slightly.
Didn’t even have time to scream before I cut him.

LINA
You were so clean with it. Straight across the neck — like butter.
I barely had to mop.

EVAN
We dragged him inside.
You lit the candles. Peach-scented — classy touch.

LINA
Had to mask the gas.
The whole flat was ready to blow.

EVAN
You set the timer for what — ten minutes?

LINA
Exactly ten.
Enough for us to walk out like a couple heading home from dinner.
(beat)
Then— **boom.**

EVAN
That explosion...
I swear it shook my bones loose.

LINA
(grinning)
I got off just hearing the pressure release.

(They both laugh softly.
Breathy. Erotic. Deranged.)

CLICK.
LOUNGE LIGHTS SNAP ON.

Ray stands in the doorway.
Frozen. **Eyes wide.**
Color gone from his face.

He sees:
– Evan and Lina, **half-naked under a blanket** , still entangled.
– Condom wrappers scattered **like confetti** .
– Two glasses. The **peach juice bottle** between them.
– **Seven condoms.**
– And both of them... caught **smiling** like they just told a bedtime story.

RAY
(staggering, voice cracking)
No...
You...

You’re both...
The Fog Killer.

CHAPTER 25

13 YEARS AGO – NIGHT – RAIN-SOAKED STREETS

INT. LINA'S HOUSE – NIGHT – 11:06 P.M.

Dim lights.
The air is **thick** . **Humid.** Heavy with something **unspoken** .

Outside: a dog **barks once** .
A car glides past, **tires whispering** over soaked asphalt.

But inside— **silence** .

EVAN steps in.
His shirt still **damp** .
A thin **scab** traces his jaw like punctuation.
His expression: **present, but remote** .
Movements— **deliberate** . Like someone remembering how to be human.

From the kitchen, **MRS. ANGELINA, 37, emerges.**
Elegant in a silk nightrobe. **Eyes shadowed.**
Her presence: **unsettlingly calm** .

MRS. ANGELINA
She's not here.
Went to Jane's. Said she needed to work on… some coding project.

(**Evan says nothing. Just stands there—dripping tension onto the hardwood.**)

MRS. ANGELINA (CONT'D)
She was so off all day.
(pause)
What happened between you two?

EVAN
(quiet)
Nothing…
Just a fight.
I came to apologize.

(**She watches him. Something unreadable in her gaze.**)
(**She steps closer. Slowly.**)

MRS. ANGELINA
Well...
It's just **me** here, Evan.

(She says it softly.
Not flirtatious.
Not motherly.
Just... **present** .)

(**Evan shifts. Swallows. His posture guarded. Instinct humming.**)

EVAN
Then I should go.

(He turns toward the door—

But something pulls him to glance back.)

(**She's still watching him.**)
Unmoving.
Still as a painting that shouldn't be this alive.

(He takes a breath. **It sticks in his throat.**)

EVAN (INTERNAL MONOLOGUE)
God, look at her.
She looks like Lina—just older. Softer.
Split open with sorrow.

And fuck me... I wanted her.

Not gently. Not sweetly.
I wanted to **bury myself in her** like a wound begging to stay open.
To taste the grief on her skin.
To **fuck the sadness out of her until she screamed** —
like it hurt to feel alive again.

Christ.
What the hell is wrong with me?

(He opens the door.)

MRS. ANGELINA *(softly)*
Wait.

(Evan stops. **The door closes behind him—quietly.**)

(She steps toward him. **Slow. Fluid.**)
The silk robe stirs around her calves—revealing a **flash of green nail polish** on her toes.
Skin faintly glowing. **Still damp.**
Fresh lotion. Lavender.
She had just bathed.

Slippers—delicate. **Silent.**

(She stops close.
Closer than she needs to.
Smiles— **just enough to disturb** .)

(Her fingers reach up.
Find his collar.
Fix it. **One side at a time. Then smooth it.**)
Her knuckles **brush his neck** —cool, scented.
Intentional.

She knows.
Every inch of this is **rehearsed** .
A slow dance toward the line—
Testing how much he can take
before something inside him **breaks** .

(She adjusts the collar again.
Slower this time.
Her fingertips drag along the edge of his skin.
Lingering. **Burning.**)

(He can smell the **honey-lotion** on her now.
Everything in him leans forward— **despite himself** .
Everything in him screams: **Don't.**)

His body **betrays** him.
The dragon has a mind of its own.
It **rises—fast** . **Obvious.**

The silence **thickens** .

Their eyes lock.

MRS. ANGELINA *(whispers)*
You shouldn't go to Jane's.
It's far.
And it's so cold tonight.

(The robe shifts again. That **green polish catches the light** .
The lavender draws closer.
Her lips part—just to breathe.)

MRS. ANGELINA *(softer)*
Are your parents back?

EVAN *(distant)*
In three days.

(She nods. Slowly. Still watching him— **like he's something unfinished** .)

(A beat. Then another.)

(She sees it now.
The underwear doesn't hide it.
The dragon's **fully awake** —straining beneath his pants.)

(Silence. **Tense.** Like a breath no one wants to exhale.)

(Evan swallows. **The shame tastes metallic** .)

EVAN
I... uh, should go.

(She doesn't answer.
Doesn't step back.
Just stands there— **bare. Calm. Waiting** .)

(She moves again. **Closer.**)
Her right leg, **fully exposed** , grazes his.

MRS. ANGELINA
You know, Evan...
I could really use your help.
I was supposed to have someone over today—
My back is killing me.
Would you...?

(Evan steps back. **Sharp.** Like he's been burned.)

EVAN

Okay. That's it! I'm out.

(He moves around her.
Hand on the knob.
Pauses—for one second.
Then opens the door and **slips out** .)

(Behind him: **silence** .
Heavy as lust.
Colder than the air outside.)

(He walks into the fog.
The night clutches him like a **wet sheet** .
But the **lavender** won't leave his skin.
And the dragon…
still hasn't gone down .)

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE – NIGHT – MOMENTS LATER

The porch light **flickers** like a dying thought.
Thunder **murmurs** —low, distant.
The kind that feels like it's **waiting** .

EVAN approaches.
The door is **unlocked** .
He **slips inside** .

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Dim.
The room breathes with low light and old warmth.

The TV glows like a dying campfire.
On screen: *The Quiet Family* (**1998**).
1080p Blu-ray , running off a USB.
Bodies being buried.
Subtitles crawl.
Laughter twisted with horror.

On the couch: **JANE** , fully out.
Blanket pulled to her chin.
Beside her: **a half-finished cup of chamomile tea.** Still warm.

Across the room: **LINA.**
Knees hugged to her chest. Eyes raw.
Hair tied back like she didn't care how it looked.

(She sees him.
Tenses.
Doesn't move. Doesn't run.)

EVAN
(measured)
Hello.

(She doesn't respond.
Just rises—slow, quiet—
and walks toward the small dining table.
The kind meant for cereal, apologies, and unfinished homework.)

They sit.
He pours **green tea** into two mismatched glass cups.

The smell— **earthy, sharp** —spools in the space between them.

Behind them, the movie plays on:
Bodies. Dirt. Laughter.
Subtitles like whispered confessions.

Silence.

EVAN
(soft)
How are you feeling?

LINA
(quiet, staring into her cup)
Not okay.

EVAN
(softly)
It's okay… to feel not okay.

EVAN
It's okay to not feel okay, Lina.

*(He gently slides the glass cup toward her— **his fingers brush hers for a second too long** .)*

EVAN (CONT'D)
Drink it.
This green tea improves blood circulation.

Helps your nerves. Makes you feel… **less like your skin's trying to escape your bones.**

*(She stares at the cup, then at him— **like it might be poison.** Then takes a sip.)*

(A beat.)

LINA
(quiet)
What are you?

(A pause.)

LINA (CONT'D)
Why do you kill?

(Silence. The air tenses. Even the rain outside seems to listen.)

EVAN
(slowly)
Well...
I tried my best to stop it.
Really did.
But I couldn't.

(His voice isn't cold. It's calm. Too calm.)

EVAN (CONT'D)

You didn't plan it. That's why you don't feel it.
The high.
That rush.
It's not like anger or sex or power. It's **a thousand times higher than any drug on this planet.**

*(She doesn't flinch. Just stares at him. Like she's trying to **memorize the shape of his soul before it burns.**)

LINA
Will you stop?

(A beat.)

LINA (CONT'D)
Or keep doing it?

*(Her voice isn't trembling. It's steady. **Steadier than him.**)

*(He looks down at the table. At the tea. **The rim of her cup still wet from her lips.** Then back at her.)*

EVAN
I promise I'll stop.
I won't kill again.
I swear, Lina.
Last night—if it wasn't for you... I'd be dead.

(She watches him. Searching his face for the truth

beneath his voice.)

LINA
Then why'd you throw the knife away?
When you were about to go head-on with him?

EVAN
(breathes)
I wanted to respect him.
He was brave.
Didn't run. Didn't flinch.
He stood there like a man ready to die.
So I threw the blade.
As a gesture of… respect.

*(A silence. Jane glances at them from the couch. Curious. Her head tilts. She can't hear—but she senses something. **Feels the static in the air.**)

LINA
Why did you lie to me about Kwon's murder?

(Evan doesn't answer. His jaw tenses.)

LINA (CONT'D)
I didn't care if you killed him.
I would've lied for you. Told anyone I was your alibi.
I would've **burned** for you.
But you didn't trust me. After all these years… that's what hurt.

(She looks away. Then back.)

LINA (CONT'D)
Then the new murders started happening.
I didn't want to believe it was you.
But that night... I followed you.
I saw you—

EVAN
(cutting her off gently)

*(He takes her hand. **Right hand. Holds it like something sacred.**)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Wow… look at mine.

(He shows his fingers.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Both of us. Nails cut clean. Deep. You did that, right?

(She nods slowly, confused.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I love hands like that.
So… **fucking clean.** I get so turned on by neat, fully cut nails.

(He looks into her eyes. Serious. Almost hypnotic.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
You know… this green tea is much more effective if you, uh—

LINA
(stressed, raw)
I feel so stressed.
So **fucking half guilty, half nothing.**
I don't even mind doing sex right now.
If it helps me feel better…
I don't care.

*(He doesn't speak. Just holds her gaze. Then lifts her hand. **Kisses it. Soft. Like worship.**)

LINA *(soft)*
Wait…!
We don't have condoms.

EVAN
(grins)
Don't worry. I put a whole packet of it in Jane's room.
(beat)
I thought maybe... maybe Jane would finally see me for who I am.

(Shrugs.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
But I guess either she's lesbian…
or I'm totally not her type.

LINA
(steps closer, smirks faintly)
Or maybe… she's blind too.

EVAN
Hey, that's rude, don't say that. She is so nice.

(She leans in — **kisses him on the cheek** . Then pulls back, a little shy.)
(Jane turns up the TV volume — **way up** . Static noise and distant screams fill the room.)
(Evan and Lina both glance over.)

LINA
She can't hear.
So… why the hell did she turn it up?

(A beat. Silence.)

EVAN
I don't know.

(They both stare at Jane for a second — something **off** about her stillness, her eyes fixed on nothing.)
(Then without a word — they step away from the table. Quiet.)
(They walk into the hallway. **One step at a time.**)

INT. JANE'S ROOM – NIGHT

The door **clicks** shut.
The room is faintly pink. Girlish. Blankets kicked off. A mirror cracked at the corner.

Lina leans against the door.
Evan steps closer.
She doesn't move.

He puts a hand to her cheek.
She doesn't resist.

And then — **impact.**

They move deeper into the room.
The door **latches** behind them.

Rain patters beyond the glass.
The TV hums somewhere behind the wall — **distant, forgotten** .

Jane lies just beyond that wall.
But here, in this pocket of stolen quiet —

It's just them.
Bodies. Shadows. Breath.

They’re on Jane’s bed now.
Evan is **fully nude** — vulnerable, unguarded.
Lina is still clothed. Watching.

EVAN
(whispers, breath warm against her ear)
First time’s too fast.
Ease me back in.
Use your hand.

She hesitates.
Heart pounding.
Eyes flick to his — searching.

Then, slowly, deliberately, she reaches out.

Her fingers close around him.
Tentative. Curious.

Then firmer.
Surer.

He twitches under her palm — a sharp inhale, like he’s being lit from the inside.

He leans closer.
One hand lifts, **brushing her hair behind her ear** with a reverence that borders on worship.

Then the backs of three fingers trace down her cheek —

slow, tender, like he’s sketching her into memory.

EVAN
(low, coaxing)
Don’t be shy.
Use both hands.
Let me feel how much you want me.

Her breath catches.

She obeys — grabs him with both hands, her palms sliding lower, **wrapping around him fully** .

She moves with hesitant rhythm — then confidence, guided by instinct and his soft, shuddering gasps.

EVAN
(groaning)
Your hands…
So soft it hurts.

Her movements deepen — steady, warm.
He’s close now.
Breath jagged.
Hips taut.

A long, held-in tension climbs his spine.

EVAN
(soft, breaking)

Lina…

He finishes hard — a quiet groan cut off against her neck.
His body jolts once.
Then stillness.

A quiet, messy ending folded against her collarbone.
His breath fogs her skin.

His cheeks are flushed.
Eyes glassy — not with shame, but something gentler.
Love, maybe.
Or awe.

Then — another shudder.

The first hit lands higher than either expected — hot across her cheek.
The second streaks along her jaw, just beneath.

She flinches, startled.
Then smiles — low, breathless, stunned.

Evan's eyes widen.
Shame flickers too fast.

But she touches it — slowly. Thoughtfully.
Then wipes it away with the blue cloth beside the bed.

Like it meant something sacred, not obscene.

LINA
(quietly, with a small smile)
Evan… it's your turn now.

There's no teasing in her voice.
Just something tender.
Something like love.

EVAN
(panting)
Five to ten minutes. I'll be ready again.
Start the clock.

(Six minutes. She's still beside him — flushed. Breathing differently now.)

He touches her.
Not casually.
Not playfully.

But with the reverence of a man who knows exactly how a woman breaks open.

His fingers slide down.
Pause.
Explore.

LINA

(nervous)
It will hurt right?

EVAN
No.
I'm going to flood you so deep you'll think you've drowned.

(His mouth is on her now. His fingers. His breath.)
She gasps — then moans.

It's not pain.
Not even pleasure.

It's something rawer — like being undone cell by cell.

He finishes again.
This time not inside her — but messily, urgently, just above her hip.

EVAN
Eight more minutes.
Then round three.

(They don't speak. They don't need to.)

He sits up.
Dark eyes glinting.

EVAN
Suck like how you sucked on that cherry lollipop always.

She obeys.
No hesitation now.
Her lips wrap around him.

He moans — louder this time.
Fists clenched in the sheets.

When he finishes, he lifts her chin — eyes wild, voice rough.

EVAN
(eyes dark, voice low — leaning in, staring between her legs)
That garden of sin between your thighs — flooding, blood-slick, unleashed, desperate for my tiger.
In full bloom.

Now you won't feel a thing.
Not pain.
Only the kind of pleasure that ruins you forever.

(Eleven minutes later — she lets him in.
All of him.)

There is **no scream** .

No resistance.
No tremble of pain.

Just her eyes — **wide** —
shocked by the heat.
The stretch.

And the faint warmth trailing down her thigh —
Evan sees it: **the first bloom of blood** .

The way her body **welcomes him** like it always belonged to him.
She wraps around him like she's found **home inside the most dangerous man alive** .

It's not just lust.
It's the feeling of falling into someone's gravity —
and knowing you'll never escape again.

She doesn't feel any pain.
She **feels him** .
And it feels like truth.

She truly loves him.
She just realised.

Seventeen minutes later.

He turns toward her — still bare, body humming with leftover heat.
Moves closer.
Brushes a knuckle against her shoulder.

EVAN
Did it hurt?

(She looks at him.
Eyes soft. Narrowed — like a cat just barely tamed.
Then smiles — slow, fragile, honest.)

LINA
(Her hand rises — rests against his face. Warm. Trusting.)
No.
Not even a little — it feels like the “first time hurts” was just a myth.
It felt… **good** .

(He leans in. Kisses her shoulder — gently this time.
But she can feel it.
He wants more.)

She stiffens. Hesitates.

LINA
No, Evan… this is enough.
It’s my first time.

(A beat.)

EVAN
So is mine.

(She glances down.
He's fully hard again. Ready. Burning.)

LINA
(whispers)
Evan…

(But he's already kissing her again.
Slow. Possessive.
His hand finds her breast — and she melts into him.)

LINA
Okay…
But this is the last time.
And **do it slow** .
You do it too fast.

(He smiles against her skin.
They don't rush it this time.
No hunger. Just heat.
A quiet collision — slow, deep, drugged with something neither of them can name.)

Afterward — silence.
No words.

Just shared breath in the dark.

They fall asleep like that.
Twisted together — skin to skin —
on the edge of something they may never come back from.

OUTSIDE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

(Jane lies on the couch.
Blanket pulled to her chest.
The ceiling stares back at her with judgment.)

The TV whispers static.

A moan drips from the crack beneath the bedroom door.
Then another.
Then something else.

Jane exhales.
Eyes flat.
Expression ancient.

She stares up for a long, long beat.
Then, slowly, casually — she slips a hand under the blanket.

A moment passes.

Her face curls.
Not with pleasure.
With disgust.

She yanks her hand out.

JANE (internally)
Ugh. Forget it.

She glares at the ceiling again.
Mouths:

JANE (silent mouthing)
Fucking. Assholes.

(Beat.)

She signs something vicious with one finger.
Then pulls the blanket up to her ears like it's armor.

She flips to her side.
Sighs into the cushion.

" **Burn the sheets** ," she thinks.
"And maybe the whole house."

She closes her eyes.
The static hums like a broken lullaby.

She sleeps.
Miserably.
Alone.
Again.

BACK TO PRESENT
INT. RAY'S HOUSE – LOUNGE – NIGHT

Dark. Still.
Cold air hums through the vents — like whispers from the dead.

RAY stands frozen in the doorway.
Eyes wide.
Face drained.

He's heard it all.
The confessions.
The laughter.
The madness dressed as love.

His voice comes fractured.
Brittle.

RAY
(quiet, splintering)
No…
You—
You're both...

A beat.
Then the truth lands like a blade.

RAY
You're **the Fog Killer** .
Both of you.

Silence.
Heavy.
Bleeding.

They sit close.
Bare shoulders touching.
A shared breath between monsters.

LINA turns to **EVAN** .
Just a glance.
But it says everything: *Let's kill him.*

EVAN doesn't flinch.
His voice is soft. Cold steel.

EVAN
Don't worry.
...
...
…
He knows everything.

RAY stares at him, choking on the quiet.

RAY
(voice low, trembling)
I had my doubts...
When you said you did it alone.

CHAPTER 26

PRESENT – NIGHT – RAY'S HOUSE – LOUNGE
The air is still. *Cold hums from the vents like breath held too long.*

EVAN
(quiet, precise)
Leave, Ray.
She needs to put her clothes on.

RAY
(shattered)
You goddamn liar…
All these years—

EVAN
I was twenty.
(firm tone, loud)
Now leave.

A long beat. No one breathes. Then—

SLAM.
The door closes like a gunshot.

LINA
(shaky, seething)
What the actual fuck…
He knew you were the Fog Killer.

And now he knows I was too.

(She steps back, her voice shifting—worried now, almost small.)
Evan…
He knows.
He knows I'm the one still doing it.

(a fragile beat, then panic floods in)
Oh God. No. No no no. That's bad. That's really bad.

LINA
(softly)
I'm not scared for myself.
I'm scared because *there's a heartbeat inside me… and it's yours.*

His mouth opens slightly. No words. Just a thousand recalculations. He looks at Lina *not as a person — but as a question he suddenly doesn't know how to answer.*

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13 YEARS AGO – EVENING – CAFÉ
Warm lamplight glows across the woodgrain. Rain taps softly against the windows.

EVAN sits across from **MEILIN** , a thick bandage wrapped over the left side of his head. His hair is slightly damp, clinging to his temple. He sips a lukewarm espresso, eyes distant.

MEILIN
(gentle, smiling)
It looks awful, Evan.
(leans in slightly)
Are you sure you're okay?

EVAN
(nods slowly)
Just a little bump.

She reaches across the table without hesitation, fingertips almost grazing the edge of the bandage. Her voice is soft, *almost maternal.*

MEILIN
Because I know you.
(leans in, eyes softening)
Oh, Evan… does it hurt?

EVAN
Only when I move.

MEILIN
(still, warm)
Then don't move.

A pause.
Their eyes hold. Her fingers twitch—wanting to touch the bandage, but hesitating. Evan doesn't flinch. *He watches her the way a wolf might watch fire: curious, calm, dangerous.*

MEILIN
(curious, loving)
So… how did it happen?

FLASHBACK – TWO HOURS EARLIER – LINA'S HOUSE – MORNING
The sheets are tangled. Light filters through half-drawn blinds.

LINA
(curling into him, fragile)
I think I love you, Evan.

He doesn't respond at first. Then:

EVAN
(sincerely)
I'm sorry.
I love someone else.

Lina goes *very still for 3 seconds* — no response.

EVAN
I've decided.
I'm going to propose soon.

She pushes off the bed, naked and shaking.

LINA
Wait—what?
You're leaving?
After this?

EVAN
(cautious)
I thought we were helping each other.
Like friends.
It relieved stress, didn't it?

LINA
(voice breaking)
You think this was therapy?

She grabs a metal hairbrush from the dresser and hurls it.
CRACK — it hits the side of his head. Blood.

EVAN
(gritting his teeth)
Jesus—

I thought we did it to strengthen our friendship?

JANE bursts into the room, wide-eyed.

JANE *(in silent language)*
Don't hurt him!

Lina turns to Jane, wild-eyed, panting. She looks back at

Evan . One final betrayal blooms behind her eyes.

She punches him — hard — across the cheek. Then she storms out. *Tears building in her eyes.*

BACK TO PRESENT – CAFÉ

EVAN *(smiling, clumsy)*
I slipped on the stairs.

MEILIN
Really?

EVAN *(sincere)*
Yeah…
Meilin, I wanted to ask if you'd be interested in… maybe being my girlfriend.

He says it softly, like it costs him blood.
He says it softly, finally, like it costs him *something real.*

But Meilin's not even looking.

Her eyes are glued to the door. A tall Korean guy enters, rain-damp and glowing with stupid, **fuckable** confidence.

MEILIN *(excited)*

Jong-hyuk!

She rises. They kiss. Not shyly. Like this is their *87th kiss.* Maybe *88th.*

CRACK.
A clean, surgical detonation in Evan's chest.

But his face?
Porcelain.

MEILIN *(laughing, sweet)*
Evan—this is Ree Jong-hyuk.
He's my boyfriend.
(to Jong-hyuk)
Evan helped me in physics class. He's like… the sweetest guy ever.

Evan stands. Smiles. Offers a hand like a wax figure.

EVAN *(firm handshake)*
Nice to meet you.
You're a lucky man.

JONG-HYUK *(chuckling)*
I know I am.

Evan's smile stays.
His soul?
Ash mixed with gunpowder.

EVAN'S INNER MONOLOGUE

You stupid Chinese bitch.
All that time.
Wasted, pounding physics into your soggy little brain like numbers into a swamp.
Couldn't even open the IDE without calling me.
You thought Java was a coffee brand.

"Oppa help me"— *shut the fuck up.*

You used me.
Like a **calculator** with a dick.

Of course you'd go for your **half-woman** , **half-man** poison of a **VKS cousin** —
lashes lacquered, lips shining, earrings swinging—
altogether resembling a **half-male** , **half-female** hybrid *Hitler's blowjob doll* ,
freshly polished for a **product launch** .

And now you're tonguing him like it's the *K-drama finale* ?
Adorable.

I hope you choke on his **tiny dick** —
assuming he survives the trauma of *eye contact* during **missionary** .

EVAN *(grinning like a Botox ad)*
Meilin...
I'm really happy for you.

EVAN'S INNER MONOLOGUE
I'm going to put your head on a fucking stick!!! — with a little plaque underneath that says: *"She started it."*

MEILIN *(touched)*
Thank you, Evan.
Really. That means a lot.

EVAN *(grinning, still)*
Of course.

A **WAITER** arrives. Places the tray gently on the table. Two cappuccinos. One Americano. Small ceramic clinks.

WAITER
Enjoy.

He walks away.

Evan glances down at the table.
Freezes.

Where the coffee should be—
— there's a severed head.

Ree Jong-hyuk's head.
Eyes wide. *Still blinking.*
A thick black feather sticks out of his mouth like a garnish.
Blood pools around the chin like latte foam.

Evan doesn't flinch. Just stares.

EVAN'S INNER MONOLOGUE
There it is.
Served hot.
The perfect roast.
I wonder what he tastes like. Arrogance? Gym memberships? Kimchi?

Then— **blink.**
It's just coffee.
Steam rising. *Milk froth shaped like a heart.*

Jong-hyuk laughs at something Meilin says. Evan doesn't hear it.
The sound is gone, like someone turned off the movie halfway.

Evan takes a sip of his drink.
His hand is perfectly still.

He looks at Meilin one last time.

Then at her boyfriend. *His flawless, symmetrical face. The kind that's never been rejected.*

Evan turns back to his cold coffee.
Sips.

As Meilin laughs with Jong-hyuk, Evan looks at his own reflection in the window.
His smile is flawless.
His eyes are gone.

EVAN
(cheerful, like nothing cracked)
You know what?
We should do a couples night.
Wine, books, maybe cook something weird and French.

MEILIN
(confused)
You have a girlfriend?

EVAN
Oh yeah.
She's... incredible.
Luxury penthouse. Glass ceilings. *Smells like cinnamon and nightmares.*

JONG-HYUK
(chuckling)
Sounds fancy.

EVAN
Let's do it.
Wine club, our place. You'll love her.
She's dying to meet you.

They all laugh.

EVAN
(grinning)
It'll be just like one of those American-Chinese couple nights.
Wine, books, stupid little candles…

MEILIN
(correcting, laughing gently)
We're both Korean, Evan.

EVAN'S INNER MONOLOGUE
No. You're both dead.

EVAN
(still smiling)
Right. My bad.

They all agree. They laugh.
The kind of casual, café laughter you forget five minutes later.

But only one of them knew the truth.
The other two were already dead.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT – OUTSIDE THE OLD MAN'S PENTHOUSE

The hallway is silent. Concrete walls.

EVAN and LINA stand outside the apartment door.
Both dressed in black. Gloves on.

A security camera blinks lazily in the corner—
until Evan points a laser at the lens.
It sparks. Dies.

They move in.

EVAN
(flat, almost rehearsed)
Forty-three days.
He opens his blinds at 8:03. Orders groceries Tuesdays.
Screams at the neighbors' dog.
Sleeps with a CPAP mask that sounds like a fucking tank.

Lina smiles. Presses the buzzer.

The door creaks open.

OLD MAN
(suspicious, half-blind)
Who the hell are you?

EVAN
(sincere)
We… we're your death.

OLD MAN
Pardon?

He turns to Lina, confused.

LINA
(grinning, full of venom and lipstick)
We're Mr. and Mrs. *fucking* Death, bitch.

Before he can react, Evan steps in—quick, surgical.
A flash of steel.
A grunt.
Then silence.

INT. PENTHOUSE – NIGHT
The lights are dim. The place is high-end, minimalist, expensive but tasteless.
Blood drips from the hallway into the marble kitchen tiles.

Lina wipes her gloves on a towel. Tosses it into the sink.
Evan drags the old man's body across the floor like he's rearranging furniture.

EVAN
(grimacing)
Told him to stop yelling at the neighbors.

He tosses the corpse behind the couch. Covers it with a throw blanket.

LINA
Cozy.

She uncorks the wine. Pours two glasses. The red catches the light like blood in a goblet.

They sit on the designer couch.
A storm begins to rumble outside the penthouse windows —skyline glowing with electric veins.

EVAN
They both will be here in *20 minutes* .

LINA
Perfect.

---

45 minutes later — THE PENTHOUSE — NIGHT

The four of them sat around a round glass table, wineglasses half-full, red soaking through the crystal like bruised sunlight.

The dinner was over — lamb, or was it duck? No one remembered.

Meilin had started talking about a book she brought, some meandering story about a Korean girl who found herself through travel.

She was still talking.

MEILIN
(laughing softly)
—and then she wakes up in Prague and realizes she doesn't need the guy or the scholarship, just her own voice.

Evan nodded.
So did Lina.
Ree Jong-hyuk even threw in a chuckle, as if what Meilin said had *changed his life* .

But none of them were really listening.

Ree hadn't taken his eyes off Lina since he walked in. *Not once.*

His eyes, watery with desire and wine, kept flicking down.
He thought he was being subtle.
He wasn't.

Lina knew.
And so did Evan.

Her red-painted toes slowly crept from beneath the

tablecloth — just an inch at first.
She let her foot hover, then brush, *barely* graze the side of Ree's calf.
A flicker.
A dare.

Ree stiffened. Looked across the table.
Evan was topping off Meilin's wine, smiling.

Lina's foot returned.
This time, she traced a slow arc against his shin.
It lingered.

Ree didn't flinch.
He let it happen — then leaned back slightly, as if granting permission, as if this was *always* the plan.

He reached down — casual, like scratching an itch — and his fingers brushed against her ankle.
She didn't move.

He dropped a fork.

REE
(clumsy laugh)
Oops—

He ducked under the table.

It was dark down there. Still.

Lina felt his breath before she felt his hands.
His fingers wrapped around her foot, gentle but greedy.
She didn't move.

Then she felt his lips — barely — about to close over her toe.

Her foot jerked back fast, like a reflex.

LINA (thinking)
Creep.

Meilin laughed.

She and Ree were sharing wine, misremembering books, and spending the night in a dead man's apartment — one who'd been murdered just forty minutes ago.

Someone had kicked his arm under the closet.

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17 MINUTES LATER – NIGHT – DEAD MAN'S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM

Meilin and Ree lie sprawled on the couch.
Half-full glasses of wine teeter on the floor.
An empty bottle rocks against Meilin's foot.

They’re drunk. Loose. Laughing.

REE
(slurring)
What if Plato... was actually two people?

MEILIN
(laughs, eyes half-closed)
You’re so dumb.

Evan stands by the speaker system, suddenly alert, almost theatrical.
Calm. Poised. *Too* calm.

He adjusts the collar of his shirt. Smooths his hair back.

EVAN
Korean black comedy. Kim Jee-woon’s debut.

Bombed hard, but now it’s a cult gem.
People credit Parasite for starting the wave — they’re wrong.
It started here. In a cabin. With a shovel.
(grinning, adjusting the collar of his shirt)
This scene... always gets me.

He presses play.
♪ **“Wild Saxophone” by The Stray Cats** explodes through the room — manic, jazzy, upbeat, *wrong* . A party in hell.

Evan begins to dance.
Elbows stiff. Hips jerking like a marionette on bad strings. That manic smile frozen in place.
He twirls once. Struts past them.
Slides into the—

KITCHEN.
He slips on a clear plastic raincoat, grabs a red axe.
Gleaming.
He lifts it slowly. *Reverently.* Fingers slide along the handle.

EVAN
I mean, come on — the blocking in this scene? Genius. (twirls slowly)
You never see it coming.

His hair's slicked back. His expression: serene. Cheerful. He hums along to the music.

MEILIN
...What are you doing?

EVAN
(checks the translucent sleeve where a man might wear a watch)
Rain's coming down hard tonight, huh?

He steps closer.

EVAN

(cheerful, mock-polite)
Oh! Almost forgot.
(beat — then louder)
You'll want to brace yourself.

EVAN
(screaming)
HEY, MEILIN!!!

THWACK!
The axe buries itself clean in her face — one smooth, surgical strike.
Blood spurts on Evans face..

EVAN
(grinning like he's a game show host, voice rising into madness)
Try calling me at 8 P.M. for a coding lesson now, Oppa!

THWACK!
Second hit — right through the centre of the face.

EVAN
(shrieking now, blood splattered across his face, pupils blown wide)
You needy, manipulative, fucking little parasite!!!

He yanks the axe out. Blood spits.

WHACK!

Third hit
You stupid bitch!!!

Blood rains across the white tarp. His coat is soaked now. His smile never fades.
Evan goes for the third hit.

Ree still hasn't moved. He thinks it's a joke.
Fourth strike — deeper. Her skull crunches. Blood hits the tarp, the couch, Ree's pants, *everywhere* .

She drops like meat.
Evan stands over her, breathing hard. The raincoat now spattered with gore.

Ree is frozen on the couch. Blood is everywhere. Meilin's body slumps beside him like discarded meat.
Evan stands nearby, breathing heavy, drenched in red.

The music blares.
♪ **"WILD SAXOPHONE"** shrieking through the speakers like a party in hell.

REE
(gasping, trembling)
Wh-what the fuck… what the f—

He can't move. He doesn't believe it yet. His brain won't process it. He thinks it's performance art.

A beat.

Lina steps into frame.

LINA
(tilting her head, mock-sultry)
Hey, foot fetish creep…
(smiling sweetly — her voice, sugar-laced poison)
Still wanna suck my toes?

REE
(whimpering)
(voice cracking, trying to smile)
This is a prank, right?
You said you liked my poems…
I—I saved all your photos…

He starts crying. *Real now.* Ugly.

REE
(screams)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!

BAM!
The axe crashes down on his face. A wet, wet crunch. Ree's body jerks.

LINA
(voice rising, drunk on bloodlust)
You disgusting donkey!!!

BAM!
Second hit.

LINA
(shouting over the saxophone)
Try jerking off to this!!!

BAM!
Third. Face splits. Skull blossoms red.

LINA
(screaming)
YOU STUPID BASTARD!!!

She yanks the axe free. Blood sprays like a busted pipe. Gasping, high, she lifts her foot — red silk mule streaked with gore. She flicks it, dainty, like wiping off mud.

Evan watches her from across the room. **Laughing now.** Chest rising. Eyes glassy.

The music blasts. The LED lights bleed color across the white furniture.

Two axes. Two killers.
One grotesque masterpiece in motion.

INT. HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE – NIGHT – 13 MINUTES

AFTER THE KILLINGS

A wall of blood spreads from two mutilated corpses — a man and a woman.
Arteries sliced. Limbs twisted.
Crimson pools glisten across marble.

The music is off now.
Only silence — *and twitching.*

Evan and Lina stand on the far side of the carnage.
Plastic hoods gone. Everything wiped.
Not a drop of blood on them.
Masks off.

Evan stares at the red tide with childlike wonder. **He smiles.**

EVAN
You know…
Blood always reminds me of that moment yesterday.

Lina turns. Dazed, sweat on her collarbone.

EVAN *(gazing at the blood)*
When I drove the dragon into that inferno between your thighs…
the gates tore open — slick, screaming, red.

You gasped.

Not in pain.
In JOY.

Evan meets her eyes. Something clicks.
A flash of hunger. Sadism. Lust.

LINA
(smirking, eyes locked on Evan's arousal)
You're hard right now, aren't you?
Is it the blood…
or me?

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR – SIX MINUTES LATER

They're on the blood-slick marble — half-naked, tangled in violence and sex.

Lina moans loud — *breathless, ravenous,* her back arched like a bridge to oblivion.
Her arms cling to Evan like she's drowning.

He thrusts into her with the same rhythm he used with the axe.
Relentless. Mechanical. Ritualistic.

Two corpses lie sprawled feet away.
A severed hand twitches.
Blood creeps beneath their hips — *slow and ceremonial.*

"It looked like therapy. But Satan was running it. And he charged extra."

LINA
(panting, breaking)
Don’t stop.
Please — don’t you fucking stop —

He grabs her wrists and pins them over her head.
She gasps — *not in fear.*
In trust.
In surrender.
In love.

LINA
I’m—
I’m gonna—

And then it hits her.
A sob bursts out.
A tremor.

Then—

LINA
YES—
YESSS, OH GOD… Evan—

(Her fingers tighten around him. She clings close, trembling — wide-eyed, lips parted. A loud, shameless moan escapes before she can stop it, echoing lustfully

across the room.)

Ah… ahhnn—!

She convulses — *violently, beautifully* — a wave tearing through her like it's breaking something open.

Her thighs snap around him, locking.
A gush escapes her — *hot, slick, almost obscene.*
It splashes against their skin, mingling with the blood on the marble, smearing everything red and raw.

She bucks. Jerks. Shudders.
Her hips grind into him, desperate for more even as she unravels.

Her voice breaks on a cry — *not delicate, not soft* —
a howl born from somewhere deep and unspoken.

LINA
(ragged, shaking)
I'm—fuck, I'm coming—oh my God—Evan—

Her body spasms again — *leaking, trembling, soaking him.*
Each thrust draws more from her — *more slickness, more heat, more of her.*

She claws at his back like she's trying to hold on to earth.

LINA
(sobbing, half-laughing)
I love you—
I fucking love you—

And he sees it:
Not just her climax —
but the way it breaks her open.
The way she gives him everything — her cum, her blood, her love, her soul.

It undoes him.

Evan puts his hand gently on her cheek.
Lina stares at Evan with pure, unwavering love.

EVAN
(low, ragged)
No!... I'm close—
(he starts to pull out)

But she pulls him into a kiss — *deep, tender, final.*
Her hands lock around his back like she's anchoring him to herself.

LINA
(soft, smiling against his lips)
Don't.
It's safe.
I know my cycle — *tonight's a red day.*
You're allowed.
All of you.

I want your cum!
I'm yours, Evan.

INT. PENTHOUSE – FRONT DOOR – 4 MINUTES LATER

They're dressed again. Black coats. Calm.
Evan wipes the doorknob clean with a glove.

Lina adjusts her lipstick in the mirror — a red streak still on her cheek. She doesn't remove it.

Evan sets a digital timer by the stove.
12:00.

He turns the gas valve full open.
Clicks the igniter — once, twice, *stops* before it sparks.
Just a whisper of hissing now.

EVAN
(to Lina, coolly)
Let it breathe.

She nods.
They walk to the door. Pause. Look back at the scene — **blood, sex, slaughter, madness.**
Then — they vanish.

EXT. SEATTLE – NIGHT – 11 MINUTES LATER

A luxury penthouse window flickers in the rain.
Then—
BOOM.
The top floor erupts.
Glass shatters. Fire rolls skyward.
Pressure punches through the night air.

No screams. No witnesses.
Just smoke twisting above the skyline.

Inside—
Everything burns.
The bodies.
The wine glasses.
The axe.
The fingerprints.
Every trace.

Gone.
Erased.
Perfect.

PRESENT – NIGHT – RAY'S HOUSE – LOUNGE

LINA
(eyes glassy, voice barely a whisper)
Evan… I'm pregnant.

LINA
(soft, trembling)
I didn't plan it.
But it's happenig.
I'm carrying your child, Evan.

EVAN
(recoils, stunned)
Wait—
(softly)
But how? We always—

(His words stop. A flash of memory hits: that night. Lina on top of him. No barrier, just skin, sweat, and surrender. Her mouth pressed against his, his mind lost in a storm.)

EVAN
(a beat, then almost a whisper)
That first time… when you forced me — playing the *Force Me* game.

(A flash of memory returns — brutal and breathless. Her weight slamming into him. The lights dead. The silence wrapped tight like plastic. Her mouth on him, unrelenting. No words. No warning. Just the obscene rhythm of her taking control. Straddling him like a throne. No protection. No refusal. Just her — claiming.)

(His breath hitches in the present. A flicker of realization. Of understanding too late.)

(Silence)

Lina stares at him — not angry, not accusing. Just… broken. Like a lover watching someone rewrite the ending mid-sentence.

(He sees it. The pain. The collapse behind her eyes. Slowly, Evan steps forward.)

EVAN
(gently takes her hand)
Hey… hey, don't look at me like that.

(He leans in and kisses her forehead — soft, deliberate, almost reverent.)

EVAN
I don't feel bad about it.
(a flicker of a smile)
I'm just… surprised. That's all.

(He pulls her into a loose embrace. Almost like he's protecting her. Or shielding himself.)

(Then, he leans back just enough to meet her eyes — steady, searching.)

EVAN
(soft but firm)
Don't worry.
We'll end this.
I have a plan.

CHAPTER 27

PRESENT – NIGHT – RAY'S HOUSE – LOUNGE

Outside, wind pushes through the trees.

Inside, the air is still — *too still.*

Evan doesn't move.

His eyes stay on Lina.

Not her face. **Her stomach.**

EVAN
(softly, brushing her hair back)
You know…
I always wanted a **daughter.**

(A breath. His voice becomes more focused.)
Nine months from now… the funds from the anti-nuke project will clear.

All of it. **Clean.**

Then we vanish.

You, me, and her.

(He gestures toward her belly — not cruelly. Almost reverently.)
Somewhere rainy. **Not Tokyo.**

Some quiet place by the woods.

A place where the clouds hang low…

And no one remembers your name.

(He kneels, staring at the floor like it holds a secret map.)
I'll teach her **Go.**

(A long beat. Then he looks up. Eyes deadlocked with

hers.)

EVAN
Why did you **kill** again?

(A frozen silence. Lina doesn't answer. Her lip trembles.)

EVAN
(softer, slower — as if pleading with reality)
You were **clean.**

You were **free.**

Thirteen years, Lina…

Why start again?

(Lina opens her mouth. Something raw stirs in her chest.)

LINA
(barely above a whisper)
I… don't know.

(She swallows. Her voice cracks.)
I don't know.

(She blinks hard, voice trembling.)
Thirteen years.

I tried to move on.

But no one came close.

Not even halfway to what you made me feel.

I joined the military. **Five years.**

That didn't fix it either.

So I returned.

I thought… maybe… maybe you'd still want me.

But when I went to your house — I met your **dad.**

He said you were **sick.**

Delusional. Hallucinating.

That crushed me.

(She closes her eyes, trembling.)
We both weren't okay.

And I just…

So many times, I almost told you.

I wanted to spit it in your face — *Wake up, Evan. Your girlfriend Meilin isn't real.*

You're an **insane mastermind serial killer** and you don't even know it.

But I stopped.

Because your dad said — your psychologist said — we have to let you find out on your own.

That eventually the medicine would work.

So for your sake, I shut up.

I stayed **silent.**

Because your dad warned me — if we told you it's not real, like he did before, you could spiral.

Get worse.

You should've never gotten that **hypnosis, Evan…**

Never.

That night I went to our **killing zone** — the one we used to target others from — I saw this nineteen-year-old girl.

Selling herself on a corner to some fat, forty-year-old man.

I **killed her.**

And for the first time in thirteen years… I felt **awake.**

Two nights later, I found the man.

Killed him too.

(The silence returns. Evan doesn't move. Just breathes, shallow and stiff.)

The old people in town were saying the demon comes back every thirteen years to claim **twenty-three souls.**

So I thought — **why not?**

Why not **kill twenty-three?**

So I started.

But I wasn't that good without you.

So far, I've only got **six victims.**

(A long silence. Evan pulls his hand away from hers.)

(A pause. Her eyes shine with something between guilt and euphoria.)

(Evan doesn't speak.)

(Silence.)

Evan's face… doesn't move.

But his breath does.

Just slightly.

A beat.

Another.

His mouth opens to speak.

Then closes.

His eyes blink once — then stay glassy.

A glacier of silence.

EVAN
(finally, voice almost inaudible)
I hope… our child only gets our **looks.**

Not what's **inside.**

(He pulls away slightly. Not in disgust — in devastation.)

EVAN
We agreed, Lina.

We'd **never kill again.**

(Lina says nothing. Instead, she lowers her robe.
A bruise blooms dark across her upper thigh.)

LINA
I told you I got it in the military.
That was a lie.

I got it taking down the big one — **the African** .
The ex-fighter.
Seven foot three. Took everything I had.

It was a very close fight.
I took his head off. I wanted to take it with me.
Didn't have a bag big enough.

(Evan looks at her — eyes wide, about to explode. Then, slowly, he places his hand on her belly.
With love. Real love. The kind that terrifies.)

(She looks at Evan. Evan leans forward. Presses his lips gently to the bruise.)

EVAN *(softly)*
We were stupid back then.
We got carried away…
with what our biological brain rewarded us with when we killed.

But now we stop.
No more killings.
We stop.

Nine months from now…
We'll have the money.
And we move to **Japan** .

You'll get therapy — *the best they have.*

(beat)
End of story.

FIVE MONTHS LATER — NIGHT — LINA'S HOUSE

Time didn’t pass.
It bled.
Each hour peeled like skin beneath a dull blade.

Five months since the **FBI** named Evan the prime suspect.
Five months since he vanished — swallowed by a military program so dark, it didn’t cast shadows.
Five months of silence.

And then — cracks.

Moss vanished — quietly.
No press release. No investigation. Just… gone.

Some whispered about protocol breaches.
But the truth was simpler:
He failed.

Keller stepped in.
Sharper. Colder. *A surgeon’s calm. A butcher’s resolve.*

She reopened every file. Every scrap of DNA.
AI reconstructions. Behavioral overlays.

She didn’t chase ghosts.
She chased patterns.
And patterns… **don’t lie.**

One sample — a drop of blood from the African-American

victim — didn’t match Evan.
Didn’t match the victim either.

But it matched someone else.

After months of analysis — the blood diluted by rain and dirt — they finally isolated it.
It matched a woman.

Unknown. Unmapped. Until they pulled Evan’s history.
College records. Dorm logs.
Psych evaluations.

The ghost finally had a name.
Lina.

Same dorm. Same gaps. Same disappearance window.
Same fracture behind the eyes.

Then they interviewed the old classmates.
And the illusion cracked wide open.

This wasn’t a lone killer.
This was a **pair** .
A mythology reborn in flesh and blade.

And worse — they discovered Lina was pregnant.
With Evan’s child.

INT. LINA'S HOUSE — NIGHT

A storm pulses on the edge of the sky.
Not here yet — but close.
A bruise waiting to spread.

Then —

The door creaks open.
Evan enters — soaked in black.

His boots drip — not just with rain.
But with memory. With consequence. With everything he couldn't outrun.

Lina stands in the hallway — silent, but smiling.
Not out of relief — out of love.
Still. Still.

Her belly swells under the robe.
Six months.

No words.
Just breath.

He drops his bag — heavy with ghosts.
Walks forward.
Lifts a hand — slow, reverent — and touches her stomach.

His fingers tremble.
Something inside him softens.

INT. LINA'S HOUSE — DOORWAY — LATER

A bottle of orange juice sweats on the table.
Evan drinks. Quiet. Heavy. Still not looking at her.

EVAN
I'll take a bath.

You don't need to.
(**beat**)
I already did. **Yes — soap. Twice. Don't worry.**
(Stepping in close — voice low, twisted-tender)
Unlike you, I don't need my partner scrubbed raw and sterilized before sex.
I like you just the way you are.

They don't speak after that.
They don't need to.
They make love **again and again.**
Six times. Nonstop.

NEXT MORNING — LIVING ROOM

The TV flickers.
Evan is fully hooked: **“GIVE ME FINANCIAL FREEDOM OR DEATH” (2038).**
Onscreen, a war-sick protagonist sits across from his psychologist.
The energy is hushed.

PSYCHOLOGIST (on LED)
Why are you sad?

PROTAGONIST (on LED)
My nuclear-powered country almost went to war with its nuclear-powered neighbor.
I’m sad because I completed something I believed in — and I know it’s going to fail.
I volunteered for war.
But **peace broke out.**
And now I’m stuck here. Alive.

(A long pause.)
I’ll never commit suicide.
There is **no escape.** Suffering, humiliation — it’s inevitable.

Lina enters.
Evan doesn’t look away.
His voice is low. **Distant.**

She sits beside Evan, looking at the LED.

LINA
(gently)
Tell me… what's wrong? Why are you so quiet?
Ray told me everything. He was able to get intel.

EVAN
I came back early.
They forced me out.
The FBI pressured them — said I was their killer.

(She stills — barely breathing.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I have money.
Black-budget silence.
I could disappear.
(A beat.)
But I won't.
Because they have your DNA.

(Her eyes widen. **Panic flickers.**)

EVAN (CONT'D)
That blood at the scene — it's yours.
They don't know yet.
But they will.

She clutches the edge of the table. **Her knuckles whiten.**
Then she looks at him — like prey that just saw the hunter's eyes.

LINA
Then we run. **Tonight.**

EVAN
We can't.
Airports are flagged.
They're digging through our past.
Classmates. Professors.
Ray told me.
Every jealous boy you rejected.
Every girl who hated me just because I didn't even know they existed.
They gave the FBI everything.
Not facts —
Fuel.
Suspicion. Resentment.
In this world — that's enough.
(Pause. Then softly —)

EVAN (CONT'D)
There's only one way left.

(Thunder growls. Rain threatens.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I'll take the fall.
All of it.

(She stares — like he just confessed to killing their child.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
I'll say there was another killer.

Say I found him. Killed him.
Say it was his blood.
I'll say I stopped.
Say I ran because I couldn't live with it.
I'll make myself a ghost. **A legend.**
It was always me.

LINA
(whispers)
Evan, no…

(She grabs him — **frantic, broken.**)

LINA (CONT'D)
Our baby needs you. I need you.
Don't do this.

(She sobs. It's not graceful. **It's animal.**)

EVAN
Better no father…
Than a mother in chains.
Or executed quietly.
They won't show you mercy, Lina.

(Long silence. He touches her stomach again.
His hand shakes now.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
They're closing in.
If I stall, maybe I disappear.

But you?
You won't.
You'll burn.
(beat)
Promise me something.

(She looks up. Destroyed.)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Promise me you'll never kill again.
Not for me.
Not for her.
Not for the thing inside you that feeds on pain.

LINA
(whispers)
I…
I'll give myself up.

EVAN
Now I will pay. Just never tell my child I was a killer.

(He pulls her in.
A fragile hug — not just of love, but of **goodbye.**)

Outside — the storm breaks.
The rain comes — slow at first.
Then harder.
A **drumming funeral** for what's still alive.
For what can't be.
For what was always doomed.

This isn’t the end.
It’s the moment the tragedy breathes.
And begins to write itself.
Again.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO — NIGHT — GREEN FIELDS — Observation zone

Since the night Evan and Lina killed Meilin and Ree Jong-hyuk…
Lina had taken thirteen more lives.
Not out of thrill.
But **momentum.**

She made it easy for Evan.
If the target was male, she’d smile — play harmless.
Distract.
Evan would come from behind or through the green fields.
Always clean. Always fast.
If it was a woman, Evan would speak — calm, calculated.
Lina would emerge from the fields — silent, graceful — like a ghost born from dirt and grass.

They didn't speak during the kill.
No theatrics.
No lectures.
Just **symmetry.**

Tonight was number twenty-four.
The air was heavy with insects and wet soil.

The moon hung like a witness no one had subpoenaed.

They'd kill.
They'd go home, bathe.
Then they'd fuck — not like lovers, but like addicts.
Clawing. Breathing each other in like smoke.
Blood still beneath their shoes.

It wasn't about hate.
It wasn't even about dominance.
It was about **biology.**
Not chaos. Not madness.
A **pattern. A pulse. A purity.**
Hunter + lure = **ecstasy.**

And tonight?
Tonight, the fields were perfect.
Green and endless.
Soft enough to bury a body in.
Soft enough to come on.

KILLING ZONE – NIGHT – HEAVY RAIN – GREEN FIELDS

Sheets of rain crash down like a **biblical flood.**
Wind howls. Trees bend. The night feels possessed.

LINA is standing — just bent enough for EVAN to do her from behind.

Her boots sink into the slick green field's mud, her face turned toward the **killing zone** — the place they left the last body.

EVAN is behind her. Moving. Breathing hot against her spine.
Both are getting soaked from the hard, pouring rain.
Black leather jackets cling like second skin.
Their bodies are exposed in parts — raw and glistening under the rain.

LINA
(through clenched teeth)
Ahhnn—Evan… slower… it hurts.
Huhmm… you animal…

He's inside her. Deep. Gripping her hips like he owns her.

Rain pelts their exposed bodies — as if trying to **purify something already stained beyond saving.**

EVAN
(whispers against her ear, kisses her neck)
I love you.
I can't get enough of you…
I can't get enough of you…

Lightning flashes. Thunder cracks.
He is about to release.

LINA

(screams)
Pull out, Evan! It's too hard — it hurts!

She says it fast — right as Evan hits his release point.
He releases — **not just inside her, but emotionally. Completely.**

His arms wrap around her trembling body, like she's the only real thing left.
He kisses her cheek.
Tightly grips her hand.

EVAN (high on adrenaline)
I'm in love. Wow!!

She doesn't speak.
Her mouth is half open. Her eyes, narrow. She is **shy. Drained.** She looks at Evan with the look a lover gives the one who just broke their heart.
A dead-serious face. Like someone betrayed. Like someone who just realized their lover cheated.

LINA
(softly)
It hurts…

She narrows her eyes — from the pain.
He kisses her hands. Desperate. Gentle. Like someone **trying to undo truth with touch.**

Lina doesn't pull away — but tilts her head slightly,

turning her face from him.
Not rejection. Just hurt. A quiet signal something inside her cracked.

EVAN
(softly)
Sorry. I shouldn't have put it all in.
I'm sorry, Lina.

He kisses her hands again — gentle, pure love.
He smiles at her — small, full of love.

LINA
(scoffs — cool voice, eyes deeper than her tone)

The wind lashes her wet hair across her lips.
She exhales. Her tension shatters. Then — a smirk.

LINA scoffs — annoyed, but affectionate — wind slapping her wet hair across her lips.
She brightens up.

Lightning flashes. Thunder cracks.

LINA
(flatly)
You need to stop having date cream on an empty stomach.
It turns you into a fucking animal.

He smiles, choked — manic — and presses a kiss to her cheek.

EVAN
Can you feel it?
The blood's pumping now!!

She rolls her eyes. But before she can respond—

Then… **movement.**

Through the wall of rain — **a silhouette.**
Blonde. Soaked. A yellow sweater glowing like a phantom in the dark.
She isn't dead. She's… watching.

They both freeze.
Ahead — in the middle of the clearing near the zone — a figure.
Blonde. Soaked. Wearing a yellow sweater. Maybe 20.
Same age as both of them.
She's not dead.

LINA
We didn't kill a blonde.
And this one… she's hot from here.

They zip, adjust, button. Wet leather squeaks as they descend the slope.
The girl turns.

Evan stops cold.
His pulse spikes: **134 → 193.**

EVAN
(whispers)
Jane.

Time fractures.
Her eyes meet his. **Recognition.**
A long, slow silence — the rain just hissing around them.

JANE
Evan…?

He signals: **Don't.**
A flick of his fingers. Urgent. Subtle.

Lina misreads.
Smiles.

She advances, quick — blade already out.
She lunges for Jane like a **panther.**

EVAN
(screams)
No!

Too late. He lunges.
His body slams into Jane's to push her — but the blade still kisses flesh.

Jane crumples.
A clean, deep cut through her side.
She gasps. **Rain turns red.**

EVAN
(yelling, shaking)
NO. Never.

He drops to his knees. Presses hard on the wound.
His hands become **crimson gloves.**

LINA
(eyes wide, furious)
What are you doing?! She saw our faces! We have to finish it!

EVAN
(eyes blazing, voice thunder)
Shut up, Lina! Get out of here!

She backs away, shocked — thinking she should kill Evan and Jane both.
She takes one step — but after so many nights sharing a bed with Evan, she couldn't.

She moves forward, puts her hand on Evan's shoulder.

LINA
This is a mistake. Think about what she'll say when she gets up.

But then she sees it.
Evan's already on the phone.

EVAN
I found a girl stabbed. She is bleeding. Come quick.
I saw someone stab her and run away in the green fields.

He's talking to the 911 operator.
He pushes hard against Jane's wound.

Jane blinks, looks at him. The wound is too deep.
Too much blood already lost.

The sirens begin to rise in the distance.

Evan watches the girl he once knew — the one who tutored him for free, who made it possible for him to pass his first two years of college — slip between life and death on the ground where he killed so many.

Lina walks away, shaking her head…
Under her breath, she says: **idiot.**

Bright, sterile light. Machines hum softly. Outside the window, summer light floods in.

JANE, now 34, sits on parallel bars. A NURSE supports her gently as she takes halting steps — her legs trembling with effort.
Each movement is stiff, uncertain… like **learning to walk**

all over again.

Her blonde hair has grown. Her frame is thinner.
But her eyes — still large, sharp — **scan the room with wary alertness.** Life returning.

She pauses. Breathing heavy. Then—

EVAN
Jane?

She turns.

EVAN, now 33, steps into the room. He's frozen in place.
Eyes on her — like he's **seeing a ghost made real.**
He walks toward her, slowly, cautiously.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(voice cracking)
You… you came back.

He hugs her. Gently at first — then tighter, protective.
Jane's arms wrap around him with a tremble.
For a moment, she looks **relieved. Happy.**

Then—
She leans back and raises her hands.

JANE
(*sign language*)

Why? Why did you become a bad person?

Evan stares. Confused.

He doesn't respond. Instead, he reaches into his coat pocket.
Pulls out a folded paper.

He opens it and shows it to her.
On it, written in his neat handwriting:

"JANE — I NEED YOUR HELP."

Jane stares at the words. Her expression **unreadable.**

Thirteen years after falling into a coma…
Jane wakes up.

And Evan's third sentence to her —
was a **request.**

CHAPTER 28

PRESENT – INT. ROOM – DAY – LINA'S HOUSE

Bright light. The A.C. hums. A table and two chairs.

Evan and Lina sit across from each other.
A long pause. Then—

EVAN
Lina… it's over.
Everything's already in motion.
This is how it ends.

(He studies her — **trying to memorize her face like it's the last time he'll see it.**)

EVAN
(softly, locking eyes with her)
They're coming. Right now.
I'll be captured.
And I'll confess… to everything.

(Evan swallows hard. His voice lowers.)

EVAN
I'll tell them I got you that cut — during one of our "Force Me" games.
The same one Keller and Gustavo walked in on.
I'll say I used your blood.
That I planted it at the crime scene — on purpose.

(Lina's breath catches. Her eyes begin to shimmer, already close to breaking.)

EVAN
I'll tell them I had a partner.
That I killed him.
Cut him into pieces… dumped his body in the river.
Weighted down.
I'll say I'm the **Fog Killer.** That it was always me.
Every killing — mine.
Me… and a ghost I'll invent.
(beat)
They won't touch you.

(Lina begins to cry. Slowly at first. Then deeper — **jagged sobs building in her chest.**)

EVAN
(leans forward, grips her shoulders)
There's no other way.
I already spoke to Jane.
She'll back it.
She'll say she gave them that demon-face sketch because she was in love with me…
But now? **Guilt's rotting her.**
She's flipping.
She'll tell them it was all me.

(He grips her tighter. His voice shakes — but it's steady with purpose.)

EVAN

Lina… it'll work.
The killings stopped when I left for the military.
Five months of silence.
That alone ties everything to me.

LINA
(tears streaming)
They'll fry you…

EVAN
(shakes his head)
No.
The military won't allow that.
I helped them with the anti-nuke program.
They'll bury it. Quiet.
Gunshots.
Execution… behind a curtain.
No trial. No headlines.
Just — gone.

(He pulls her into a tight embrace. Holds her like it's the last thing he'll ever feel.)

EVAN
(softly)
There's something you need to know.

(He hugs her tighter.)

EVAN
Lina…
I truly love you.

If I hadn’t killed Kwon…
I would’ve never become that thing.
That thing would’ve stayed buried.
I was demonic — and I made you demonic with me.

(Sirens begin to rise in the distance. Then another.
Outside, the rain begins to fall — soft at first, then furious.
It hammers the windows like shrapnel.)

LINA
(hearing the sirens, trembling)
Evan… I can’t lose you…

EVAN
I called them.
I gave them everything.
If I waited even one more day…
They would’ve taken you too.
This way — I get to protect you.

(Lina collapses to the floor. Her body gives out. She’s sobbing uncontrollably.)

(Evan bends down. Kisses her forehead. Places a hand gently on her belly.)

EVAN
I love you.
Take care of my child.
Tell our child…
That I loved them.
Even if they never believe it —

Tell them anyway.

(Sirens now just blocks away. Rain slashing the world outside. **Time running out.**)

The door creaks open.
Evan steps outside.

Torrential rain slams down. Sheets of water drench him instantly.
His hair flattens. His shirt clings to his body.
He doesn't flinch.

Behind him — Lina stumbles out.
Crying. Her voice raw.

LINA
Evan!
EVAN!!

(Evan stops at the edge of the driveway. Doesn’t turn around.
Just stands there. **The rain pours over him like punishment.**)

LINA
(standing in the rain, watching them)
No…

(Evan turns to her — just once.)

His face is soaked, but calm.

EVAN
Goodbye, Lina.

(A beat. Her body shudders. She takes a step toward him —)

LINA
Evan—

TIRES SCREECH.

CARS whip around the corner.

A **convoy** — four FBI SUVs and a **black military van** — skid to a stop in front of the house.

Doors fly open. KELLER, SAUL, GUSTAVO, DREW, RAY , and other agents and cops spill out — **weapons raised.**

Guns trained. Voices barking.

Gustavo and **Keller** come toward Evan. They **hold him.**

Thirteen years ago

It was the sixth day since **Jane** had fallen into a coma. **Paralyzed. Motionless. Hooked to machines.**

And **Evan** … Evan was **breaking** .

He sat by her bed every day, watching the girl he broke slip deeper into that quiet, unreachable void. The guilt was unbearable — it clawed at his chest, bled through his silence, and finally cracked him open. He couldn't carry it anymore.

That night, he went home — and **confessed everything** to his father.

Ray listened. Quietly. No anger. Just the slow crushing weight of something too big to absorb. Then, without a word, he stood up, took out his badge, and **arrested his own son** .

They got in the car.

Rain on the windshield. Evan in the passenger seat, **handcuffed** , staring at nothing.

But halfway to the station, Ray stopped the car.

Because six months earlier, Ray had lost his wife — Evan's mother. And just two months ago, he found out she'd been cheating on him. The betrayal had already hollowed him out.

And now this. Evan was all he had left. **His blood. His boy.**

He sat there, hands trembling on the wheel, and realized something: if he turned Evan in, it wouldn't just be prison. **Evan would die.** The **electric chair. Headlines. Shame.** An empty house.

Ray couldn't do it.

Instead, he made a **different choice** .

There was already a suspect in the case — a local pervert. Someone the town whispered about. Someone easy to believe was capable of **unspeakable things** .

So Ray tracked him down.

Killed him.

And **buried the body** where no one would find it.

The investigation continued for years in the wrong direction. The trail went cold. The **Fog Killer vanished** .

And all Ray asked for in return… was a **promise** :
That Evan would **never kill again** .

And so, thirteen years ago, the killing stopped — not out of justice, but out of **blood** , **guilt** , and the kind of **love that destroys a man** from the inside out.

Two months had passed.

Jane was still unconscious. Still wrapped in **white linen** and **hospital light** . Her chest rose and fell only because **machines told it to** .

Evan visited her every week — sat by her side like a **ghost tethered to the living** . But each time, he came out **more broken than before** .

And on the sixth visit, when he stepped out of the hospital into the **humid silence of dusk** , **Lina** was waiting.

She didn't say anything — just stood by the car, watching him. There was something **colder** in her eyes now. **Something sharpened** .

They drove together, not speaking. Destination unspoken — **Jane's house** .

Empty. **Frozen in time** .

Lina walked through the house like a memory — fingers brushing walls, eyes lingering on old photos. Evan trailed

behind her, drained, mute.

She turned to him at last, and in her presence, something shifted.

She hadn't come just to see him. She had come with **hunger in her blood** .

She wanted to **kill again** .

He didn't have to ask — he saw it in the way her **pupils darkened** , in the slight twitch in her jaw when she watched him from across the room. She was **ready** . **Eager** . And she thought maybe, just maybe, he would be too.

But he wasn't.

And when she saw the **grief** in his face — not rage, not lust, just that slow erosion of **guilt** eating him from the inside out — something in her faltered.

She stepped closer.

Gently reached for his hand, turned it over, pressed hers against it. Then slowly, wordlessly, she showed him her **nails** — sharp, **deep cut** , painted with **purple nail polish** . She knew Evan loved **deep cut nails** . He always had.

She poured **red grape juice** into both glasses — their **ritual** . **Sweetness after blood. Cleanse before pleasure.**

She drank first.

Then handed Evan the other glass. He took it. Drank too.

She moved close, brushing against him. She leaned in so he could smell the faint trace of **soap and lavender** on her skin. She had bathed — just like before.

She kissed his neck.

And then she whispered something just for him — a **promise** , a **submission** , a **seduction** : she would **stop** . For him. Only for him.

She asked him to touch her.

And he did.

He kissed her — slowly, at first. **Lips grazing, hesitant.**

But Lina didn't hold back.

She yanked him close, **crushed her mouth to his** .

Her tongue forced its way in — **rubbing, curling, greedy**

for his.

She moaned into him — **breathless, wet, obscene** .

It wasn't soft.
It was **needy. Starving.**

Her hips rolled against his as she sucked at his lips, gasping like she was trying to **breathe him in** .

She broke the kiss for a second — just enough to whisper filth against his lips, her voice **wrecked and trembling** .

She grabbed his face — **hard** . **Eyes burning. Lips slick with him.**

Her voice was **low, filthy** .

> "I want your tongue so deep I forget my fucking name."

> "Give it to me," she breathed.
> "I want your tongue inside me. I want you to fuck me."
> "I want your cock in my throat until I'm crying and smiling at the same time."

Then her mouth crashed back into his — **hungrier, deeper, devouring** — her moans shaking now, as if she was already coming apart.

The ache was **unbearable** now.

His breath came in short, broken gasps.

Every part of him **throbbed** — not just with need, but with something **deeper, darker… sacred** .

He gave in — just for a second. Kissed her back, hand sliding between her legs. **Neck, jaw, anywhere he could reach.** Desire flooded through him, **hot and choking** .

And then — he stopped.

Suddenly. Sharply.

But then— **suddenly** —he stopped.
Pulled back like he'd touched something burning.

Because it was all coming back — **the pattern, the addiction** .
Kill. Bathe. Juice. Then devour each other like starving animals. **Five, six, sometimes seven times in a single night** , their bodies trembling from release, from blood, from memory.

And now, standing here, with **nothing but juice in his throat** and **guilt in his bones** , his body was responding the same way. His arousal pressed hard against his pants — **obvious, undeniable** .

Lina saw it.
She looked at him — confused at first, then disgusted.

And in that silence, a cruel realization flickered in her eyes:
That maybe, just maybe, **he needed death to feel alive** .
That maybe their intimacy had always been tied to violence.
That maybe without it… **he was nothing** .

But Evan couldn't answer what he couldn't explain.
He only said — gently, quietly — that they should take a break. **Two months. Maybe four.** Enough time to erase the cycle. To reset. To remember who they were before blood became foreplay.

Lina didn't take it well. Her face darkened, jaw tightened. For a moment, she looked like she might leave and never come back.

But then… she saw him again. Really saw him.
Not **the killer** . Not **the partner** . Just Evan — hollowed out by guilt, wrecked by grief, still shackled to a girl in a coma.

She stepped forward.
Placed a soft hand on his face.
And agreed.

One month. No more.

Then she turned. Left the house.
And Evan sat there — alone in the silence, **grape sweetness on his lips** , heart slowly rotting from the inside out.

HIGH PARK – NIGHT
One month later (into the break)

Lina met Evan at a park. She wanted to get back together.
It was night — people jogging, **moonlight high** , **park lights huge** , the air cool.

LINA
“I want us back.”

But Evan declined.
“Just two more months. My system’s still resetting.”

Lina’s voice sharpened.
“You don’t want me anymore? Since now you don’t commit kill with me, you’ve lost interest?”

Evan stepped closer, placed a hand on her.
She was on the edge of tears.

“That’s not true,” he said, gentle. “I just… don’t want that when I kiss you again, I feel *that* feeling. The one we felt… after the kill. Then sex.”

Her breath came shaky. Eyes wet.
Then she nodded.

They hugged.
They separated again — **two more months** .

Four days later — Evan met Sarah.

His **childhood fantasy** .
The woman from long ago. Silent. Strange. Unreachable.
But now—she was real. Older. Still haunting.

And they hit it off.
Exactly like he once described to Meilin — his imaginary girlfriend.
Same vibe. Same silence. Same slow, magnetic pull.

But one difference: this time, Evan saw the **hypnosis books** .
The pendulum. The case studies.

And instead of drifting away — like he told Meilin — **he stayed** .

One night after sex.

They lay tangled on Sarah's living room carpet.
A thick blanket draped over their nude bodies. Skin warm. Breath slowed.
The lamp hummed in the corner — yellow, faint.

Evan rolled onto his back, then sat up, pulling on his clothes.

Sarah grinned.
"Wow… satisfied with just three times today?"

Evan didn't smile.
Instead, he looked at her and said:
"Sarah… I want you to hypnotize me."

She blinked.
"What?"

"I want you to hypnotize me into forgetting a movie."

Sarah sat up, hair messy, brow furrowed.
"Evan, that's not a game. That's **memory interference** . I'm not doing that."

But he wasn't joking. His voice stayed calm. Intent. Focused.
And **persistent** .

Over the next hour, he asked again. And again. And again.

Until he said the one thing that broke her:
“If you don’t do it… we stop having sex.”

A beat. Then she nodded — quietly, hesitantly.

That night, Sarah hypnotized him.
Her voice low, slow.
Fingers tracing invisible symbols in the air.
Breath close to his ear. His eyes unfocused. His body limp.

And when it was over — he blinked like nothing had happened.

“Which movie?” she asked.
“What movie?” he replied.

It worked.

They took each other again — twice more. Urgent. Physical. Detached.

But during the second round, something shifted.
Sarah’s legs folded high, pressed tight to his chest, hips smacking loud when she cried out — **not from pain, but from something deeper** .

“I love you, Evan,” she moaned. “I love you — I do.”

Evan said nothing. His face unreadable.
He kept moving. Kept breathing.

And just as he felt himself tipping toward the edge, he sped up — harder, faster — his body hammering into hers with a **desperate, searing rhythm** .

They came together — raw, breathless, undone.

And in that final jolt of release, Sarah cried out, her voice ragged with joy:
“Evan, I truly love you!”

Later, **Sarah** sat in the bathroom, wiping the **dried blood** from her thighs.
Evan was on the carpet, **shirtless** , hunched over, hands locked tight. He looked **ruined** .

She came back in, dropped the towel in the bin, and sat beside him, folding her legs neatly beneath her.

SARAH
(softly)
"Relax. Doctor said it’s normal. Just a tear. I’ll heal."

EVAN
"I shouldn’t have changed positions. It was selfish. You took all of me, and… you bled for it."

She leaned in, kissed his cheek. Then, with a teasing glint

—

SARAH
"I liked it. Honest. Felt like a damn **baseball bat** in me, but I liked it. You're already six inches, maybe more—that's a **monster** for most women."

EVAN
(quietly)
"My girlfriend never took it fully. Not once. Even you could—but only in missionary. The moment I lift your legs or change the angle… no one can take it all. What's the point of having a **dragon** if no one survives the fire?"

SARAH
(smiling)
"Then tame it. Don't aim to destroy."

She curled onto her side, tracing **slow circles** on his stomach.

SARAH
"Her body will adjust, Evan. Eventually. Mine too. Just... be gentle until it does."

Later, they lay together again on the carpet, **half-dressed**, sharing a bottle of red wine.
Sarah was flushed, tipsy, fingers looped through his.

"I love you, Evan," she whispered again.

This time, Evan didn’t stay silent.
He **yanked** his hand away like it burned.

EVAN
"I’m twenty. You’re thirty-six. How the hell can you love someone that young, huh?"

Her expression **collapsed** .
His didn’t.

EVAN
"You don’t love me," he said flatly. "You love how I make you feel, **bitch** ."

She flinched.
Evan took a long, slow pull from the bottle.

EVAN
"Only Lina loves me, okay?! Only she can love me. You? You’re a thirty-six-year-old **hag** ."

Sarah looked like someone had **split her chest open** and reached in.
Evan wasn’t finished.

EVAN
"You’re pathetic," he muttered. "I only feel real emotion for someone either four years younger or four older than me. More than six years either way—"

He made a vague, slurring gesture.

"—I feel nothing but lust. That’s it. You’re just a beautiful **sex toy bitch** ."

Sarah stood.
No tears. No scream.
Just a slow, **surgical departure** .

Like someone carrying their **organs** in their hands.

Evan stayed on the floor.
Still drunk. Still **bleeding venom** .

EVAN
"Yeah, yeah, go ahead! Walk out! Who needs you anyway?"

The door closed.
And the room fell silent.

Nine days later

Evan showed up at Sarah’s house.
Late afternoon. Quiet. Sky heavy with clouds.
He knocked. Twice.

The door opened.
Sarah stood there— **no makeup** , hair tied back, drowning in an oversized sweater that slipped off one shoulder.
She looked **thinner** . **Paler** . But calm.

Evan tried to smile. Failed.

"Hey," he said softly. "Can I come in?"

She didn’t move.
"No."

He looked down at his shoes. Then up at her.
"I came to apologize."

Silence.

"I have a... condition," he added, fumbling. "When I drink too much, I—I lose control. Say things I don’t mean. I get twisted. I don’t even remember half of it, sometimes."

Sarah stared.
Stone still. No emotion. Then—

"Wow," she said. "That’s a new one."
Mocking smile. Sharp. Hollow.

"So what, now it’s a condition?"

Evan didn’t speak.

She nodded to herself.
Voice dropping, bitter now:

"I get it. You’re twenty. Gorgeous. And I’m just some thirty-six-year-old **hag** , right?
The type who falls asleep to **true crime podcasts** and wakes up convinced I’m both the victim and the killer.
The type who **googles joint pain** at 2 a.m."

That hurt. But Evan didn’t show it.

He tried again. Eyes softer this time.
But she was already backing away, walking in reverse like she was **rewinding him out** of her life.

"Take care, Evan."

Then— **bam** .
The door shut.
Right in his face.

Evan just stood there.
Stunned. Stuck.
He had come for a fix.
He didn’t get it.
Not this time.

Five days later

Sarah was outside her house, arms full of **grocery bags** , wet from the rain, hair clinging to her face.

Evan saw her. Approached like a **dog in heat** .

"Still upset with me?" he said, eyes low, voice trying to sound casual.

She didn’t answer at first. Just looked **tired** . **Worn thin** .

"I’ll help you get that inside," he offered.

She nodded, too drained to protest.

Inside, they unpacked in silence.
Rainwater dripped from her sleeves. Her oversized sweater clung to her skin.
She looked like someone who **hadn’t slept well in weeks** .

When the last bag was emptied, Sarah wiped her hands on a dish towel and said flatly,

"Okay, Evan. I think you should leave. I’m soaked. I want to change."

Evan stepped back. "So... I should go. Right."

"Yeah. Thanks for helping with the groceries. Now **bye** ."

He turned toward the door.

But —
He stopped.
She came up behind him, arms folded, **rain still glistening in her hair** .
Evan turned. Looked at her — **really looked** .

“You know,” he said, **“when you’re drenched in rain… you smell like it.”**

Her expression hardened.
“Evan. Bye.”

But he stepped toward her.
She backed off instinctively — **three slow steps** .

She stumbled onto the sofa. **That same damn sofa.**
Evan sat across from her. **That same position. That same space. That same hunger.**

He reached out, placed his hands on her shoulders.
“You know how much I missed you?”

Sarah’s voice was quiet.
“You mean my body.”

Evan leaned in, kissed her neck.
She stiffened, not pulling away — just frozen.

His hands slid to her chest, his mouth finding **the soft heat behind her ear, the spot that always made her catch her breath** .

She inhaled sharply.
“Stop, Evan,” she said — half resisting, half breathless.

He didn’t.
He kept kissing her — **neck, cheek, collarbone** .

She looked down, saw the pressure building under his pants, straining the fabric.
She smirked, teasing in that old, dangerous way:
“Oh... it might burst.”

Then added,
“So much desire — for an old hag’s body?”

She shoved him, lightly. **Not rejection — just friction.**
“Leave,” she said.

Evan stood, adjusted his jeans. Didn’t move to the door.
Sarah narrowed her eyes. **“Why aren’t you leaving?”**

He nodded at his groin. **“Can’t walk out like this. Need it to calm down.”**

She made a sound. Not a laugh. Not quite disapproval. Just a noise.

Their eyes locked.
The silence dragged, thick.

Then Evan spoke — quiet. **Unusually honest.**
"I like you. As a person. You're beautiful... as a person. Not my lover."

Sarah studied his face. **The crack in his voice. The rawness behind the eyes.**

Evan said, **"I'm dark from within. You saw it. And I'm sorry. For how I hurt you."**

He stepped forward. Unbuckled his pants. Paused.
"Please."

Sarah didn't answer.
So he kissed her.

She kissed him back. **Mouth open. Full-on. No restraint.**
They fucked like ghosts — wet, silent, unfinished.

Later.
They lay on the floor.

Sarah’s hair still damp, her breath uneven.
Then — without warning — she began to cry.
Silently.

The tears slipped down her cheeks like they'd been waiting, stored somewhere deep.

And finally, she said it.
“You called me a bitch.”

Evan stared at the ceiling.

Inside, his mind was screaming:
What’s wrong with you?! I just want sex. Not this stupid shit.

But on the outside —
he stayed still.
Picked up a tissue. Wiped her cheek.

Then, with a quiet voice, he said:
“I love someone else. Her name’s Lina. We’re both twenty.”

He turned to look at her.
“That’s why I can’t connect with you. That’s all. It’s not because you’re not enough.”

Sarah nodded.
Didn’t cry again.

She just closed her eyes.

And for the first time in days —
said nothing.

The evening turned into night.

At night, Evan and Sarah ate **Korean grill — frying meat on the table like in those K-dramas** .
Thick smoke rising. Grease popping.

After dinner, they both took a bath.
They brushed their teeth side by side.
The mirror was fogged. Her skin still warm.

Then they sat on the chairs in her lounge, still damp, sipping **ginger honey hot green tea** .
It steamed between them.
Evan added one full spoon of honey in both the cups.
They both drank it.
She leaned on his shoulder.

Then they did sex.
Again.
Again.
And again.

Six times total.

It was **wild. Numb. Quiet. Desperate.**

Sarah still kept saying, **“Evan… I fucking love you…”** while he was inside her.
She moaned it like it was a curse.

But Evan didn’t care. Not really.
He just cared about **her body — the shape, the heat, the tightness** — not her heart. Not her voice.
Only **her moans and dirty talk** .

The dim light stayed on.

By the last time, Sarah was down on the carpet, body limp, eyes half-closed, holding Evan’s hand like a lifeline.
She looked fully drained — **like someone whose soul had leaked out between her legs** .

Evan was still buzzing.
High on adrenaline.
Hard breathing. Mind racing.

And then — it happened.

All the lights went out.
Instant blackout.

Total darkness.

A silence like the world had paused.

Then —
glass shattered .

The sound of a window breaking.
Sharp. Sudden.
Like a warning.

Sarah froze.
Then reached out — grabbed Evan tight. **Nails digging into his arm.**

She was scared. **Truly scared.**
And Evan… he wasn't sure, but deep down —
he felt it too.

They both knew.
They weren't alone in the house.
Not anymore.

The clock said **3:26 a.m.**
And something else had come in.

They didn't speak.
Didn't move.

They didn't see it —

but they could feel it.

Something was already inside.
Watching them from the dark.

CHAPTER 29

13 YEARS AGO – SARAH'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Total darkness.
A **blade of moonlight** slices across the room — silver, faint, almost unreal.

Evan stands.
His eyes **scan the blackness** . Listening. Focused.

Then—
A sound.

He raises a hand.

EVAN
(whisper)
Shhh.

Sarah's breath catches in her throat. Her fingernails dig into his back.

Then—
A **voice from the dark** .

LINA (O.S.)
You... **fucking traitor** .

A **shadow lunges** . A glint.
Steel catches the moonlight **like a scream** —

And then **Lina is there** , full speed, launching at Sarah with a **curved blade** —
The same type she and Evan once used **during the killings** .

SARAH
(screaming)
Evan—!

EVAN
(shouting)
LINA!!

He tackles her mid-air.
The blade **slashes past his ear** — missing Sarah by inches.
They crash into the wall.

Lina's wrists pinned. Her breath ragged.
Moonlight spills across her face.

Her hair is mid-length, dark, parted softly in the center — pulled back low or left to fall loose.
Her lips tremble. **Mascara smudged. Pupils wide and wild.**

The blade trembles in her hand.

LINA
(voice trembling with fury)
What are you doing?
(beat)
It's **either me or her** .

Evan's jaw clenches. His muscles tighten. He's shaking — not from fear, but **rage. And guilt. And desire. And confusion.**

EVAN
Leave.
Right now.
I'll make sure she doesn't go to the police.

Lina doesn't move.
She steps forward — slow, calculated. Her **steps soundless** on the wooden floor.

LINA
If you save her tonight...
It's over.
Forever.
(beat)
You **cheated on me** .

(beat — softer now, intimate, dangerous)
Now **kill her** .
Kill her — and I'll forgive you.
We'll be together again.

Evan lets go of her wrists. Staring at her.

She **presses the blade** into his hand — gently.
Seductively.

LINA
Kill her... and I'll know you love me.
Like I love you.
(whispering into his ear)
She's just **another kill** .
Nothing else.

He stares at the blade. Frozen.

LINA
Choose.
Save her... and I'll leave.
You'll never see me again, I promise.
(then suddenly, louder, vicious)
KILL HER!
She's pathetic!

Evan closes his eyes.
Three seconds pass.

He tilts toward Sarah. Looks at her.

His eyes have **changed** .

Lina comes up behind him — whispers in his ear:

LINA
I know you love me.
Go. Do it. Fast.

Evan takes **three slow steps** toward Sarah.
Shifts the blade from his left hand to his right.

His **posture changes** .
He's in **strike mode** now.
His body remembers.
His breath slows.

Sarah lies on the floor — blanketed, trembling, naked.
Her eyes meet his — **wide, pleading. Pure fear.**

And that's when he stops.
Freezes.
The blade hangs in the air.

Time stops.

Evan turns. Looks back at Lina.

EVAN
(firm)
No.

He hurls the blade.
It clatters across the floor — a **sharp, metallic scream** .

Lina’s face snaps. Fury ignites.

LINA
I knew it.
(voice cracking)
You just wanted my body.
You never loved me.

She lunges — fast.
Another blade in her other hand.

She slashes — aiming for Evan’s shoulder.
Misses.
Another slash —
Misses again.

Evan grabs her arms.
Twists her down. Pins her.

EVAN
Stop, Lina!
Please—!

Her eyes burn.

LINA
I wish I'd let you die that day.

Then—
She kicks him.
Hard.

Right in the groin —
Exactly where that man hit him, the one Lina once saved him from.

Evan gasps. Crumples.

She scrambles to her feet.
Grabs the knife.
Turns to Sarah.

LINA
Now you pay.
For putting your filthy hands on my boy, bitch.

She charges.

Sarah screams.

But Evan—
Summoning everything left—
Surges forward.

Grabs Lina by the waist.

Drives her down.

His fist slams into her gut — low, brutal, meant to disarm.

The blade flies.
Clatters across the floor.

Lina screams.
Then—
She starts to cry.

Not from the pain.
From him.

LINA
(sobbing, clawing at the floor)
TRAITOR!
TRAITOR!!

She curls up. Shaking. Rocking.
Her voice breaks. Her face crumples.

LINA
(over and over)
Traitor…
Traitor…

Evan drops to his knees.
Blood on his lip. Breath ragged.

He stares at her—
Then pulls her into a rough, desperate hug.

EVAN
(low, breathless)
Please...
I didn’t want this.
I never meant to cheat on you.

She sobs in his arms.
But doesn’t hold him back.

INT. LINA’S HOUSE – NIGHT – MOMENTS LATER

Evan sits on the floor, holding Lina.
She’s crying. Shaking.
His face is full of guilt.
He whispers apologies.

Then—he sees Sarah.

She’s standing in the doorway, frozen.
Phone in hand.
9–1–1 on screen.
Thumb hovering.

Evan looks at her.

EVAN
Don’t. Please. I can explain.

Sarah doesn’t speak.
Her breathing uneven.

She looks at Lina — then back at Evan.

His voice stays calm. Low. Measured.

EVAN
Please, Sarah... don’t.

She hesitates.
Part of her wants to call.

But another part — the part that knew Evan had a girlfriend...
The part that doesn’t want others to know about her one-sided thing with a 20-year-old...
That part wins.

She lowers the phone.
Puts it away.
Says nothing.
Walks out.

Evan turns back to Lina.
He wipes her face gently.
Tries to meet her eyes.

Her eyes are red.

LINA
I never thought you were a cheater.

Days pass. Three weeks.

Evan tries — really tries — to make it up to her.
But Lina only says one thing:

LINA
It's over.

LINA
I can forgive everything.
But not betrayal.

EXT. TRAIN STATION – DAY – OVERCAST SKY

A low whistle echoes.
The train to New York waits — **engine humming** , **doors open** .

Evan stands at the platform, **hands in his pockets** .
Lina stands in front of him, **a small bag in hand** .

Her eyes — **red, but steady** .

The final boarding call blares from the speakers.
Lina takes a step toward the train—
Then stops.

She turns.
Looks at Evan.

He steps forward.
Without a word, he **pulls her into a tight hug** .
His arms wrap around her like he's afraid she'll disappear.

He **kisses her forehead** — slow, desperate.

EVAN
(softly, breaking)
Please don't leave.

Lina stands frozen.
Then slowly pulls away, her face trembling.

LINA
(tears welling)
I'm sorry I said you didn't love me.
(beat)
You're my first true love, Evan.
I'll never forget you.

The train sounds again.

Time’s up.

Lina steps back.
Onto the train.

She looks out the window — eyes locked on him.

LINA
Goodbye, Evan.

The doors shut.
The train begins to move.
Lina’s tears fall.

Evan doesn’t move.
The train fades into the distance.

Thirteen years of silence begins.

After Lina left, Evan felt **hollow** .
He missed her — but eventually, he moved on.

Sarah had feelings — **quiet, loyal, maybe even obsessive** .
Evan didn’t return them.
He didn’t want romance.
Didn’t want connection.

He wanted a **body** .
A **secret** .
A woman who wouldn’t ask questions.

Sarah fit.
She was the only one who saw what he’d almost done — and still stayed.

He stayed with her, in their sexual relationship, until she turned 39.
Then, he ended it.

Sarah agreed.
But Evan told her the truth.

He trusted her — because she’d told him her own disturbing (though less dangerous) secrets.

He told her he was **the Fog Killer** .
That he acted alone.
He didn’t mention Lina.

He asked Sarah to hypnotize him — just like the time she’d hypnotized him into forgetting a movie.
This time, he wanted her to make him **forget the murders** .

He said he regretted every single one —
Except the first.

Sarah understood.
She took him to the top of **Blacktooth Mountain** .
She performed the hypnosis.

She spoke softly as the wind howled across Blacktooth.
Her hands rested on his temples.

"Forget," she whispered.
"Forget it all."

Evan's eyes fluttered.
Then closed.
And when they opened again...
he didn't remember her name.

Evan forgot everything.
His entire Fog Killer past — **erased** .

After that, they parted ways on good terms.
Sarah moved to Switzerland.
Married.
Started a new life.

Evan went on.
He joined a classified anti-nuclear weapons development program.
Worked there nine years — until he was kicked out.

After that, he spiraled.

The sadness returned.

And with it—
The hypnosis began to collapse.

Dark thoughts leaked through.
He misread them as hallucinations.

He spoke to a doctor.
The doctor gave him medication.

But it didn’t help.
It made things worse.

And then—
Boom.

The medication broke him.
His hypnotized mind shattered.

He didn’t just remember the murders.
He began to **hallucinate them** .

Not just thoughts.
Contact.

He saw his victims.
Spoke to them.

Meilin — his victim —
Became his girlfriend.

And after 1.6 years of living in that delusion...
He saw her again.

Lina.

When the **Fog Killer returned** .

PRESENT – OUTSIDE LINA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

The past fades.
Rain lashes Evan's face like a warning.

But he doesn't flinch.
Alongside him, Lina weeps.

Evan steps forward.
Toward the **flashing lights** .
Toward the **end he promised** .

Only he knows what that **"end"** really means.

CHAPTER 30

PRESENT

Evan told her it was over.
He said he'd take the fall — ***confess to everything*** *.*
The murders. The blood. ***The Fog Killer.***

He said it would save her. ***Save their child.***

He held her like it was the last time.

Whispered: *I love you.*

Then he stepped into the rain.
Didn't flinch.
Didn't look back.

Lina followed, ***sobbing his name*** *.*

PRESENT — OUTSIDE LINA'S HOUSE — MORNING — HEAVY RAIN

Lina and Evan stand — **soaked** , **breathless** , clinging to the silence between sirens.

Tires SCREECH.

Four FBI SUVs and a **black military van** veer to a stop. Agents swarm out — weapons drawn, voices cutting through the storm.

Footsteps.

GUSTAVO and **KELLER** enter — fast. Determined. They rush toward **EVAN** .

But instead of grabbing him—
—they **hold him by the shoulders** .
—and **pull him away from LINA** .
Like they're **protecting him** .

LINA
(confused, breathless)

Suddenly—
An **FBI OFFICER** storms in behind them, badge out, gun drawn.

OFFICER
Lina Roan.
You have the right to remain silent.
You are under arrest.
We've found clear evidence linking you to the murders…
—to the identity known as **the Fog Killer** .

LINA
(staggering back)
What…?
(she looks to Evan, shaking)
Evan...?

(Evan doesn't move. Just watches her like she's already gone.)

EVAN
(quietly)
She confessed her crimes to me.
Right now.
Please… show her mercy.

LINA
(stares at him)
…Ev…?

(He turns to her — just slightly.)
And gives her—
—a **little smile** . Cold. Quiet. Almost **cruel** .

Her knees nearly buckle.
The room tilts.
Everything she believed in—shatters.

LINA
(total shock – whispers under her breath)
No… no, you said you were sacrificing yourself… for me… for our child…

(She SCREAMS — pure rage and betrayal.)

In one blink, she twists—
GRABS GUSTAVO'S GUN
Turns—
AIMS IT AT EVAN.

Her finger trembles on the trigger.
Tears flood her eyes.

Evan meets her gaze — calm.

She doesn't pull it.

—BANG!

A shot rings out.
Blood blooms across her chest.

She freezes, stunned.
She falls.

RAY stands — his gun aimed at her.
Bullet shell dropping to the ground.
His gun smoking.
Rain falls hard behind him, soaking his coat, his face.

Lina coughs — blood choking her lungs.
She's been **shot directly in the heart** .
She is dying.
The air choking in her lungs.
Dying.

She looks up at Evan one last time.
Her lips tremble.

LINA
(weak, shocked)

She understands, finally.
He didn't sacrifice himself.
He **sacrificed her.**
And the child.

A tear escapes.
Rolls down her cheek.
She reaches her hand up—

LINA
(soft, slipping away)
Evan…
…it hurts…

She stops breathing.
She is **dead** .
The **child dies** with her.

A long silence.

KELLER
(low, grim)
You should've shot her in the hand…

RAY
(firm, quiet)
I'm sorry.

(He lowers the gun. His voice cracks — barely.)

RAY
She was about to kill my son.

Rain keeps falling.
Harder now.
As if the **sky itself mourns her** .

---

11 HOURS AGO

INT. RAY'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Dim lighting.
Rain taps gently on the windows.

Two chairs. Face to face.

RAY
(firm, low)
It's a fantasy.
You going to Japan?
Impossible.

(beat)
They're all over you.
The moment you and Lina step foot in an airport — you'll be emergency-arrested.
Interpol, NSA, every branch with three letters.

You're not **ghosts** anymore, Evan.
You're **targets** .

Evan sits silently.
His jaw clenches.
His eyes locked on the floor.

He waits.
Thirteen seconds.

Not a word. Not a blink.

Then—
He lifts his head. Calm. Focused.

EVAN
(low, grave)
Then we adapt.
The board's on fire.

9 HOURS AGO – FBI FIELD OFFICE, NEW YORK – NIGHT

The war room was quiet.
Just the soft hum of machines and the occasional sip of stale coffee.

Keller rubbed his eyes — exhaustion pooling beneath them, heavy as concrete.

Then the alert came in.

DING.

An encrypted email.
No subject line.
Just an attachment.

They opened it.

A sketch — **detailed, precise** .
Lina Roan.

Her face locked mid-scream.
Eyes wide, feral.
Hair wild — like something **unholy** had just erupted out of her.

Below it, a note:

> From Jane. The Fog Killer's only known survivor. In a coma for thirteen years.
> "I couldn't give her up before. I was in love. I'm sorry. Now the guilt has taken over. Sorry for giving you the demon sketch earlier."

The room changed.
Whispers cracked across the walls like **lightning across dark glass** .

Keller stood.
Cold forming behind his eyes.

KELLER
Get me Gustavo.

8 HOURS AGO – FBI CALL CENTER, DC DIVISION

A call came through — routed from Switzerland.

The voice was breathless. Raw.

> “I just wanted to help,” the woman said.

Her accent matched the caller ID.
Geneva.

The name on the screen: **Sarah Reed** .

> “I had an affair with Evan. Years ago. I was thirty-six. He was barely twenty.”

One night… she tried to kill me.
Lina. She caught us. **Evan saved me.**

She warned me: if I ever said her name, she’d **gut me** .

I stayed silent. For years.

But I heard she’s being investigated now… and I thought maybe you should know.

I still remember the words she whispered.
I still hear them in my sleep:

> “I’ve killed many like you before. You’re nothing new.”

I swear — if Evan hadn’t jumped in, I’d be dead.”

Click.
The line went dead.

Three minutes later, the full transcript hit Keller's desk.

7 HOURS AGO – FBI FIELD OFFICE – INTERROGATION ROOM

The room was stale with coffee and **thunder outside** .

Ray entered — soaked, silent, expression carved from stone.
He walked straight to the desk, **gloved hand clutching a small evidence vial** .

He placed it down without ceremony.
A single drop of **blood** .

RAY
(low, controlled)
Test it.
See if it matches **Lina Roan** .

One of the agents raised an eyebrow.

AGENT
Where'd this come from?

Ray didn't flinch.

RAY
She was at my house this morning. With my son.
I shook her hand. Said hello.

And while she smiled, my sleeve brushed her wrist —
two, maybe three inches up .
What she didn't know… was that I had a **pin sewn inside the cuff** .
Subtle. Sharp.

She bled. Just a little.
Enough.

A long silence.
The agents exchanged glances.

RAY
You've got blood from the scene.
I just gave you hers.

Now test it…
And tell me—

(leans in)

RAY
Is she a woman...
or a predator who killed my son's first love—
and didn't stop there?

5 HOURS AGO – RAY'S HOUSE – BASEMENT STUDY – NIGHT

The rain hadn't stopped.
It ticked against the basement window like a **slow, steady clock** — counting down.

Ray stood near the gun safe, checking the chamber of his service pistol.
He didn't look at Evan. Not yet.

Evan sat across from him, drinking hot tea with honey.
His soaked shirt clung to him **like regret** .
His eyes flicked occasionally to Ray's gun resting on the wooden table.

RAY
(quiet)
It's all set.

Evan nodded once.

EVAN
I'll provoke her. Just enough.
She'll panic — snap into survival mode.
And when she does… she'll reach.
Most likely from one of the arresting agents.
They won't see it coming.
But you will.

Ray finally looked at him. Jaw tight. Voice low.

RAY
You're sure she'll take the bait?

EVAN
She's special forces trained.
Muscle memory doesn't fade.
She won't even think. Just act.

A long silence.
Tension hummed beneath it like a live wire.

RAY
And when she points it at you…?

EVAN
(softly)
That's when you end it.

Ray's hand rested on the gun.
The weight of what they were planning filled the room like smoke.

RAY
You think this is mercy?

EVAN
(sure)
Better than her…
…waiting for the day they put a needle in her arm.

Ray stared at him for a beat. Searching.

RAY
You sure you want me to kill her…
She has your child in her.

Evan exhaled. Steady. No hesitation.

EVAN
I can make more.
Kids aren't hard to make.

A beat.
Ray blinked.
Then again.

He said nothing more.
The silence sealed it.

The plan had no soul —
but it was in motion.

PRESENT – LINA'S BODY – RAIN-SOAKED STREET

Blood pooled beneath her, mixing with the storm.
Her eyes were still open — glassy. Gone.

Rain hammered down.

Evan stood there — frozen. Silent. Unblinking.
The others watched, unsure whether to speak… or even breathe.

Then — something in Evan snapped.

He rushed toward her — fast, desperate, wordless.
Dropped to his knees beside her.

His hands gripped her shoulders, trembling.
He tried to lift her. Then shook her.
Gently. Then harder.

EVAN
(quiet, almost casual)
Lina… **wake up.**
Lina, **wake up.** Come on.
We have to go to **Japan** … remember?

His voice **cracked** —still quiet, still controlled.

But the tears came—slow at first, then **faster.**

EVAN *(pleading, breaking)*
Lina…
Stop **acting.**
Wake up!

No response.

Just the sound of **rain.**

And **grief.**

A tear slid down his cheek — the first since he was a child.
Then more.
Then sobs.

He clutched her tighter, her head limp against his chest.

EVAN
(screaming now)
LINA!!
WAKE UP!!!
LINA!!!

Then — he saw the gun beside her.
Her hand still partly curled around it.

Without thinking, he reached for it.
Stood.

His face — unreadable now.
Hollow.

And then he moved.

Fast.
Toward Ray.
Determined. Deadly. Unstoppable.

Ray still stood in the rain.
The gun still smoking in his hand.

Evan raised the gun —

BANG.
Ray jerked.

BANG.
Another hit.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Each shot — a step forward.
Six paces. Six bullets.
Every single one found its mark.

Ray staggered — reeling.
Each step back a step closer to the void.

Then he collapsed — face-up in the mud.
Lifeless.

Evan stood over him — seven paces away now.
The gun fell from his grip like an afterthought.

He dropped to his knees, rain pounding around him.

And this time… he cried.
No holding back.

EVAN
(screaming, collapsing)
LINA!!!
LINA!!!
THE BABY!!
OUR BABY'S GONE!!!
LINA!!!

His voice echoed into the storm.
And the sky answered only with rain.

Maybe it was real.
Or maybe… just the last move.

They arrested him while Ray's body still steamed in the rain.
By nightfall, he was out — released under the quiet auspices of a **military tribunal** , the paperwork ushered through by a cousin in **defense intelligence** who owed favors and collected them like knives.

Three months later, the verdict arrived — not with headlines, but in a sealed room beneath the **Pentagon** .
Temporary insanity.
They said grief had blurred his judgment. That he'd snapped under pressure. That such things happen — even to men like him.

Especially to men like him.

He wasn't sentenced. **He was rotated.**
Five months on an advanced **anti-nuclear program** — the very project he'd helped design.
Then a payout, a signature, a classified nondisclosure.
And a plane to **Narita** .

No press. No punishment. **No passenger beside him.**
He disappeared into **Tokyo's neon silence.**
Alone.

---

13 YEARS LATER
COUNTRYSIDE HIGHWAY – EARLY EVENING – FOG & RAIN

A two-lane road winds through the countryside. Rolling green fields stretch endlessly on both sides.

Inside a silver sedan, a couple and their young child ride in silence — everything is calm.

Then—

WHOOSH.
Rain. Heavy. Sudden. Sheets of it pound the windshield.

The husband squints. Turns the wipers to full speed.

WIFE
(startled, still on her phone)
So much rain… sudden…

Fog begins to creep in — first like breath on glass… then thick, white, **suffocating** .

The GPS glitches.
RECALCULATING…
CONNECTING… FINDING NEW ROUTE…

The car drifts down an **unfamiliar turnoff** — a wrong one.
No signs. No lights.
Just green fields on both sides.

The rain only grows louder. **Blinding now.**
The wife still on her call — distracted, unconcerned.

Then—

The car slows.
Veers gently left.
And stops.

A narrow road. No traffic. **Too neat. Too still.**

The wife, sensing something — pauses.

Hangs up.
Looks at her husband.

WIFE
(soft, in broken English)
Why… why you stop?

The car idles on the narrow, eerily clean road.
Rain hammers the roof.
Fog coils across the windshield like breath.

HUSBAND
(staring ahead, eyes narrow)
I heard something…
(turns slightly)
Didn't you, Sayuri?

She blinks. Looks out into the mist.

JAPANESE WIFE
(confused)
Heard… what?

HUSBAND
(firm, unsettled)
I'm sure I heard something.

His voice isn't angry.
Just… certain. **Too certain.**

Sayuri glances at his face — pale, tense, eyes fixed on something she can't see.
A small **chill** creeps up her spine.

SAYURI
(softly, uneasy)
Evan… this no safe place to stop.
Please… move car.

They were happy in Japan — quiet mornings, gentle love, a life that felt complete.
Until Evan's uncle — a man he'd never once met — died, leaving him a **massive Seattle estate** by blood and default.

He came only to collect it, fifteen days at most… Sayuri made him bring her.

Her hand reaches for his arm.
The silence now **louder than the rain** .

Evan instead gets out of the car.

Sayuri says,
"Evan..."

Evan is out.
He walks under the **heavy rain** , **heavy fog** .

And just six steps away, down on the ground —

He sees it.

A **red flower** with a **hint of purple** color.
The flower… unreal. **Too perfect.**

Evan bends to his knees.
He sees the flower.
He really sees it.

Wife Sayuri comes out too, also getting drenched in the rain.
She says in a bit scared tone,
"Evan..... what's wrong?"

Evan doesn't respond.
He keeps staring at the flower.

Sayuri stands alongside the car, **getting scared** .

Then their daughter — **Rin** , age 9 — comes out.
She runs to Evan. Hugs him.

RIN
"Dad… I'm scared."

Evan gets up.
Looks at his wife, feeling eerie. **Scared.**

He says,
"I know where we are. Exactly."

He goes back into the car.

His wife says,
"You.... okay?"

Evan looks ahead.

Suddenly —
The fog clears just enough.

He sees it.

Two routes.
One that goes straight — their original destination.
The second — a right turn.

That road leads to the **infamous place** …
Where the **Fog Killer** is still a legend.

Evan says nothing.
Keeps staring at both routes.

SAYURI
(concerned, softly)
Evan… tell me.
What is issue…?

Evan starts the car.

PISSSSS.
The wheels roll.
PISSSSS.

The car inches forward… toward the **fork in the fog** .